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METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. Reading the Bible. Professor William Lyon Phelps, Ph.D., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.	175
II. The Church and Labor Reconstruction. William H. Morgan, D.D., New York City, N. Y.	191
III. The Church and International Leagues. Bishop R. J. Cooke, D.D., LL.D., Helena, Mont.	203
IV. Kings and Fools. F. W. Adams, D.D., Springfield, Mass.	219
V. The Social Theology. Professor Edwin Lewis, D.D., Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.	226
VI. And the Church Stands Between. Harriet C. Corkran, Fort Edward, N. Y.	239
VII. Renaissance of the Kingdom. G. P. Mains, D.D., LL.D., Harrisburg, Pa.	244
VIII. The Church and the Returning Soldier. Rev. W. G. Cole, Chaplain U. S. Army, Somewhere in France.	255
IX. Twice-Told Tales of the South. G. F. Mellen, Ph.D., Knoxville, Tenn.	264
X. The Quest of Earnest Souls. Rev. H. H. Lippincott, Chaplain U. S. Navy.	275

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

Notes and Discussions.	280
Dr. Hough on Britain's Contribution to Victory, 280.	
The Arena.	292
The Returned Soldier and the Church, 292; A Jewish Overture to Christian Clergymen, 296.	
Archæology and Biblical Research.	297
The Hyksos, 297.	
Foreign Outlook.	303
The Spirit of French Protestantism, 303.	
Book Notices.	305
A Reading Course.	337

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METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1919

READING THE BIBLE

WHEN I was five years old my mother offered me a dollar if I would read the Bible through, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation. I confess that my price has risen since then, but in my boyhood I had more leisure and less cash than I have now. My total income was six cents a week; and as I expected to deposit one cent in the contribution box every Sunday I always figured my income as five cents—unconsciously prophetic of the modern income-tax law. I am glad that my mother bribed me to read the Bible, and glad that she forced me to pay my way in church. At first I thought more of the dollar than of the Holy Writ; but as I became interested I found keener joy in the race than in the prize. The best books for children are those that never were intended for children. The ordinary child's Christmas book has an intolerable air of condescension like the ingratiating smile of the professional speaker to boys, who deceives only those in bad health. Even children deserve intellectual respect and profit by it. No better books for children exist than *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Shakespeare*, and the Bible. Apart from the mental discipline and emotional enrichment obtained from these books there exists to a higher degree the same reason as for the inclusion of classics in university education—the pleasure arising when educated people have the same background, a common storehouse of memory from which current coin may freely circulate.

In the *Cornell Sun*, March, 1915, the venerable Andrew D. White, in response to a request that he should name the books that had given him most real profit and abiding pleasure, began his article with this paragraph: "First of all, like most American

boys and girls of my time, I was brought up to read the Bible, and was nurtured in one of the religious bodies which incorporates into its worship very many of the noblest parts of our sacred books. Of these, the portions which have always seemed to me to give the keynote to the whole have been, for the Old Testament, the grander Psalms, the nobler portions of Isaiah, and, above all, the sixth chapter of Micah; and in the New Testament, the utterances ascribed to Jesus himself, of which the Sermon on the Mount is supreme, with Saint James's definition of 'pure religion and undefiled' and Saint Paul's description of 'charity.' In the perfection of English diction there is, in the whole range of literature, nothing to surpass the story of Joseph and his brethren."

When I first read the Bible I made up my own mind as to the real moral value of certain celebrated achievements and was encouraged to express my views in the family conversation. It seemed to me that the murder of Sisera when he was asleep was treacherous and detestable, and I obtained no pleasure from the Song of Deborah:

The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?

Many years later, while at an Episcopal Church one evening, whither I had gone to hear one of my favorite preachers, the Rev. Harry P. Nichols, I was both surprised and pleased to hear him say at the conclusion of the reading for the day, which was this same song, "We should remember that the glorification of this abominable deed came from Deborah, and not from Almighty God." Yet Sisera was a scoundrel and the result of his deletion was good; the land had rest forty years. Furthermore, if he had won the battle, we learn from the words of his own mother—capable tigress for such a cub—that Captain Sisera would have treated the captured men and women even as the Germans treated the French and the Belgians.

Nor did I ever think highly of David's exploit in killing Goliath. All small boys like heavy-weight champions; and it may be I had a sneaking fondness for the big fellow. Anyhow, it

seemed to me that David did not fight fair. Goliath came out with the legitimate weapons for a stand-up fight; David stood at a safe distance and punctured his thick head with a slingshot. If he had missed the first time he had four more stones to throw, and if he had failed to make a hit with any of them he would doubtless have run away, and Goliath, encumbered with his heavy suit, would have found it quite impossible to catch him. I felt that David was something like a mucker who, afraid to fight with his fists, throws stones from a coign of vantage; or like a man with a magazine gun taking the measure of a hippopotamus. David's affair with Goliath compares unfavorably with the exploit of Benaiah, narrated in that wonderful eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles, which celebrates three mighty men:

Benaiah the son of Jeholada, the son of a valiant man of Kabzeel, who had done many acts; he slew two lionlike men of Moab; also he went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day. And he slew an Egyptian, a man of great stature, five cubits high; and in the Egyptian's hand was a spear like a weaver's beam; and he went down to him with a staff, and plucked the spear out of the Egyptian's hand, and slew him with his own spear. These things did Benaiah the son of Jeholada, and had the name among the three mighties.

I had to comfort myself with the reflection that on other occasions David exhibited plenty of real courage.

One day by mere chance I hit upon an expedient that not only helped me to remember the Bible stories, but which I heartily recommend to all parents and guardians who still wish to have the youth intrusted to their care become familiar with the Scriptures. I was drawing pictures. My prolonged and unusual silence in the room aroused the interest of my mother: "What are you doing there?" "Drawing pictures!" "But don't you know this is Sunday? You must not draw pictures on Sunday."

Nobody ought to infer from this that my mother was grim. She and I were most intimate friends, understood each other perfectly, and got along together beautifully.

Suddenly I remembered the Bible. "But, mother, it'll be all right to draw *Bible* pictures?" She turned this suggestion up and down in her mind and found it good. I therefore set to work, and

after another period of silence proudly exhibited to her a soldier armed to the teeth, literally, for, in addition to gun and pistol, he had a large knife in his mouth.

"Didn't I tell you——"

"But, mother, this is *Joab*."

From this accidental Sabbatarian exploit I conceived the idea of drawing a picture to illustrate every chapter in the Bible. And this method I recommend to the young; for if one draws a picture for each chapter one must read the whole chapter through to find the best available subject, and in this way much will be remembered. It is not necessary to possess even rudimentary skill with the pencil. I was obliged to label my pictures distinctly—a union of literature and art—in order that spectators might know whether the picture were animal, vegetable, or mineral—the invariable first inquiry in the game Twenty Questions.

In the process of illustrating the whole sacred volume I got along excellently well. In Genesis, Joshua, Judges, Kings, there were frequent fights. But when I plunged into the jungle of Paul's doctrinal epistles it was hard sledding. It is not easy properly to illustrate some of the chapters in Romans. I remember reading through the whole eighth chapter and finishing in despair. Determined not to be stumped, I began to read it again and was brought up with a turn at the twenty-second verse: "the whole creation groaneth." I set to work with an inspiration. At that time I knew nothing of spiritual anguish; I supposed that people groaned only when there was something the matter with them. Like all small boys I had eaten many green apples, sometimes with disastrous results. My conception of this passage was not altogether without a certain vast grandeur. I literally supposed that once upon a time every living person in the world had a stomachache at the same moment; hence universal groaning. I therefore drew a picture of a large number of people standing in a circle, each with his hands upon his abdomen, each shrieking "Ouch! ouch! ouch!" and under it I wrote,

THE WHOLE CREATION GROANETH.

When I brought this picture to my mother she looked at it and for

some minutes was unable to speak; she paid it that reverent silence which I suppose is the highest tribute to art. Then she told me that I had made an original contribution to New Testament interpretation, for no commentator in the world had ever thought of this explanation. I retired proudly. After I grew up, I mistakenly regarded my exegesis as absurd; and it was only a few years ago that my respect for it was restored by my friend President Hadley. I had narrated the story, and he immediately said that, after all, I was correct; for from the orthodox point of view it *was* the unauthorized eating of apples that made the whole creation groan.

For those who wish to read the whole Bible, and everyone at some time ought to read it all, those of systematic habits can read it through—omitting the apocrypha—in exactly one year. There are 1188 chapters; 928 in the old Testament, 260 in the New. Reading three chapters every week day and five every Sunday one will finish the undertaking within the year. Or, reading only on Sundays, and only the New Testament, five chapters each Sunday will complete the task on the fifty-second day. This is a chronological rather than a logical way of reading the Bible, but it has its merits. It is naturally much better to read a whole book, or a whole connected narrative in one sitting. I remember, when caught in the rain one Sunday in a small town in England, that I pleasantly celebrated being marooned by reading the Gospel according to Mark without rising from my chair.

The Bible is not only the foundation of modern English literature, it is the foundation of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It seems a narrow and mistaken policy to drive it out of the public schools. When I was a boy every day in school began with a chapter in the Bible and the Lord's Prayer; surely there is nothing sectarian about that. Merely in dignity the Hebrew and Christian religions compare favorably with the Greek and Roman, with which we were compelled to familiarize ourselves at school, and, so far as I know, without protest from any source. If the Greek and Roman gods and goddesses were alive to-day every one of them would be in jail.

American boys and girls know more about the Bible than was

the case twenty years ago; at the dawn of the twentieth century biblical ignorance among our youth and particularly among college undergraduates was by way of becoming a public scandal. Well-bred boys in many instances were innocent of even the penumbra of knowledge. Professor Lounsbury discovered a young gentleman in his classes who had never heard of Pontius Pilate. Twenty-five years ago I requested a freshman to elucidate the line in "As You Like It," "Here feel we not the penalty of Adam." He replied confidently, "It was the mark imposed on him for slaying his brother." Of another I asked the meaning of the passage in "Macbeth," "Or memorize another Golgotha." Seeing the blank expression on his handsome face I said, "It is a New Testament reference." "O, yes!" he exclaimed. "It refers to Goliath." At about this time a young clergyman obsessed with the importance of the "higher criticism" announced that if he accepted a call to a western church he must be allowed to preach to the younger people about the second Isaiah. "That's all right," said the deacon cheerfully; "most of 'em don't know there is even one."

What with regular school and college courses in the English Bible and the publication of many first aids to biblical ignorance we have made progress during the last twenty-five years, but it is still true that the young generation to-day are not so familiar with the Bible as was customary a century ago. Ignorant as the boy, the girl, and the man in the street are, however, there is not the slightest indication of any falling away from knowledge among the poets, novelists, and dramatists. The Bible has been a greater influence on the course of English literature than all other forces put together; it is impossible to read standard authors intelligently without knowing something about the Bible, for they all assume familiarity with it on the part of their readers. But what particularly pleases me is that not only standard but contemporary authors exhibit, consciously or unconsciously, intimacy with the Scriptures. So universally true is this that to any young man or woman eaten with ambition to become a writer, my first advice should be, "Know the Bible." Ibsen said his chief reading was always in the Bible, "it is so strong and mighty." Tolstoi knew the Scriptures like Timothy; it is quite impossible to read Dos-

toevski's novels—and everyone wants to read them just now—without knowing the Bible. For four years in the Siberian prison the New Testament was his most intimate friend. His greatest stories are really commentaries. Andreev, giving a list of the books that had influenced him the most, put the Bible first. Kipling's finest poem, the *Recessional*, is almost as close a paraphrase of Scripture as the hymn "Nearer, my God, to thee," which is a verse-translation of a passage in the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis. Every modern novel, every modern play, I read is almost sure to reveal an acquaintance with the great Book. One of the chief features of twentieth century drama has been the dramatization of Bible stories, presenting to metropolitan audiences the revelation of human passion where it may be found in its most powerful and convincing forms, and in Stuart Walker's theater version of the Book of Job the sublimity of the speeches is impressive.

Within the last three years three tributes have been paid to the Bible by three distinguished men of letters, who, curiously enough, would have been the last three on earth from whom such a tribute would have been expected. The finest English novel produced by the war is *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, by the apostle of scientific education, H. G. Wells; he could not have written it without a profound knowledge of the New Testament. The transcendent element in this story is its spiritual force, which he obtained directly from the Gospels. That arch pagan George Moore, who boasts that he has not even a grain of faith, and who in an autobiographical sketch put down Religion as his chief recreation, wrote a long novel on the life of Christ, and although it is filled with sacrilege it exhibits the sway over his heart and mind held by the greatest Personality in all history. He found he could not escape from the Son of Man and wrote this book to relieve his own mind, as old Burton wrote a treatise on melancholy to cure himself of it. Finally, the wittiest iconoclast of our day, Bernard Shaw, in the long preface to *Androcles and the Lion*, has produced a carefully written commentary of one hundred and twenty-seven printed pages dealing with the Gospels in turn, with Acts, and the life and letters of Paul. It is a marvelous and reverent exposition of Christ's teaching as he understands it, and we have the spectacle

of Bernard Shaw bowing his hitherto unconquered head in the presence of the King of kings. He has been reading and rereading the Bible with close attention; he emerges from its study not only fascinated by the central figure, but with a sincere belief that only through following the teaching of Jesus can society attain salvation. He believes that Jesus knew more about human nature than any other person who ever lived; that he knew not only our diseases but the remedy for them. I am not concerned here with the truth or error of the religious interpretations respectively put forth by Mr. Wells, Mr. Moore, Mr. Shaw; but only with the plain fact that these three creative artists have been recently studying the Bible with extraordinary zeal.

The Bible contains, in the highest degree, every form of literature except humor. The seriousness of the main theme—man's relation to God—and the serious cast of mind characteristic of the various writers forbade the introduction of anything approaching hilarity. Yet there are adumbrations of humor here and there. In Stuart Walker's stage production, "The Book of Job," there were a half dozen passages or situations that aroused audible risibility. I wish that we were able to interpret as humorous the famous passage (Job 31. 35), "behold, my desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book." No worse fate could be wished for one's enemy, as every writer of books knows only too well; but although the verse is often quoted lightly I fear that in the original there is no joke. I have always thought that the chronicler in Acts 12. 18 intended the puzzlement of the soldiers to be faintly humorous: "Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers, what was become of Peter." It is difficult to read the following verse in Proverbs without smiling: "He that bleaseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him," and the world-old joke about shrewish women comes on the heels of the inopportune friend: "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." The pessimist who wrote Ecclesiastes admitted that there was a time to laugh, but he apparently found no time for it himself. The Puritans had good authority for their dislike of laughter, and were forever citing the thorns crackling

under the pot. Their view was expressed in Proverbs—"Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful." I cannot recall any occasion when our Lord laughed out loud; but he must have been amused more than once. I am sure that he wanted to laugh when the mother of Zebedee's children fatuously requested that her two sons might sit, one on his right hand and one on his left, in the Kingdom. He settled that question and calmed the subsequent indignation of the ten with divine tact. Yet if there is little humor in the Bible there is an immense amount of irony. The Psalms and the prophetic books abound with illustrations.

The Bible is full of both passion and sentiment, but it has no sentimentality. It is rather remarkable that there is, so far as I can remember, not one touch of false sentiment. In nearly all books the pathos that drew tears from contemporary readers often obtains either smiles or yawns from later generations, but the scenes of sentiment in the Bible are so deeply founded on the bedrock of human nature that they impress the twentieth century with as much force as in the time when they were written. Four supreme instances, out of an uncountable number, may be given, illustrating the love of man and woman, the love of brother to brother, the love of man to man, and the grief of a father for a dead son:

And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.

In the marvelous story of Joseph and his brethren, when Joseph—the Herbert C. Hoover of Egypt—saw the lad Benjamin, his own brother, the situation is enough to tax the power of the most consummate artist; but the simplicity and dignity of the Bible narrative leaves nothing to add, change, or omit.

And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive. And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber and wept there.

When David was informed of the death of Saul and Jonathan his lament for the latter is unsurpassed in literature as a tribute to the strength of men's friendships.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. . . . How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

When King David awaits the news of the decisive battle of the civil war he has only one question for both messengers, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Ahimaaz did not dare to tell the truth when he saw where his master's interest centered; Cushie replied with matchless diplomatic tact, but to no avail. The king's passion of grief for his cruel son seemed merely an enigma to the two messengers, while to that seasoned fighting-hack, Joab, it seemed ridiculous and disgusting. But to us it is not only impressive beyond words, it reveals one of the qualities of the king that makes us love him.

And the king said unto Cushie, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushie answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

There is no narrative style superior to that of the Old Testament historians. They put down everything, both good and bad, never trying to make an idealized portrait. Now the most important thing in a king's life, both for himself and for the welfare of his subjects, is his moral character. Is it good or bad? This statement is given first, for it deserves primacy; his personal appearance, physical endowments, accomplishments, all are secondary.

In the three and twentieth year of Joash the son of Ahaziah king of Judah, Jehoahaz the son of Jehu began to reign over Israel in Samaria, and reigned seventeen years. And he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, and followed the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, which made Israel to sin; he departed not therefrom.

Out of these impartially written historical pages, where one fact soberly follows another, individuals leap to life with astonishing vividness. Agag, going delicately, and saying, "Surely the bitterness of death is past"; the sprinter Asahel, "light of foot as a wild roe," who turned not to the right hand nor to the left from following Abner, and whom Abner reluctantly slew, pushing his spear back at him; Amasa, treacherously slain by Joab, "Art thou in health, my brother?"—many characters like the above, to whom only a few lines are given, are nevertheless unforgettable; while the more important personages, Jehu, Ahab, Jezebel, Joab, are as real to us as the leading figures in American history.

Jonathan has been somewhat obscured by David, but he was the opposite of a weak character. He was a first-class fighting man. It took immense courage to defy a father like Saul, and let it be remembered that, when Saul in ungovernable passion threw a javelin at Jonathan across the dinner-table, Jonathan showed no fear. The history says, "So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger." As for David himself, he had many sins to answer for, including murder and adultery in their most malignant form; yet everyone loves David, for he had a great heart. When Nathan stood up to him, instead of killing the bold prophet he admitted his guilt; he was more interested in the welfare of Absalom than in the outcome of the rebellion against his throne; his attitude toward King Saul was a model of loyalty and forbearance; his personal magnetism was so powerful that mighty men loved to risk their lives for him. Sometimes I think the finest episode in his career was when he refused to drink the water brought to him by the three champions.

And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate! And the three . . . break through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David: nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord. And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives? Therefore he would not drink it.

John Masfield, the English poet, in a memorable speech made in

America in June, 1918, used this incident as a parable. He said that after this great war is over we shall all feel unworthy of using the freedom bought by victory, for our liberty will come to us through the sacrifice of heroes. And if the mature King David is splendid the young lyric David is one of the most radiant figures in history. Was there ever a finer description of a young athlete than the following sketch of David? And remember that the whole account of his appearance and accomplishments is compressed into a part of one sentence, which is itself only a part of one Bible verse:

Cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in speech, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him.

This recommendation is naturally enough for Saul, and he sent for the young harp player. Although paraphrases of the Bible are usually weak—I once owned a book that contained the Gospels told in rhyme, heaven knows why!—many of the masterpieces of English literature have been founded directly on the Bible text. We need to think only of Milton's "Samson Agonistes" and of Browning's "Saul." In Browning David soothes the king by playing the old tunes of the pasture. Saul was a cowboy; he was rounding up his father's herd when the king-hunters came after him; many times amid the responsibilities of the monarchy he must have been homesick for the free life of the hills. David knew what he was about when he played pastoral tunes.

The great prophets of Israel exhibited not only a zeal for righteousness, but plenty of common sense. I like the quiet way in which they settled minor questions. When Elisha was plowing and Elijah cast his mantle on him, the young man knew he was called to greater things than farm work, but he asked the man of God, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee." And Elijah replied, "Go back again; for what have I done to thee?" And the matter of courtesy toward a religious service in which we do not believe was settled once for all by Elisha. After Naaman had been cured of leprosy he told Elisha that of course the God of Israel was the only true God, and he would worship him for the rest of his life, but he was troubled by a matter that might be called religious etiquette. He is going

back to serve his royal master, the king of Syria, and how shall he behave in the house of Rimmon, where the king worships?

In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon; when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said unto him, Go in peace.

Pastoral literature, which is a form by itself, has few good illustrations in native English, for our pastorals, from Spenser and William Browne down to the nineteenth century, are marred by artificiality and indeed by insipidity. I suppose the best pastorals in secular literature are the first, those by Theocritus. Yet even the Sicilian masterpieces are quite inferior to the best specimens found in the Bible, the book of Ruth. This wonderful idyl of the farm, told in an impeccable style by the old Hebrew writer, must forever remain supreme and unapproachable. The economy of words is striking; in the narrative of David's great-grandmother there is not a superfluous sentence. The suppressed passion in this tale has been felt by all intelligent readers; and Keats, with his genius for beauty of feeling and beauty of tone, has arrested the lonely figure of Ruth in the grain-field, where she stands in immortal loveliness like the images on the Greek urn.

Perhaps the self same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

Epistolary literature reached its climax in the New Testament. There are no letters in the history of the pen like the letters of John, and James, and Peter, and Paul. It would be difficult to improve on James's definition of pure religion, or on his account of that untamable creature the tongue. And although the short letter by Jude is inferior to those written by the great four it contains a description of certain ungodly men mightily effective:

Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.

The poetry of the Old Testament, especially in the books Solomon's Song, Job, Psalms, Isaiah, excels in every variety of

poetical expression, ranging from pure lyrical singing to the most sublime sweep of the imagination. The most conventional subject for a poem is Spring, and among the millions of tributes to the mild air and the awakening earth none is more beautiful than the passage in the Song of Songs:

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. . . . My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

As Browning began what is perhaps his greatest work, the Pope's speech in *The Ring and The Book*, with an allusion to the story in *Esther*, so in giving the pope's tribute to the soldier-saint Caponsacchi he borrowed some poetry of *Job*. It is worth while for a moment to compare the original and Browning's language, to see what good use Browning made of his biblical knowledge.

Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put an hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn? . . . Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?

His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. . . . He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary. . . . He beholdeth all high things: he is a king over all the children of pride.

Browning, in the pope's speech, gives some advice to the teachers of young men. He bids them remember the strength, passion, and glory of youth, and not expect to tame adolescence with petty formalism or with tiny devices. And suddenly the thought of leviathan must have entered his mind, for the pope speaks:

Irregular noble 'scapegrace—son the same!
Faulty—and peradventure ours the fault
Who still misteach, mislead, throw hook and line,
Thinking to land leviathan forsooth,
Tame the scaled neck, play with him as a bird,
And bind him for our maidens! Better bear

The King of Pride go wantoning awhile,
Unplagued by cord in nose and thorn in jaw,
Through deep to deep, followed by all that shine,
Churning the blackness hoary. He who made
The comely terror, he shall make the sword
To match that piece of netherstone, his heart.

If one reads the book of Psalms straight through, no matter how familiar many passages may be, the glory and splendor of the majestic poetry will come like a fresh revelation; and reading the last three Psalms aloud one feels how all the hymns of sorrow, delight, repentance, and adoration unite in one grand universal chorus of praise:

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:
Fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word:
Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:
Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:
Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:
Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children. . . .

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord.

Handel's Messiah is of course the greatest of all oratorios; sometimes I think it is worth all other oratorios put together. Handel was an inspired genius. When he wrote the Hallelujah Chorus he said he saw the heavens opened and the Son of God sitting in glory, and I have no doubt he really did. He was fortunate in being able to match deathless words with sublime music. But much of the grandeur of his work is owing to the poetry of the Bible, and especially to the parts taken from the prophet Isaiah. Passages of mighty authority alternate with ineffable tenderness:

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places

plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: . . . He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

The poetry of the Bible is not only the highest poetry to be found anywhere in literature, it contains the essence of all religion, so far as religion consists in aspiration. In this way Job, the Psalms, and Isaiah contain an eternal element of truth that no advance in the world's thought can make obsolete. Through such poetry rather than through any formal creed man is lifted into a communion with the Divine Spirit. For in these immortal poems, which express a fundamental and universal passion, the human soul finds not only elevation, it finds assurance, rest, peace.

Wm Lyon Phelps

THE CHURCH AND LABOR RECONSTRUCTION

THE world's greatest and most destructive war has come to an end. The price paid for the victory of freedom and righteousness is appalling. A large part of the vigorous manhood of the world has been killed or maimed, and an equally large part of the world's wealth has been destroyed. Radical changes in the social and economic life of the nations have taken place. There has also been an increasing power of democracy. Modern collectivism as practiced during the period of the war, the resulting change in public outlook and thought on social questions, and the ambitious program of labor are compelling men to ask, with anxious hearts, What of the future? Will the coming reconstruction be orderly or explosive? A new social order is inevitable. The workers of the world have made up their minds to introduce equality in economic circumstances between man and man. How is this economic equality to be brought about: in the Russian way, by revolution through bloodshed, oppression, destruction of life and property, or in the British and American way, by constitutional means; by respect for righteous laws; by goodwill and fairness to everyone; by orderly process of legislation? God grant that the latter may be the method.

What shall be the attitude of the church to these aspirations of the common man? Let us acknowledge that the church of God comes to this hour conscious that the industrial workers are estranged from her, that they come no more to her doors or altars in any considerable number. Arthur Henderson, labor leader and member of Parliament, also a local preacher, reluctantly acknowledges that "the vast majority of our male workers are at present outside the various branches of the Christian Church. The most self-respecting and honest workmen, who are constantly seeking at considerable sacrifice of time and energy to promote the common good, turn away in disgust from the churches, concluding that 'they are not the plants which these churches have to preserve.' This want of assimilation between the principles of Christ and the practices of many of his professed followers has made a very

deep impression upon the minds of the working classes, and forces from them the verdict: 'If this is religion then I'm not having any of it, for if these people get to heaven I won't be far away.' " Mr. Booth, an authority on this question, says, "That great portion of the population which passes by the name of the working class, lying socially between the lower middle class and the poor, remains as a whole outside of all religious bodies, whether organized as churches or as missions." The editor of the *Daily News Religious Census of London* tells us that of "the Greater London, with a population of 6,246,336, only 1,252,433 are regular worshippers, or in other words four out of every five persons are non-attendants, at the various churches." In the city of York "only fifteen per cent of the population are church goers." This is the situation in England, among a people saturated with Bible truth and story and thoroughly understanding the message and spirit of Christianity. How stands the case in America? The workingmen are indifferent to the church. Their plans and purposes are made absolutely independent of the church. Rarely does the American worker speak slightly of our Lord Jesus. Most of those who refer to Christ with a sneer or a jibe are of Jewish extraction or have revolted from the superstition of the Roman Church and plunged into atheistic socialism. But the American workingman has separated Christ and the church in his thoughts and looks upon them as having little in common. Many of them believe with Lessing: "The Christian religion has been tried for centuries. The religion of Christ has yet to be tried." On his last visit to our country William T. Stead addressed a labor meeting in Chicago. He was warned by the chairman not to mention the church. "If you say anything about the church they will hiss you off the platform. This crowd takes no stock in the church." Professor Ely, a devout Christian and a close student of social problems, wrote these startling words: "The laborer will have none of her (the church's) teachings; her evangelism he despises, her profession to love him he laughs to scorn." Since these good men have "gone west" conditions have not materially changed. The American Federation of Labor is directed and controlled by men who are at least indifferent to the Christian church.

Why are they alienated? The alienation is not due to the growth of agnosticism or scepticism among the workers. Marx and Engels were avowedly antagonistic both to religion and to the idea of God. Labor in England and America has been greatly influenced by the social ideas of these writers, but not by their religious views. There is no desire among English-speaking laboring men to repudiate the principles of Christianity or to accept those so ably set forth by Robert Blatchford in "God and My Neighbor." British labor has the highest respect and admiration for the pure and self-sacrificing life of our Lord and for the lofty and unselfish principles he gave to men. The words of the labor program are those of the Christian religion. The mission of Christianity is to raise the quality of human life, to purify, elevate, and dignify human existence. It is occupied with the problems of social well-being because these problems lie at the root of all moral and spiritual progress. The labor movement in the midst of the turmoil and conflict of life seeks the same noble end, not as a class victory, but as the larger freedom of body, mind, and spirit for all classes of men and women. The wage-earner knows that Jesus was the champion of good will and freedom, and that he gave the church the task of preaching this gospel and commanded her to bring the "ideal ethic" into touch with all phases of human life. The workingmen declare that the church has not been very efficient in obeying our Lord's command and in carrying out his program. The quickening of the workers' conscience, inspiring them with new hope, new enthusiasm, new energy to labor for the golden age of social betterment, awakened but little response and less cooperation in the churches. Organized Christianity did not see and appreciate the real meaning and true inwardness of many of the movements initiated and developed by the workers for their social and industrial amelioration. Hence these movements have been treated with critical aloofness or active opposition. Sometimes there has been a tendency to impute base motives to the laborers' desire and effort for more wages and better conditions of life. We have overlooked certain fundamental facts: (1) Education has opened the eyes of the laborer to his own worth. (2) He knows that there can be no fixed order of society, no artificial aristocracy.

Men have been endowed with equal and inalienable rights, and to aspire to these rights is the duty of every man. The laborer desires a freer, fuller, and richer life.

Life for the toiler is often a struggle for a moderate degree of comfort. Many of them live under the constant feeling of injustice. They seem to be debarred from the enjoyments of the earth; from the mental and spiritual development which they regard as their rightful inheritance. To make matters worse, the use of machinery has made their work more monotonous, mechanical, and deadening than in the days of hand labor, when each man made something himself and could taste the joy of being in a degree a creator. Modern conditions of toil do not tend to strengthen moral fiber and many of the workers are tempted to seek recreation and relief in gambling and drink. It is proof of the splendid stuff in our industrial workers that the vast proportion of them are temperate, self-controlled, thrifty, good fathers, honest citizens, diligent in self-improvement, and active in the service of their fellows. In this crisis they have presented to the world the magnificent spectacle of a patriotism and devotion almost incredible. Here, then, is the laboring man's first criticism of the Christian church: lack of real understanding of the labor movement and lack of practical sympathy with the laborers' aspirations, ideals, and objectives. This applies to America as well as to England. Some of the more radical among the workingmen go further than this and declare that the church has been hostile to the labor movement. By the church, however, they mean the State Church of Europe, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic.

Hall Caine, the famous novelist, in an address delivered a few years ago on "The Gospel and the Social Questions," declared that the two antagonists of the labor movement were the press and the church. Against the church he made certain definite charges. These charges express the radical workingman's position. Hall Caine says, "The church never helped to improve the political standing of the people. The political progress of humanity has been made in spite of the indifference and at times the hostility of the Christian church." His argument follows these lines. The organized church, contrary to the spirit of Christ's teachings, has

been a conservative instead of an aggressive force. Often in the past she has stood as the most stubborn foe of the very progress to which the spirit of Christ within her was urging. Christianity is the mother of true democracy, and the logical outcome of the teachings and life of Jesus is political and social betterment. Since the time of Constantine the church has allied herself with the powerful of earth. The union of church and state allied the church to political and social orders which oppressed the people and robbed them of their inalienable rights. These facts are well known to intelligent working men, and they frequently declare that there is a wide difference between Christianity and churchianity. This is true even in Protestantism. Take the flagrant case of Luther and the peasants of Germany.

Luther had scant sympathy with the peasants in their struggle for emancipation. His affiliations and sympathies were with the barons and princes. While this lack of sympathy with the peasants may have grown out of the fact that the barons and princes had stood by him in his struggle for religious freedom, for the Reformation, humanly speaking, would not have succeeded had it not been for the physical, financial, and moral support of the nobility, this is not the whole explanation. Luther was interested *only* in religious questions. Economic or social questions were evidently beyond his ken and did not enter into his plans or purposes. Religion occupied the whole of his horizon. Two things were to him axiomatic. First, The task and function of the church was educational and spiritual; second, The task and function of the state was political and social. These separate fields were ordained of God, and man must be obedient to law. Luther, in other words, was by nature and temperament a conservative. Dr. Alfred Faulkner, of Drew, says, "His real nature and attitude was that of a staunch and incurable conservative." Hence his attitude toward the Peasant Insurrection in 1525.

By this act Luther disowned the cause of the people, alienated their love and trust, lost forever the support and confidence of the working classes in Germany, and strengthened the power and wealth of the barons and princes. Since that fateful day the Lutheran Church has stood as the bulwark of autocracy and the

will to power. The socialists of Germany have constantly encountered the church, Protestant and Roman Catholic, as a mighty force defending the existing order—a bulwark of privilege and conservatism, a shield of caste and things as they are. A state church always sides with privilege and authority, whether it be in Austria, Germany, France, Italy, or England. Just and needed reforms must be won in the face of the opposition of the state church. This is why the people turn away from these institutions chilled and disgusted.

In our land the church is free. Most of our churches are organized as pure democracies: "Of the people, for the people, by the people." Two or three of our American churches are monarchical in forms of government and ultra conservative in spirit. They never stand for a reform until it is an accomplished fact. American Protestantism is for the most part democratic, but this democratic church has inherited the sad conditions of Europe. The laborer still looks upon the church as the champion of the established order; as the servant of the capitalist and the privileged classes. The incident of the clergyman who appeared before a Congressional committee investigating the atrocious methods adopted in the textile mills at Lawrence, Massachusetts, and defended the proprietors of these mills, is still fresh in the public mind. The laborer has brought with him to this land his long-standing distrust of the church and the clergy, and his belief that the church and its ministry are tools of oppression. This is not altogether true of the British laborer who comes to these shores. He has entered into the work of Wesley, Kingsley, Ruskin, and Maurice, and a host of others who have preached democracy and have toiled in Christ for the betterment of their fellowmen politically, economically, and socially. Thank God for these men and their work. More men of this type will bring a brighter day and help labor to see in the Church of Christ its truest friend and helper.

Mr. Caine's second charge is "that the organized church has kept from the people the most important part of the gospel message; to wit, the application of Christ's teachings to social and industrial questions." In making this charge Mr. Caine is thinking of the

individualistic emphasis of the church. The gospel as preached in the church has been devoid of social significance. It has been a purely personal cult, aiming at nothing more than individual salvation and edification, and as a result has been sadly incomplete. There may be some considerable truth in this position, but not, I take it, as much as Hall Caine would have us believe.

The teaching of Jesus places equal emphasis on two aspects of his religion: (1) the obligation of the soul toward God; (2) the obligation of the soul toward other souls. He gave the parable of the Repentant Son to describe the first and the parable of the Good Samaritan to describe the second. Neither has been overlooked or neglected by the Church of Christ. We must acknowledge, however, that the major emphasis has been upon the individual. He must needs be saved, edified, and developed. The reason for this is that the potent factor in all human affairs is personality. Every reform begins in the individual character. Shailer Mathews says, "To think of constructing a civilization from individuals whose lives are untouched by the gospel is as futile as to think that a democracy can be organized by savages." The saved man is the "salt of the earth." "The kingdom of heaven is within you" was the announcement of Jesus. This is the truth contained in Horace Bushnell's famous felicitous epigram, "The soul of improvement is the improvement of the soul." No public reform is possible except on the basis of personal righteousness. The Platos, the Moores, the Bellamys, and their many followers have exhausted their ingenuity in the endeavor to create Utopias by legislation and reform. The idea that abuses can be reformed and wrongs righted and the terrible leakage of economic waste saved by the alteration of external conditions of life is one of the oldest, most persistent, and pernicious of fallacies. Legislation and reform always follow the growth of public righteousness. Public righteousness is the outcome of individual righteousness. Reforms are generated in the minds and consciences of the people. Hence the fundamental office of the Christian church is to bring the individual under the power and inspiration of the gospel of Christ and generate within him reform power and make of him reform material. The obligation of the soul to other souls has not been neglected by the Chris-

tian church. The change from pagan ethics to Christian ethics was brought about largely by Christians practicing the principles of the gospel toward each other. Even Lecky admits this. But the church has not emphasized the fact that groups of men must come under the same high ethics, the same lofty principles of conduct, as governed the attitude of one Christian man toward another. There have been instances where sections of the church have spoken out against some social or economic evil, as was the case with slavery in the days preceding the civil war, and as is the case with the liquor traffic in our day, but on the whole the church has not devoted herself to making this world a fit home for redeemed men. There is no record in history of the church, as a great united body, deliberately setting herself to work to redeem the cities of the world, to cleanse them of their vice, their disease, their desolation, their famine, their poverty, or their iniquities. There is no instance until very recent years of church councils concerning themselves with economic injustices and the duties of employer to employee. One can almost put his finger on the man and the hour when the new conception of the gospel came to the church; when men began to feel that the duty of the church was not only to redeem men but to redeem humanity; not only to transfigure individuals but to transfigure society; not only to cleanse the heart of sin but to cleanse the cities of filth and disease-producing conditions; not only to promise surcease from poverty and pain in the future world but to create a social and economic system here that would reduce pain and poverty to the minimum. Thomas Chalmers, while doing his pastoral work in Edinburgh, caught a vision of the social gospel of Christ. He saw that while he was trying to feed the souls of little children their bodies were starving for lack of bread and shivering for lack of clothes. Like a flash came the thought that if Jesus were here he would feed and clothe their shriveled bodies. Then began the movement of social service in Scotland. One day it flashed on the mind of Frederick Dennison Maurice that Christianity was big enough to transfigure all things, and with voice and pen this prophet of God began to preach a social gospel. Kingsley's Alton Locke awakened England to the fact that the Church of Christ, while trying to save men's souls,

stood by indifferent to the fact that greedy and selfish men were destroying the bodies of men, women, and children. In America Josiah Strong and Washington Gladden forty years ago were the prophets of the new order. Dr. Gladden's test of the vitality and effectiveness of the church was "the extent to which it succeeds in Christianizing the social order in the midst of which it stands," which is a fair and revealing test.

Workingmen are saying that if Jesus were on earth to-day he would fight the battles of the laboring man. And they are right. He fought them when he was upon earth. The progress made by working people throughout every generation has been due to the influence of Jesus. He has been their champion and their friend. They believe in him. The toiler to-day demands a church which embodies the spirit of Jesus, which puts his teachings into practice, which is human enough to encourage and divine enough to inspire men—a church big enough to preach the whole gospel in its fullness and power.

Arthur Henderson says, "When Christianity is shown in its real nature as an aggressive force, destroying the evil of the individual life, transforming the character of the workers' environment, taking cognizance of social defects, seeking to right industrial wrongs, and removing the injustices under which the workers suffer, then it cannot fail to command the sympathies of the common people." He is not pleading for a class gospel, or a class church, but for Christ's gospel and Christ's church. He says Christ came for all, lived for all, spoke for all, and died for all. A church which makes the Sermon on the Mount the eternal law of human conduct and seeks to organize human life in harmony with these eternal principles of Christ will win humanity. There are some real "signs" that the Church of Christ is beginning to do this work. (1) There is a growing consciousness of the unrighteous conditions in our social system, also an increasing consciousness of the responsibility of the Christian church for the existence of these conditions. The ministry of the church is being made acquainted with the great social problems, is being taught systematic sociology, and sent out into our pulpits with a clearer understanding of the nature and aspirations of the common folk. This means real

progress. We are witnessing the Christianization of the Christian church. (2) The next step must be the democratization of the church. The future of the church is in the hands of the common people, and if she is to have the adherence and love of the toilers she must be thoroughly democratic in spirit and polity. The democratic movement of our time is a cooperative movement, inspired by cooperative ideals, aiming at cooperative results. The church should hail this new spirit among the people, should urge them to go forward to possess the land, should give her greatest minds and hearts as leaders to democracy, should use her vast resources to break down every barrier that impedes the onward march of progress to a brighter and more unselfish life. (3) One of these barriers is the old industrial system based on unrestricted competition, creating millionaires on the one hand and unemployment and wretchedness on the other. Under that system labor has seen in our day one man "accumulate" three hundred millions of dollars and another something like one billion. This system also assumes that human labor is a commodity to be bought and sold as men buy cotton, coal, or ore. With this system no genuine follower of Christ can be in sympathy. With it the church has never been in sympathy. Her common attitude has been that of the priest and Levite who "passed by on the other side." (4) A new day is dawning. Recognizing the common good as the true purpose in social and economic progress, the churches are beginning to assist in creating laws and institutions, not for the continuance of vested interests or selfish monopolies, but with an eye fixed on the promotion of the common good. In England a "League of Faith and Labor" has been formed. Its general plan and purpose are expressed in four clear-cut statements:

(1) Its first aim is to bring together the people in the labor movement and the people in the church "that they may seek together the common spiritual basis of life and find together the solution of modern problems." (2) "The elimination of the present artificial devices of class distinction which, in education and social life as well as in national and international affairs, offend against human brotherhood." (3) "The establishment of the best obtainable system of democratic control and administration of the

means of production and of equitable distribution of the fruits of industry." The purpose here is to apply many of the lessons learned from war administration. (4) "The fuller expression in human life of the spiritual principles of faith, truth, and beauty." The definite object here in mind is to bring to all the people everything that is possible in the individual circumstances of the joy and beauty of human life.

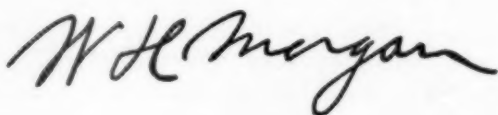
In Canada the Methodist General Conference passed a series of resolutions that were denounced by conservatives as "Socialistic," but the Conference was heart and soul for them. Here are some of them:

(1) Resolution on Special Privilege.—"We declare all special privilege not based on useful service to the community to be a violation of the principle of justice, which is the foundation of democracy." (2) Resolution on Nationalization of Natural Resources.—"We are in favor of the nationalization of our natural resources, such as mines, waterpowers, fisheries, forests, the means of communication and transportation, and public utilities on which all the people depend." (3) Resolution on Democratic Commercial Organization.—"We declare that forms of industrial organization should be developed which would call labor to a voice in the management and a share in the profits and risks of business. All forms of autocratic organization of business should be discouraged. We call attention to the remarkable and unchallenged success of the cooperative stores, factories, and steamship lines of England and Scotland as great examples of democracy in industry." The Canadian Methodist Church at least does not intend to lag behind in the movement for the socialization of industry, but is determined to push ahead in the struggle for deliverance from oppressive social anomalies. The sphere of the church's action is the world of human need and welfare.

The church, however, must not stop with revolutionary resolutions. These may be embalmed in church reports. The church must put its resolutions into action in some such organization as the Anti-Saloon League—the Church in Action on the Temperance Question. Legislation is an important factor in bringing to pass social and industrial improvement. What the Anti-Saloon League

has done for temperance that same organization of church forces must do for social welfare.

Not long ago in Massachusetts a committee was appointed by the Congregational Church to read and consider every single piece of legislation that was brought before the Legislature of Massachusetts. On one occasion a representative of the church appeared before the Legislative Committee to protest against a given piece of legislation. The committee were inclined to ignore him, saying that they could not listen to every man who thinks he has a grievance. The clergyman said, "Gentlemen, I happen to represent the Congregational churches of this State, and if you persist in this legislation you may find that six hundred or more sermons will be preached against it, revealing its evil." Then the committee listened and was willing to amend. When the Church of Christ faces the social problems seriously and actively; when she presents to the world the human, practical, and comprehensive gospel of Christ; when she brings herself into harmony with the democratic spirit of the times and seeks to remedy the great social defects of our day, then, and then only, will the estranged masses draw near to hear her message and accept her ministry.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "W. H. Morgan". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long, sweeping tail on the final letter.

THE CHURCH AND INTERNATIONAL LEAGUES

IN the midst of universal War statesmen were dreaming of universal Peace. It is an age-long desire. From the dawn of history the world has had millenniums of war. Will it ever have Perpetual Peace? From Hebrew Prophets and Heathen Poets we have had visions of a day when the nations "shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks" and the peoples "shall learn war no more." But with the coming and going of the centuries, which, like clouds without rain, brought no fulfillment of prophecy, the Vision has grown dim. Age after Age men's hearts have failed them. Nevertheless, though seeming deceptive and tantalizing as a Mirage in the Desert, the Dream of the Ages will not wholly dissolve. Like the Hope of Immortality imbedded in the human heart, it asserts itself despite all doubts, until the very persistence of the thought of it, and the desire of it, is now compelling statesmen and world-builders of the largest thinking to believe that Perpetual Peace is possible—that Peace, and not War, is the natural condition of human happiness.

Inspired by such belief it is proposed by eminent representatives of the people in the United States, in England, and in other countries, to establish a League of Nations which shall have for its purpose the enforcement of Peace. It is proposed

(1) That Nations entering this League shall submit their Justiceable differences to a Court of Arbitration.

(2) That the decision of this Court shall be binding.

(3) That any member of the League refusing to submit to such decision shall be compelled to do so by the combined military forces of the other members of the League.

Such in briefest form are the proposals of distinguished leaders in national and civic life, including Governors of twenty-seven States, members of Congress, Senators, Ministers of Religion, Bankers, and Heads of Industries.

It must be evident to every patriotic American, and especially to the Christian Church as a vital force in modern life, as the exponent of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace, that such a Move-

ment projected by such practical leaders of political thought deserves the most careful reflection.

- (1) Is such a League possible?
- (2) What are the difficulties in the way?
- (3) Are these difficulties insurmountable?
- (4) Can the Church Universal contribute to the realization of such a Program?

Military advocates, experienced diplomats, and a portion of the Press declare that such a League is not possible nor desirable. It is not possible, they say, for the reason that it cannot maintain its coherency because of the conflicting interests of the national units composing the League. The economical interests of all governments in the League are not identical, nor can they remain in *status quo*, for each State differs from another, and must differ, and no State can wait for the economic or political development of another.

Then, again, it is probable that States not entering the League would for their protection against the League enter into a league offensive and defensive of their own. Could this be avoided? Would not, therefore, a division of World-Powers, for the League and against it, compel every nation to maintain a standing army as now? and would not this armed status nullify the very purpose of the League?

Moreover, even if a League of Peace were both possible and desirable, how can the decisions of such a League be enforced upon any Sovereign State that refused to submit to them?

It is evident, then, that this question is among the chief difficulties which stand in the way of such a union of Nations. For two hundred years advocates of a Federation of World-Powers for establishing World-Peace have endeavored to show what ought to be done. But no philosopher, jurist, or pundit of learning and wisdom, from Grotius to Kant, from Bentham to Elihu Root, President Wilson, Roosevelt, Taft or Balfour, has shown *how* the decisions of the League of Nations can be enforced without producing the very evils which the League is organized to prevent. Nor has any genius in statecraft yet arisen who has been able to convince all Governments that it is to their individual interest to

unite in such a League, unless each Government had sufficient military strength to defend itself against possible intrigue and treachery within the League itself should occasion arise. It was on such grounds that Pitt in 1804 opposed England's acceptance of the Proposals of Alexander I of Russia, and why Canning in 1815 refused to enter the Holy Alliance created by the Treaty of Paris.

And even now, granting that world-conditions have changed since Canning's day, could the United States enter a League with any European Powers for perpetual Peace without surrendering the Monroe Doctrine, which, at the suggestion of Canning, was designed by Monroe and Jefferson for the very purpose of defeating the intentions of that same Holy Alliance on the Continent of America?

Do we foresee clearly the possibilities of the future of such a change of our national policy? Remember, membership in such a League is conditioned by acceptance in good faith of the decisions of the League. From that Tribunal there is no appeal. It is the Supreme Court of the World.

But suppose that, with England and France and other Governments, Mexico and Japan should join the League; and suppose Mexico should sell or lease a part of her sea-coast to Japan, which she certainly would have the sovereign right to do; and Japan the equally indisputable right to purchase; or, suppose that Chile, also a member of the League, should lease or sell a harbor or strip of littoral to Germany; or suppose again that, for some now inconceivable reason, England should cede Jamaica or Bermuda to some European power, as she committed the inconceivable blunder in 1890, under Lord Salisbury's administration, of ceding Heligoland to Germany; suppose these possibilities, would the United States be compelled to submit to such traffic without recourse to arms? Would our Government thus endanger her future safety on the Pacific Coast or the whole Atlantic sea-board? Would the people stand for it? But, if this nation would not submit, why should any nation submit? Why should any nation put its head in a noose with the rope in the hands of others?

How can the League enforce its decisions? That is the question of all questions. In 1908 one of the greatest statesmen of

America, the Hon. Elihu Root, declared that the High Court of International Justice established by the Second Hague Convention would be able to enforce the decisions of that body by the *force of public opinion*. But what has become of that High Court? and what has become of the Hague Court of Arbitration itself, and what did Public Opinion do to prevent this, the greatest war of all time? It is all very well for publicists and moralizing historians like Hume, for instance, to affirm that all human affairs, even self-interest, are governed by Opinion. But if Opinion is manufactured to order by false education, by governmental agencies, by a subsidized Press, as Opinion was manufactured by Germany for forty years in preparation for this war, and by Bismarck in the falsification of the Ems telegram in 1870, how can the most barbarous violations of law and the plunging of the Nations into war be *prevented* by Opinion? Opinion may become History, and in a remote future mankind may pass judgment on the acts of nations, but that does not prevent War *now*—which is the only reason for the establishment of Leagues of Peace.

But, among the most formidable difficulties, which on the surface seem to render perpetual peace impossible, is the difficulty arising from the unchangeable laws of Nature. Will the inevitable growth of nations, the increase of population, and the resultant demand for expansion in Colonial possession permit of such a League? Nations must grow or die. Are we not therefore attempting by such a League to restrain the working of Nature's laws? Are we not attempting to build again another Tower of Babel?

The vital force of a people cannot be confined. It is life, and life resents restraint. It is not static. Life must have space. It must have suitable environment for the exercise of its energy. Every vigorous State, therefore, must provide for its surplus population or die of starvation. The more mouths there are to feed the smaller must be the loaf. Such a State or Nation must, therefore, create large Colonies, or scatter its people by emigration in other countries, among other peoples, to the great loss of the Homeland and gain to the foreign land. Can such a State, "cribbed, cabined and confined," ever become a great State, a World-Power?

And does not this whole question accentuate the still further difficult question of the rights of neighboring small States to exist at all, as Belgium, or Holland, in competition with powerful adjoining States in the Struggle for Existence?

Then, again, another difficulty presents itself. Is it possible to eradicate selfishness and greed from human nature, to restrain human passion, national Egotism, the ambition of Militarism, its hunger for glory and lust of conquest? For, unless you can put a curb on the rapacity of Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, or other Imperial thieves, the land-lust of Kings and Emperors and even of Democracies; unless you can put some restraint on the passions of peoples aroused by wrongs, real or invented; and instead of it all a mighty impulse be given the masses of the people toward Universal Good as the universal goal, there never can be enduring peace. As the known possession of wealth in a house is an inducement to burglars, or flashing jewelry on the person a temptation to highwaymen, so the material resources of a weak State have often invited the cupidity of commercial enterprises to reach out, under the guise of legitimate business, for the undeveloped wealth of a feeble and backward people. Can you for a few dollars buy hundreds of thousands of fertile acres, worth millions, from an impoverished people and not create in the soul of them sullen hostility? Have the rich oil-fields, the gold and silver mines of Mexico never aroused the sublime patriotism of American financiers for the honor of the Flag and the sanctity of invested rights? Have the diamond fields of Africa never influenced world-politics in Downing Street? Has the rubber on the Congo never excited the greed of European Commerce?

What answers arise to combat these arguments for the continuance of War?

In the first place it must be said that some of these arguments, even though made by men eminent in their callings, are without any logical basis whatever. For instance, is it necessary for the welfare and happiness of its people that in order to become "Great" a State should rob other States of their territory, as Austria was robbed of Silesia, Denmark of Schleswig-Holstein, Italy of Trentino, France of Alsace-Lorraine? What is greatness? Is it terri-

tory? The little State of Athens covered only a few miles. And if to the man who gazes on the sublimity of Niagara Falls and thinks only of a sawmill this should seem academic and not practical, let me ask who fought and won the battles for Freedom and Western Civilization at Marathon? at Thermopylæ? at Tours? Who drove back Attila and his Huns at Chalons, whence the French have driven back Emperor William and his Huns? Who held up Germany at Liège? at Namur? held up the mightiest army that Germany could fling into Belgium, and though for a time losing herself saved France, saved Europe, and covered herself with Immortal Glory!

But, in reply to the question of Mexico, or Chile, or England, ceding possessions to other Governments, must the United States surrender the Monroe Doctrine, and by doing so expose her borders to danger? The answer is that the necessity for such action is not involved in the conditions of joining the League. First of all, before any League can be established there must be partial disarmament by all nations; and, second, in the nature of the case only those cases which are justiceable can by the conditions of the League be submitted to the League. The honor of a nation can never be submitted to the opinion of another nation. And in this case of the Monroe Doctrine, whatever already exists in the judgment of a nation as essential to its life and the perpetuity of its institutions cannot be submitted to the determination of any Tribunal, for that would be a renunciation of national sovereignty; a putting of the life of a State at the mercy of other governments. Such a surrender would be irrational, something contrary to Nature, and, therefore, could not be a possible question before any Court.

Then, again, when Bernhardi, for example, declares that "War in opposition to peace does more to arouse national life and to expand national power than any means known to history" we cannot but ridicule the logic of his argument.

The immortal defenders of Freedom and Justice have drilled the fear of God and respect for human rights and International Law into the soul of Germany as she has never learned them before, defeating to a frazzled edge "my unconquerable armies" on

the banks of the Marne, on the Somme, on the Aisne, at Vimy Ridge, at Messines, at Verdun, at Soissons and Chateau-Thierry, defeating the best that Germany ever had or ever will have, with Hindenburg, Ludendorf, the Crown Prince and all their boasting, from desolated Belgium to the Vosges Mountains; and the sons of Freedom, who far from home have shed their blood on the fields of France, would have unfurled the Stars and Stripes of America on the soil of Germany, had she not surrendered, as an object lesson to her for all time to come that, while "the gods walk in woolen shoes, they strike with iron fists"; that the nations who desire perpetual peace are neither spiritless nor exhausted, and that henceforth no nation shall violate with impunity the sacred laws of humanity.

What, now, can the Churches do in all lands to assist the leaders of Political thought and the responsible heads of Government to make such a League of Nations an accomplished fact? Is it desirable that the Churches should ally themselves with this cause? That is to say—shall the Church hereafter as in the past allow the politics of the World to be conducted from the standpoint of the material interests of the Nations, or shall International dealings be conducted from the standpoint of the Kingdom of God? Shall material interests control, or shall the spirit of Christian morality be interfused in all international diplomacy? How long shall this world be governed solely by selfish interests, without regard to Justice, or any of the civilizing, spiritualizing principles of Jesus Christ? Shall the Church of the Future continue to be a rubber stamp for political parties? Shall her Ministers be State-Chaplains or Prophets of God? Then, again, can such a League be made a permanent institution without the moral aid of the Churches?

I do not believe that such a League can become a permanent institution or restraining force in future history without the power of religion to support it. After all, the mightiest and the most permanent force in human history is Religion. Even Robespierre had to bring God back to the French Revolution after the Convention had bowed Him out. There must be moral sanction, there must be the compelling power of Conscience, a spiritual

collective purpose unifying the masses of the Nation generated and sustained by religious inspiration, before a whole nation, with all its complex interests and activities, political, social and commercial, will give, or can give, the full weight of its concentrated power in support of any political or social movement vitally related to its deepest interests.

But without the support of the people in every nation in Europe and of the people of the United States such a League cannot be permanent. And, on the other hand, without the inspiration of Religion and the power of it uniting the people around a common purpose, fusing heterogeneous and conflicting beliefs and prejudices of the various nationalities, the masses of the peoples will have no united support to give. In Unity alone is salvation. But nothing binds as does Religion.

Before this war broke loose the Internationalists in Europe and the Labor Unions in the United States believed that the solidarity of Labor would render future wars impossible. Universal labor would go on a universal strike. But when the Governments of the Nations declared war, Socialists and Labor Unions in every land, in England and Germany and France and the United States, shivered the solidarity of Labor to splinters, and each national group voted war credits and supported its own government. There was no underlying spiritual bond when the crisis came. Love of country was found stronger than socialistic theories or altruistic sentiments for the socially oppressed of other countries.

But, can the Church unify the people? We are never allowed to forget that the Church failed to prevent this war. But it should not be forgotten that neither were the peoples of the several Governments, nor the Governments themselves, England, France, Russia, able to prevent this war.

I shall not attempt to add to or to answer the indictments against the Church that, for instance, it has lost its influence over the masses, that the masses have lost faith in the Church, that the Church has lost faith in itself as a World-redeeming power in its relation to World-Government. It requires no great intellectual capacity, nor is it a distinguishing evidence of moral excellence,

to indulge in supercilious criticism of the Church. It cannot be denied that the greatest enemies of the Church have been born in and have come out of the Church. It cannot be denied that destructive criticism, taught in the Universities for the past thirty years, devitalizing the positive truths of the Gospel, has played into the hands of the enemies of Religion; that the Historic Faith was denied; that in the atmosphere of doubt created by rationalist preaching and teaching, the Christ of the people in many quarters faded away into dim uncertainty. In every country in Europe, and in this country also before the war, a feeling of indifference, a wave of practical infidelity, was gradually sweeping over the people. The masses were submerged in materialistic thinking and living, finding altogether the satisfactions of life in the grossness of earthly pleasures. The churches were empty, notwithstanding every device, from cheap operatic performances to the antics of the mountebank, to entice the man in the street to fill the desolate void. This we may admit. And we may further admit that no great spiritual leader or Apostle in any country in Europe held commanding spiritual influence over the masses, whose souls, irresponsible to official religion, were thrilled by the Apostles of Socialism and Anarchy. We had plenty of industrious mediocrities; pitiable pussy-foot seekers of publicity; sparrows, but no Eagles; no flaming Evangels; no Lacordaire, no Spurgeon; no Stoecker, though in the United States we had many notable leaders, and still have a Cadman, a Burrell, a Jefferson, a McDowell, and others like them in all Churches, who still preach Christ crucified as the only hope of the world. No voice of the Roman Catholic Church in all Europe, not even the Roman Pontiff himself, could appeal effectively to the crowned heads of Europe or to the masses of the people to stop this war, and when the war, like the thunders of the Almighty in the skies, broke loose in all its devastating horror, one voice alone in all Europe, not the Vatican, not Canterbury, not York, but the voice of the heroic martyr of Belgium—Cardinal Mercier, the Archbishop of Malines—one Voice alone, rose above the shouts of battle and the shock of arms and compelled the whole world to behold in wrath the perfidy, the hellish cruelty, the unspeakable barbarism of Germany!

Yes, we may admit in a degree all this, and we may not be able to refute the charge that the Church has failed to influence the masses or to preserve the Unity of the Nations because it has broken its own unity, and by reason of its divisions has brought forth weakness instead of strength. But let us not forget that, if the Church has failed to do what Governments have also failed to do, the men who are to-day leading the world in the Governments of the world, and on the battlefields of Europe for the freedom of the world, are in the Church and of the Church. Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, Foch, Haig, and Pershing are all children of the Church, and through them the Church as well as the Military Academy is serving the world at last.

Perhaps the Church cannot do what she once could. There was a time when she could forbid even a Roman Emperor, Theodosius, after his massacre of the Thessalonians, to approach the altar with his bloody hands; a time when she could wrench the palladium of English Law and freedom, the Magna Charta, from the hands of a lawless king; a time when in wrestling with the chaos and barbarism of Northern Europe she could defend the rights of man and throw her protection over the weakest that appealed to her aid. There was a time, despite her imperfections, when she could do all this, but her sins have rent her asunder. As in a critical hour in the French Revolution the mighty Mirabeau cried out in the Convention, "The sins of my youth prevent me from saving France!" so might the Church have cried out at the beginning of this war—"My sins and divisions prevent me from saving Europe and the World."

But we cannot condone past failure by facile penitence and ineffectual remorse. We must bring forth fruit meet for repentance in order to establish our sincerity. It matters little what the Church has been, the question now is, *What is she going to be?* A new world is struggling to the birth. Civilization must be born again. But a regenerated World will never be born outside the Church of God. Will the Church arouse itself to meet the new era? From the Church, out of the soul of it, must the New World arise! What splendid service the Church has done in this terrible war! Can the world ever forget the devotion, the

sacrifice, the energizing inspiration of the Church to the several Governments in their miraculous achievements, to the soldiers in the field, to the people at home who in the closet and in the sanctuary lift their hearts to the God and Father of Men that the bloody carnage may end in victory for Freedom and Justice and everlasting Peace?

But there is another large opportunity for the Church, an opportunity to do service to the whole world such as she has not had, or availed herself of, in modern history. It is this: if the Churches—all the Churches of Christendom—should unite in their Synods or Councils, Conferences or General Assemblies, or through their representatives, lay and clerical, the Bishops and Archbishops and the leaders of the Non-Conformist Bodies of England and France, Italy and Germany, the Bishops and other leaders of the great Protestant and Catholic Churches of America—if *Christendom* should meet together in Council and unite in a Christian League to support an International League for the Enforcement of Peace established by the Political Powers of the world, the Vision of Prophecy would be realized, and the way opened as it has never been opened for the Coming of the Kingdom of God.

Is this practicable? Is it a dream of Utopia? Consider it calmly. If military nations, through Governmental institutions, the Universities, the Pulpits and the Press can instill through long periods into the masses of their people the spirit of war, for offense or defense, could not the Church also in every land destroy the teachings of barbarism, and by means of Christian Education, a truly Christian Pulpit and the Apostolate of a Christian Press creating public opinion, bring all classes of Society to the support of the peaceful policies of their respective Governments? It will be easier to do this than to tax the Nations for increase in armaments.

But can the governments of the various countries unite in such a League except they have the support of the people? And upon what will the support of the people rest? There must be some all-dominating, all-inspiring motive, some all-mastering inflexible purpose, that will triumph over all designs of politicians

and machinations of diplomacy and hold the people steady even when their material interests seem to be at stake.

Reflect further on this: President Wilson has declared that one of our aims in this War is "to make the world safe for Democracy." This cry has been taken up and used on all occasions by many who, delighted with the phrase, never inquire into the significance or value of it. For, after all, what is Democracy? Americans born in a land of Freedom think of it solely in the words of the Immortal Lincoln "as Government of the People, for the People and by the People." This is a great motive. But Democracy is more than a form of Government. True Democracy seeks the highest good. It is the enemy of Oppression, but the Apostle of Freedom. It is the foe of Anarchy, but the defender of Law; the enemy of Hate, but the promoter of Love. It is universal in its scope. It knows no foreigners, it is the bond of brotherhood. It knows no race but the human race, neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Americans nor Russians, Englishmen nor Frenchmen, Germans or Poles, Irishmen or Italians, Hungarians or Greeks, but, leaping over all boundaries, all barriers and distinctions of race and color, of poverty and wealth, of creed and nationality, it seeks Justice, an open field and a fair chance for all men! This is Democracy, and this is the only Democracy worth fighting for or dying for. But there is no Institution among men that has the power or the machinery to instill this kind of Democracy into the minds and hearts of the people except the Church of God; no other power that in every land can create among its people a solidarity of support for the Government that, even against the supposed material interest of the Nation, should join a League for Perpetual Peace. Herein lies the opportunity of the Church.

Since the policies of statesmen in every country have failed, why not give the Church a chance to apply its principles? If how to enforce peace will, as Lord Balfour says, "test the statesmanship of the world," why not apply the principles of the Lord Jesus in a perfectly analogous case to the solution of this world problem? Was not Jesus a Statesman? He stands for lawful Authority, for Law, Order, Peace and Social Stability. In order to enforce peace in His Church as you would in the State, and to

make the decisions of the Church final and effective, as you would the Judgments of this League, He says:

"If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect (or *refuse*) to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect (or *refuse*) to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen and a publican."

That is, when a man will not listen to law or reason, and shows no respect in his anti-social, rebellious and lawless spirit for the welfare of the Society, or Church, he puts himself outside the realm of law and social intercourse. "He shall be to thee as a heathen and a publican." You shall have absolutely nothing to do with him as a member of Society. He is an outlaw.

Thus, without having recourse to arms, the World-League could denounce any nation refusing to submit its quarrel to arbitration and to abide by the Judgment of the League, as an Outlaw, and expel it from the family or Society of Nations, absolutely refusing to hold any relation or intercourse with it. This is the Method of Jesus.

No nation in modern times could long withstand such a Judgment of the World's Tribunal. It would destroy itself. Cut off from all intercourse with the outside world, postal, cable, telegraphic, shut out from the markets of the world, denied raw material for its manufacturers, exports and imports reduced to nothing; its finances discredited in every money center—the Outlaw Nation would become a dead nation. The people, millions of them out of work and starving, would be compelled to rise in rebellion and force their Government to yield to law and reason, that is, to the Judgment of the world.

Now, of course, it requires no oceanic depth of wisdom or encyclopedic knowledge of Economics to declare offhand that this cannot be done. That it is impracticable, impossible. But is it impracticable or impossible *now*? Was it impossible for this Government to put an embargo on merchandise to Germany, to Sweden and to Holland? Was it impracticable and impossible

when Austria, with the approval of Germany, robbed Turkey of Bosnia-Herzegovina and the Turkish people replied with a boycott on Austria that crippled many industries and caused the loss of millions of money?

It is further objected that a boycott by the League would probably inflict as great a financial loss on the several nations of the League as on the boycotted country. That Germany, for instance, could draw upon Russia, Poland, Turkestan, Asia Minor, Rumania, Bulgaria, for raw materials, for cereals, textiles, oils, fats, iron, everything needed, and defy the League of Nations to enforce the decisions of the League. But grant that Germany or any other Government could do all this. Where would Germany find a market for her industries with the harbors of the world closed against her? The economic wealth of a nation, like the value of a private factory, is not in its manufacturing ability, but in its selling power. In 1912 Germany's foreign trade was over five billions. That is all gone. Destroy that permanently and Germany sinks out of sight in economic ruin. But if, as the Rohrbachs and Dernburgs declare, Germany was driven into this war in sheer self-defense by reason of the policy of isolation forced against her by the great powers of Europe when there was no understanding or concert of purpose to boycott her, when there was no understanding among those nations to resist her schemes of Colonization, to destroy her foreign trade, or to undermine her influence in the worlds of Art, Science and Literature, how immeasurably greater must be and will be the economic pressure if all the great nations of the world should deliberately, continuously, and with increasing intensity bring the combined force of a world boycott against her?

But, whatever be the method employed for the Enforcement of Peace, here is the duty and here is the opportunity for the Church to take up the task of the regeneration of the world, the political reconstruction of human Society.

And yet my conviction is after all, that if ever there is peace upon earth it will not be the result of Peace Congresses only. It must be brought about by the Church of God in all lands, educating all peoples, and creating in the hearts of the peoples inflexible an-

tagonism to every war except by a nation that has actually been attacked by armed forces. If any one conversant with the history of peoples, studies their psychology and the play of forces in Europe and in this country, imagines that because Germany has had a change of government, therefore she has had a change of heart, time will show how blinded is his judgment. You cannot change the soul of a nation by changing its government. Think back through the past four years the appalling fiendishness of the German armies, their demoniacal savagery, their wanton destruction of all that was possible to destroy, their craven cowardice from facing their equals or superiors, the reversion of the whole people to barbarism, the loud swelling demands of all classes for indemnities, annexations, and the economic crushing of France and Belgium when they thought themselves victorious, and then in contrast their wailings and beggings for mercy when the tide of war sweeps over them—think on these things, and then imagine if one can that the mental or moral soil out of which these inhuman actualities have sprung can be changed at once by simply changing a government. One might as well try to change the laws of the Universe by simply ignoring them. No, there will be no regeneration of the German political mind by Peace Conferences. Germany will come back! Germany cannot exist as a Republic. Prussia was the creator of Germany and Prussia will be its restorer. Neither Prussia, nor the German states can possibly adjust their psychology to self-government, that is, to a Republic. The Germans have no mental adaptability for such. In two or three years Monarchy will come back. The House of Hohenzollern may not be restored to the throne, but Monarchy will be restored. The ex-Kaiser will not be executed, nor perhaps any of the miscreants who created this war punished; except perhaps by temporary exile, or exclusion from public affairs. The world soon forgets. Propaganda will see to that. Political interests even in these United States will see to that. The ex-Emperor is Queen Victoria's grandson.—France?—Well, dread of the future will blunt the edge of fierce desire. The hope of the world will not be born at Versailles. It was born in Bethlehem. The Church of God alone is the Social Savior of the World. Nevertheless the Church, which because she is a Church of

God is therefore a Church of Humanity, flings herself into this crusade; for Universal Peace shall never be deserted by Humanity. The Mother of Men shall not lack for men to support her in the hour of her need. There will be no need! Of her it shall be said as the prophet Isaiah said to Israel: "Thy sun shall no more go down nor thy moon withdraw her rising; for the Lord God shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." As for Humanity, ancient prophecy shall be fulfilled, and

"Then shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and Universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the Golden Year."

R. J. Cooke

KINGS AND FOOLS

WHEN kings topple from their thrones at the rate of twenty per week the fool has been played by wholesale. When the church may sing current fact as well as poetic imagination,

"O, where are kings and empires now?"

Shakespeare has a new confirmation of "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." And when priceless Iron Crosses of yesterday's valor become dear at a dollar a bushel George Frederick Watts has a new emphasis on his immortal painting, "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."

Shakespeare gives a remarkable picture of character contrast in the fool trilogy of *King Lear*, where we have playing in opposition the real madness of the king, the assumed madness of Edgar, and the professional madness of the court jester. George Wood Anderson, evangelist and lecturer, says: "There are three kinds of fools: the B. F.'s, the M. F.'s, and the D. F.'s. The B. F.'s are the Born Fools, the M. F.'s are the Made Fools, and the D. F.'s are the Doctors of Philosophy." In this classification Paul falls among the Doctors of Philosophy, for did not Festus say to him, "Paul, Paul, thy much learning hath made thee mad"? But for the very opposite reason certain Judaizers hinted to the Corinthian Christians that Paul was a fool. He could not speak the Greek "trippingly on the tongue" like Apollos. He had not the wealth of Greek tradition at hand like Apollos. In self-defense Paul answered: "If any man thinketh he is wise among you in this world, let him become a fool that he may become wise"; for Paul knew that man's wisdom was foolishness with God and man's foolishness might become wisdom through God. Mendelssohn had the same idea when he said, "All things that we do are but first attempts. Woe to the artist that sits down to his labors with the conviction that he is master." And one might add to-day, Woe unto the king who fancies that any wisdom lies in a crown; let him learn of his lackey if he would become wise. Ask the Crown Prince or papa Hohenzollern. It is better to be a fool in the

eyes of the world and wise toward eternal verities than to be wise in one's own conceit and lauded by flunkys.

Paul the Fool was in good company. He was a member of the Royal Academy of Immortal Fools—Columbus with his maps and charts, Galileo with his wild dreams of celestial spheres, Joan of Arc with her voices from the air, Luther with his Bible and first-hand approach to God, Garrison with his luggage of human chattels, and Disraeli, hooted down in Parliament by cat-calls, hisses, and general pandemonium, who roared like a caged beast, "I will now sit down, but you shall yet hear me!" This young and despised Jewish fop, true to his dare, became the best listened-to man in Parliament, and made himself the master of the fleets, armies, and treasury of the proudest Christian nation the world has ever known.

Who is wise? Who is fool? Shakespeare in his *King Lear* makes the fool wiser than the King, for the fool's advice is always wise and the king's failure to act upon it in the end proves Lear the fool and the fool the king. The fool's constancy to his master reaches a pathetic climax as he stands in the raging storm on a high bluff, the sole companion of his brain-stormed king, attempting to quiet his master and buffet the blast with rollicking wit and jest. As usual, Shakespeare is true to life; for the position of licensed fool or jester of medieval Europe, though originally filled by some half-witted fellow, was soon usurped by men of natural wit and trained ability who were willing to play the fool for a lucrative reward. In some cases the office was dignified by both scholarship and sacrifice. Dagonet, jester to King Arthur, was knighted by his king. In the seventeenth century the fool to the Duke of Mantua during a pestilence offered his life as a ransom, and actually starved himself to death to stay the plague. Gonello, court fool to the Marquis of Ferrara, was consulted on all important questions. The fool of Cardinal Richelieu became his secretary, and John Heywood, fool to King Henry VIII, was a graduate of Oxford and a dramatist of renown.

Mark Twain wore the cap and bells so nobly that, instead of being numbered among those humorists who are remembered today and forgotten to-morrow, he received from the dean of Ameri-

can Letters, William D. Howells, the significant appellation of "the Lincoln of our literature." Mark Twain wrote not to raise a laugh or force a smile so much as to make folks think and feel, and so, starting as humorist, he ended as man of letters. When the failure of his publishing house came, by reentering public life as lecturer, reader, and author, in a journey round the world, he toiled and slaved until he had paid back his creditors one hundred cents on a dollar, and thus sanctified his humor and left all mankind debtor to his honor.

François Delsarte when asked to sing at the court of Louis Philippe replied he was no court buffoon and did not sell his loves, but that he would sing provided no remuneration was given him and no other singer took part. The man who had been passed down from the Royal Conservatory without a certificate of recommendation won such courtesy from the king and such greeting from the nobles that a courtier cried, "One might declare in truth that it is Delsarte who is king of France!"

But the Bible story of David and King Saul is a more striking illustration of the king who became fool and the fool who became king. Like Lear, Saul was a man of kingly physique and bearing, a man of excessive sensibility which showed itself alike in exultation and depression, in love and hate. David, like the fool in Lear, comes to entertain the despondent king, and this he does with great skill, playing upon his harp. The shepherd boy rises in dignity by slaying the boasted champion of the Philistines and is taken into the royal household of Saul and given military command. His popularity with Prince Jonathan, with the army, and with the people climaxed in a victory over an invading foe which caused the populace to welcome the young hero with the shouted acclaim,

Saul has slain his thousands
And David his tens of thousands.

This aroused the jealousy of the king. The great King Saul feared the hero-shepherd, and when the youth David next played to him, as was his wont, Saul in a jealous rage hurled his javelin at him. Then Saul was fool and David king. The very king who had ordered all witches and necromancers from his realm, is finally

seen in secret and disguise, entering a cave to consult the witch of Endor "to determine the part in which his faltering feet and shattered intellect should walk."

And so the pendulum swings. Life is the twice-told tale of when the king is fool and the fool is king. Adam was king in Eden, but he played the fool and lost his paradise. Noah was mocked as fool, but sailed as monarch of all he surveyed when the rain fell. Esau, the first born, played the fool, and sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, and Jacob, the second born, became the king. The strong and lusty brethren of Joseph, jealous at an aged father's prattle over his pet son, sold their young brother into slavery; but the slave purchased his freedom and became a prince in the land of Egypt whither his brethren came, in their distress, to buy corn and bend the knee. Moses threw down the possibility of a kingdom to champion the cause of his own slave people, and Pharaoh, the king of the hardened heart, met the fate of the fool at the Red Sea, while Moses, who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, became the kingly statesman and law-giver of all time. Samson, the Hercules of Hebrew history, appointed judge and set apart to redeem his people from the hand of the Philistines, trusted to his super man-power, toyed with justice, was profligate of virtue, and "wist not that the spirit of the Lord had departed from him." He, the strong man of Israel, for playing the fool has both eyes put out and is made a slave to grind corn for the Philistine enemy over whom he had so often triumphed by super strength. Haman, who became so jealous of Mordecai the Jew, because he would not bow down to him, that he secured an order from the king for the extermination of the Jews, and had a gallows built on which Mordecai was to be hung, was hung upon the gallows himself, and Mordecai, who waited at the gate, became Prime Minister.

But history palls and illustrations pale into insignificance compared with the Great Fool of the Universe—for Jesus Christ was called a fool! His brethren, those of his own home, said, "He is beside himself!" He was buffeted and spit upon by the Jews as a fool, crowned in mockery as a King, and when the Jews requested Pilate to change the superscription over the cross, from

"the King of the Jews" to "He said, I am King of the Jews," Pilate replied, "What I have written I have written." And Pilate was right; Jesus was King! The child of the cattle-shed, saving others, without where to lay his own head, was King of kings and Lord of lords and Saviour of the world. He left three words of warning wisdom which, heeded, would save the king from being fool and make the fool a king. His first word is this: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be?"

Three kings riding forth of old
With myrrh and frankincense and gold.

Three kings waiting fearful dawn
Where the battle lines are drawn.

Kings of bloody strife, how far
You have wandered from the star!

"Whose shall now your kingdoms be?
Whose but thine—Democracy?"

Alexander, world conqueror at thirty-two, dying in a drunken debauch, left his kingdom to the strongest, and the strongest have been contending over the remains ever since. Napoleon, world conqueror, on his way to Helena said: "The more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable." Wilhelm Hohenzollern, who boasted his mailed fist of world conquest would win where all others had failed, sees his invincible army surrendered to a French Marshal, his navy with a train of battleships twenty miles long surrendered to a British admiral, his imperial autocracy surrendered to the diplomacy of an American President, and his throne surrendered to the social democrats of his own empire! Even his good name is not left him, and he vainly tries to "take arms against" his "sea of troubles" and "by opposing end them." He accepted the devil's bargain on the mount of temptation: "All these will I give thee if thou wilt bow down and worship me." Whose now shall these things be?

Jesus's second word is this: "What is a man profited though

¹ Last two lines added to poem of Wm. Henry Hayne.

he gain the whole world and lose his own life? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?"

Jesus uses the most forcible words possible to indicate a fool bargain. But fools die hard. In art Andrea del Sarto was a king. He drew his brush with such delicacy and blended his colors with such skill that knowing men said, "There's a little man in Florence that can bring the blush to Raphael." Kings became his patrons—the world of art was at his feet. He passed under the influence of a beautiful Jezebel, left his aged parents to starve, spent the money advanced by the throne in riotous living, without doing the work awarded him, and finally, overcome by remorse and disease, deserted by the woman for whom he had abandoned all, he died alone in a wretched garret. What was his profit?

The third word Jesus speaks is this: "He that loses his life for my sake shall find it." This is the divine foolishness of the seed that falls in the ground and dies to become a field of waving grain, of a Paul who is beheaded in Rome but places Europe at his Redeemer's feet, of a Livingstone who dies in Africa but brings a new continent to the kingdom of God. Secretary Daniels was asked to name a torpedo-boat destroyer recently. He broke all precedents of the navies of the world when he named the new boat for a gunner's mate, second class—Ormond Ingraham! But this gunner's mate in giving his life saved every other life on a torpedoed ship. Secretary Daniels acted in harmony with the democracy of Jesus: "He that loses his life shall find it." Millions met the test in the war just ended. The world waits for reconstruction at the hands of fools, kingly fools, divine fools, who are willing to give themselves in the Master's name.

The kingdom is not to the strong, not to the arrogant, not to the superman, but to those who realized their dependence on God. Lord Reading's affirmation has proved true, that the victory of France and her allies would be won not by the bodies but by the souls of men. Well, then, may the victors pray in all meekness and humility of spirit for the divine wisdom which alone can save the king from being a fool. Edward Rowland Sill, in "A Fool's Prayer," has spoken the wisdom too often ignored, but which comes home with special force in this day of the world's democracy:

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose—"O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin: but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask—
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—O, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Fredrickson

THE SOCIAL THEOLOGY

"I HAVE called it Social Theology," says William Dewitt Hyde, in the preface to his book, *Outlines of Social Theology*, "because the Christianity of Christ and his disciples was pre-eminently a social movement, and because we are looking at everything to-day from the social rather than the individualistic point of view" (p. vi). This was in 1895. Seven years later, Henry Churchill King wrote his *Theology and the Social Consciousness*, and it began with these words: "No theologian can be excused to-day from a careful study of the relations of theology and the social consciousness. . . . The social consciousness is so deep and significant a phenomenon in the ethical life of our time, that it cannot be ignored by the theologian who means to bring his message really home." Ten years later again, in 1912, Gerald Birney Smith delivered the Taylor Lectures at Yale Divinity School on the subject, "Social Idealism and the Changing Theology." The lecturer declared it to be his purpose to contribute to "the reconstruction of religious beliefs" in order that these beliefs "may be more closely related to the great problems of social ethics now looming so large, and needing the help that a positive religious faith can supply" (pp. x and xi). Lecturing on the same foundation last year, the late Professor Rauschenbusch took for his subject, "A Theology for the Social Gospel." The lectures were published, and the wide favor with which the book has been received at least shows that it was opportune in its main contention. "If theology stops growing," so wrote Rauschenbusch, "or is unable to adjust itself to its modern environment and to meet its present tasks, it will die. Many now regard it as dead. The social gospel needs a theology to make it effective; but theology needs the social gospel to vitalize it" (p. 1). And again: "There is nothing else in sight to-day which has power to rejuvenate theology except the consciousness of vast sins and sufferings, and the longing for righteousness and a new life, which are expressed in the social gospel" (p. 14). There is a period of over twenty

years between the first and the last of these four books. They exhibit a progressive boldness, born of an increasing conviction on the part of the respective authors that their point of view was correct. These men have not been mere voices in the wilderness. They have expressed a sentiment, by no means unanimous but growing in volume both within and without the church. In fact, a quarter of a century before Hyde's book, Ritschl had begun to make theology his debtor by his fresh and fruitful treatment of the idea of the kingdom. When, therefore, W. E. Orchard, in his depressing new book, *The Outlook for Religion*, declares that "the church ought by now to be discovering what the gospel principles of the social order are, and how that order ought to be established" (p. 234), it must seem to many that his statement is belated. It is not true that all the social passion is outside the church. It is not true that most church leaders are exclusively occupied with the preservation of ecclesiastical machinery. It is not true that the social consciousness is the sole possession of persons for the most part indifferent to the claims of Christ. The conservatism of the church is notorious, as is that of any institution of long standing. There are still leaders whose face is to the rear. There are still people who mistake their growing isolation for divine testimony that they are right and all others are wrong. The spirit of the pillar-saint, who estimated his piety by the narrowness of the area in which he lived and by the height of his elevation above the common herd, is by no means dead. But there is a multitude who see in the social gospel a legitimate explication, or, it may be, even a truer statement, of the gospel of Christ. They are deeply concerned for the church, deeply concerned for the kingdom, deeply concerned for humanity. It is useless to accuse them of disloyalty because they confess to difficulty with certain theological formulas. It will never do to threaten them with excommunication because they ask to be written down as those who love their fellow men. The man who insists that the kingdom of God is not only a gift but a task, not only an experience but a challenge, not only a clean heart but a clean community, not only a personal rule but a social order, such a man is not far from having the mind of Christ. The social gospel

has arrived; in other words, a new application of the Christian message has been unearthed and recognized. It has come to stay. Its sound has gone out through all the earth. The conviction is well reasoned that the next step is to give it a theology. The set of the current is unmistakable. We have abandoned the sophistry whereby we sought to defend the indifference of the church to manifest social evils. We no longer try to stifle the voice of discontent by asserting that justice withheld here will be meted out hereafter. We have done with the arm-chair argument that showed how entirely independent was the peace of God of enough to eat, enough to wear, and a decent habitation. We have learned that we can never say "I" without including "you," that, indeed, there could be no "I" except as there were "you." The fact has slain individualism beyond all hope of resurrection. We are to-day convinced that individualism is ethically, psychologically, and philosophically indefensible. Will theology embrace this opportunity to rescue itself from its periodic danger of mummification?

Broadly speaking, there are two different ways of conceiving theology: as final and as temporary. The conception of theology as final assumes that all the data have been given. The faith has been once for all delivered and there is nothing to do but to explicate it. It may be that the new will continually appear, but there will never be anything new for which the old does not make ample provision. The Decrees of Trent, or the Augsburg Confession, or the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Westminster Catechism, or the Twenty-five Articles, as the case may be, are as the everlasting hills. These are so many final formulations of the final faith. That there may be a distinction between the faith and the formulation, between the religion and the theology, between the experience and its intellectual construction—this is not allowed. Truth is truth; it is unchangeable; man's whole duty is to accept it. The conception of theology as temporal is far more modest. Here theology is regarded as an instrument of thought whereby the facts and experiences of religion can be brought into some kind of harmonious relation, not only with each other, but with other facts and experiences not described as religious. It

makes its definitions, but is quite frank in admitting that these are only provisional, and that, sufficient evidence being presented, the case may always be reopened. It says: "The Bible is inspired, whereby is meant —." "We are saved by faith, whereby is meant —." "Christ is the Son of God, whereby is meant—." What follows is an attempt at explanation. Thus the last mentioned formula is completed by the addition of the Marcan, the Pauline, the Johannine, the Athanasian, the Chalcedonian, the Lutheran, the Socinian, or the Ritschlian Christology, according to the training or the conviction of the person concerned. The inspiration of the Bible, salvation as conditioned by faith, the Divine Sonship of Christ—these are accepted as so many authentic data, but it is held that the intellectual construction of them by a given body of men is necessarily dependent upon their total experience.

It is evident that the situation depends very largely on one's answer to the ancient problem, "What is truth?" In general, the various answers are at one in holding that truth is in the "agreement of this with that." Where they part company is in their views of what "this" and "that" mean, and of what "agreement" means. Whatever is to be said of the different views of the matter, it appears to be agreed that truth is a relation of mind. But mind is not static: how then can truth be fixed and unchanging, save, indeed, where certain "principles" and "abstract relations" are concerned? Nothing exists for any man except his experience. It is useless to speculate about the unexperienced, either that it is or that it is not. We have nothing to say of that of which we know nothing. There may or there may not be an absolute reality, or a reality independent of an apprehending mind. An experience I call mine—this is all the reality I know anything about, or ever can know. But this experience is not an inert mass of mere aggregations: it is plastic and organic, forever changing because it is forever growing. Absolute truth then ceases, save in the case noted, to be an ideal for the mind whose very law is progress. An element of relativity comes in, and necessarily so. It is now true that I am writing this sentence. But it is no longer true, because I am now writing this. Truth then would

seem to be such a positive, constructive, intellectual reaction to any item of the experience as did not violate any or every other item of the experience until that time. Which is but to say that truth to-day will not necessarily be truth to-morrow because to-morrow may see the emergence of a situation for which to-day's truth makes no provision. The reaction which is justified, or, better still, is demanded by the total experience—this, and this alone, is true.

Theological definitions cannot be exempted from the test of growing experience. Those who think that they can are forgetful of the history of theology itself. One may define the inspiration of the Scriptures according to the state of knowledge to-day or according to the state of knowledge five hundred years ago. Or one may define the divinity of Christ with or without reference to modern psychology. A definition or an explanation which is a plain evasion of facts, and which hides behind the assertion, "Once true, always true," can hardly be approved by honest men. It is the old bugbear of a final theology. "In view of the whole, how must I regard this or that part?"—this has been the question men have ever been required to ask, and they ask it in theology. How stands it with theology in view of the new world brought to light by natural science? How stands it with theology in view of the new Bible brought to light by critical scholarship? How stands it with theology in view of the findings of historical and comparative religion? How stands it with theology in view of both general and religious psychology? These are the questions which have arisen in their turn and demanded an answer. We have by no means done with them yet. And now comes this other question: How stands it with theology in view of this whole field of social science? Out of the social science has come the social gospel—the gospel of a fair chance, the gospel of industrial justice, the gospel of mutual helpfulness, the gospel of common rights, the gospel of the good of one as the concern of all. Can we proclaim this gospel and still be true to the gospel of Christ? Rather, can we be true to Christ and *not* proclaim this gospel? Not that this provides the whole of the Christian message, but that without it the mind of Christ is not fully declared. We may, if we choose,

surrender this field to the professional sociologists, paid agitators, secular organizations, and independent lovers of their kind. It is certain that if we do our glory will pass to another. But there appears to be no disposition to make such a surrender. Instead, the church is looking for instructed and adequate leadership in this matter. Granting this, the duty of the theologian becomes clear. He has somehow to *ground* the social gospel. He has to go over his inherited ideas, and reshape many of them. He has to admit new light on the old faith, not to change its essence but to modify its expression. He has to find a metaphysic which allows for the reality of what Royce has described as "superpersonal forces." He has to go down into the deep places until he finds the very *root* from which the social consciousness has sprung. He has to find a philosophy of history which will make historic movements divine revelations, and which will therefore see not merely God's "hand" but *God himself* in this new day of social awakening. There is not a phase of his material which may not be brought to the touchstone of the social. His theism, his harmartiology, his penology, his soteriology, his Christology, his eschatology—every bit of it must be thrown into solution, not to weaken it but to strengthen it, not to emasculate it but to vitalize it, not to break its connection with the past but to make its continuity dynamic instead of mechanical, not to relieve men from a challenge but to confront them with a challenge such as was never known before. All too often the church has been behind the thought of its time, and theology has been behind the church. To-day theology has an opportunity of removing its ancient stigma. It has a chance to move up from the rear to the van, and take a hand in the fighting. It may even win a cross "for valor"—on consideration not altogether an incongruity!

Underlying this whole movement, and, indeed, explaining it, is the new emphasis on the meaning and value of persons. The Kantian recognition of persons as "ends," and the Hegelian exhortation, "Be a person, and respect others as persons," and, shall we add? the Carlylean "gospel of clothes," have borne their fruit, even although it be somewhat slowly. "Human beings only are of supreme value." This claim of persons exists solely in their

being what they are, and not in virtue of some *donum superadditum*. In his *Christian Character As a Social Power*, one of the pioneer books in the field, Dr. John Smith wrote: "Christ has created an immeasurable sense of the worth of man by his sacrifice on their behalf" (p. 137). This is true if the emphasis is on "sense of worth" and not on the "worth" itself. The death of Christ has not conferred a new quality on persons, so that, but for him, they would not have been worth considering. *The value of the person is the postulate, not the corollary, of Calvary.* Christ did not make men worth being saved. That worth was there already, as the presupposition and the ethical warrant of his voluntary suffering. Christ is God's witness to the divine estimate of persons. Persons are ultimates: that is why they have inalienable worth. They are not means to anything beyond themselves, no, not even to God's glory, for we cannot attach any meaning to a divine glory which is not achieved through human life. They are not even means to the kingdom of God, for there could be no such kingdom unless there were persons: the kingdom is entirely in personal experiences. It is the recognition of this fact which has invaded the modern world, overturned its smugness, and laid it wonderfully open to a complete Christian message. For who can deny that this fact of the ultimate value of persons, now that attention is being drawn to it, is embedded in the very structure of the New Testament itself? That its general recognition has been so slow in coming only shows again how easy it is for men to overlook the obvious. Sixteen years ago the evangelical churches were expressing their gratitude to James Denney for his able defense of the thesis that the center of unity for the entire New Testament was the death of Christ as the sole ground of the forgiveness of sins. May it not be that the next attempt to unify the content of the New Testament will be through its teaching respecting persons? It would not be true to say that "the sacredness of personality," to use the favorite phrase of Henry Churchill King, was all that this book contained, any more than it would be true to say this of the Fatherhood of God, or the death of Christ, or salvation by faith. What would be true to say is that the New Testament is the Magna Charta of the common man. Take out

of these writings the words "for all," either as expressed or as implied, and what can be made of what is left? It was not merely a bold step when Paul told Philemon that the runaway slave Onesimus was just as good as his master: it was an inevitable step for one who had already declared that the walls of partition between men had been broken down. If it be said that the oneness or equality of which the New Testament speaks is always of men in their relation to Christ, it must be replied that this is the very heart of the present contention, namely, first, that Christianity was a social movement characterized by the recognition of the value of persons, in other words, by genuine brotherhood; second, that it was through their common relation to Christ as their Lord that men came to realize their relation to each other; and third, that therefore the social movement of to-day may not only find its charter in the New Testament, but needs the New Testament, *the whole of it*, to guide it aright and to save it from degeneration. "Persons as ultimates" may become either a sociological and philosophical catchword or a moral imperative. It will acquire its proper imperative character only as we see it in its New Testament setting.

It is a theological commonplace that the conception of *sin* holds a crucial place in the system. Sin cannot be viewed in isolation from the rest of the world of experience. Whether the point of view be realism or idealism, determinism or freedomism, individualism or socialism, the effect will be seen in the treatment of sin. Generally speaking, theology has regarded God as personal, but the attributes assigned to him have been on the whole those of the ruler and the judge. Fastening on the classic utterance, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned," it failed to complete the circle of truth by means of the solemn "inasmuch" and the dreadful "millstone" warning of Jesus. The sad story of an unreasoned asceticism is a sufficient commentary on the pernicious influence of a half-truth. But theology, especially in recent years, has also regarded sin as selfishness. It is here that it may find an alliance with the social gospel. It stands ready to-day not only to revise the individualistic conception of sin, but also to confess that a faithful use of its material leaves it no

alternative. As Ritschl rightly saw, the kingdom-concept is normative for Christian theology. But the kingdom of God is a kingdom of persons; the experiences of the kingdom are personal experiences. That is sin which hinders the kingdom, and that hinders the kingdom which is anti-personal, and that is anti-personal which in any way hinders for any man true self-realization. The particular examples of sin of which most of us are thinking to-day are essentially anti-personal; they are sins *against humanity*, and against God by consequence. They reveal, in the trenchant phrase of Dr. E. J. Dillon, a "Satanical contempt of human nature." Even the wanton destruction of material things, whether it be cathedrals or ships, machinery or trees, is included in the same category, for it is a revelation of what the sinful spirit can bring persons to be. It was a Hebrew prophet who wrote: "He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul." It is true that in order to explain the sense of guilt we shall have to relate God to persons in a more intimate way than most of us have yet dared to do. But this only means that we must be more thorough in our use of the idea of immanence, a step by no means difficult with the help of personalism in philosophy and the *ego-alter* concept in psychology. Then the interests of God and the interests of men become not merely inseparable but identical. We can agree on the one hand with such an orthodox definition as Ritschl's, that sin in its essence is "active contradiction to God" (Justification and Reconciliation, p. 78), and on the other hand with the strong words of President Hyde: "Poverty, intemperance, extortion, irresponsible use of wealth, unhealthful and indecent conditions of life, ignorance, social ostracism, despair, lust, cruelty, laziness, dishonesty, untruthfulness, are so many different manifestations of what ethics regards as perversions of appetites, interests, and instincts in themselves innocent; but which theology must consider as the phases of the one deadly and destructive principle, sin" (Outlines of Social Theology, p. 225).

Sin then is anti-theistic because it is anti-social, and anti-social because it is anti-theistic. With this view of the matter, the function of *conscience* would seem to need enlargement. The field within which conscience operates is necessarily restricted to

the field within which obligation is recognized. There was not much chance for a social conscience so long as sin was regarded as a more or less private affair between the judge on the bench and the culprit at the bar. *The social consciousness was the precondition to the social conscience.* "Be not ye partakers of other men's sins," urged the apostle, and so long as they could feel they were not, men had peace. Some of us remember the horror which greeted the assertion of Sir Oliver Lodge a few years ago to the effect that he was becoming less concerned about his own private sins, and far more concerned about his responsibility for an unjust social order, and the obligation he was under to further the welfare of others. Waiving the question as to how far his attempted distinction was valid—and it was not valid if the irreligious is the unethical and if the unethical is the irreligious—we have to confess that the assertion is one with which many are manifesting a growing sympathy. Sin must lose its private character and become vested with social significance, in other words, the vicious attempt to regard it as a "purely religious" conception must be surrendered, and this means nothing but bringing the social under the purview of conscience. Professor Coe has recently written that "in our day the sense of sin has become, in an appreciable degree, a realization on the part of individuals that they participate in a social order that is in large measure unjust" (*Psychology of Religion*, p. 226). Again it must be affirmed that this is not all that needs to be said; that there are poignant moments in the history of the soul when the cry, "Against thee only have I sinned!" expresses the whole truth even for the most flagrant wrong against other men; that there is no man, howsoever saintly he may be, but can make his own the confession of such a rōu  as Byron declared himself to be: "What fills me with despair is not the thought of what I am, but the thought of what I might have been," and may use the confession of his personal *character* in momentary separation from its expression in conduct; and that the revolutionary variety of religious experience of which James and Begbie have written is no more to be described as either abnormal or subnormal than is the evolutionary variety. Theology will have fallen indeed when it ceases to find a place in its *Weltanschau-*



ung for the seventh chapter of Romans. To the definition of conscience as "rational judgment concerning conduct" (King, *Ethics of Jesus*, p. 275), must be added the fact that human society is not an aggregation but an organization in which the individual is at once cause and effect, transmitter and receiver, and the wider outlook necessarily means a wider sway for the regal function of conscience. The individual citizen may not be justly charged with the responsibility for all the evils in the social order of which he is a member, but the day has forever gone when he can deny his responsibility to do his level best to remove them, or when he can "wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams" the while that the world is "a darkling plain swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, where ignorant armies clash by night." Stalker sees a man, as he enters more deeply into the aims of the Saviour, becoming increasingly distressed at "the aspects of abounding iniquity" (*The Ethic of Jesus*, p. 225). Distressed! Why should he be distressed? His distress may be of the type of Rousseau's—and get no farther than the tear-ducts and the handkerchief. Or it may be of the type of Shaftesbury's—and get into the feet and the hands. "Out, out, damned spot!" cried the anguished murderess, as she stared at the shapely hand, so white to others, so blood-red to herself. The theological construction of all that is implied in the anti-social nature of sin, and the consequent inescapable social reference of a complete self-judgment, will make it less surprising why the number grows daily of men who cannot look at their hands without *seeing red*.

Sin then is to be estimated as the essentially anti-social, and conscience as self-judgment with reference to personal responsibility for such sin. No longer can men make a self-appraisal in view of the moral without giving to the moral a social content. No longer can men distinguish absolutely between their Godward and their manward relationships. Such an analysis of relations is defensible only as a step toward a higher synthesis in which the distinction is lost. The final estimate of any man's upreach toward God must be determined by his outreach toward men. Which is but to say that the conception of *redemption* is bound up with the conception of sin. Christianity is properly described as "a religion of re-

demption" only if that from which men are conceived as needing redemption is infinitely more than punishment viewed as something externally imposed by God. But did not Christ redeem us "unto God" by his blood? Yes! but the redeemed are to be priests and kings, and the New Testament priest is one who offers himself, and the New Testament king is one who serves. Self-offering and service—to whom? And if it be said that the object is God, it must be insisted that the words require explanation. *It is not possible for any man to offer to God an unmediated service.* Dewey has made the acute observation that it is only through the physical that the psychical can acquire social value. May we not also say that we can give ourselves to God only through a social medium?

"But thou would'st not alone
Be saved, my father! alone
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild."

It is not for a moment suggested that Christians cease to sing, "My all is on the altar," or "Here, Lord, I give myself to thee," or "I consecrate to thee my all," nor that they cease "to practice the presence of God," nor that they dispense with "the means of grace." It would be a sad day if ever the triumphant "I know!" should lose its place in the Christian vocabulary.

"Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound, nor doubt him, nor deny;
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I."

The great watchwords of theology—conviction, repentance, conversion, regeneration, redemption, sanctification, judgment, eternal life—do not need to be surrendered. What is needed is that they shall be given a wider and a richer content. It is a fair question whether a man, though he love God never so well, and though he have in his heart a peace never so deep, is entitled to consider his redemption an accomplished thing while there are still waste areas in his own life and anti-personal conditions in his social environment. We used to say that Christ could save a man no matter what his conditions. True, but we have come to see also that

the conditions are a part of the man, that they need saving just as much as he does, and that his salvation therefore is never "a finished work" but only "a task begun." Whatever is meant by "imputed righteousness," it certainly does not mean that Christ has created a vast limbo to which men may dispatch their moral evasions with the firm assurance that all is well. And one who comes to the study of this subject with a humble desire to learn is startled to realize how widely the New Testament is permeated by the larger outlook. From the time that John proclaimed the approach of the Kingdom until that other John saw all things made new, the note is incessantly sounded that salvation is to be socially realized. We have been so interested in the careful demonstrations of Romans 5-8 that we have been in danger of forgetting the corollaries in Romans 12-15. Arnold's father not only *would not* be saved alone: he *could not* be. He who is indifferent about the salvation of society is thereby convicted of indifference about his own, for the significance of the social amalgam is in the fact that the complete salvation of one is conditioned on the complete salvation of others—and it may be of all!

Theology is learning a new language, the language of the twentieth century. New words are being learned, new meanings are being attached to old phrases, new constructions are being mastered. So the new language is being acquired—an *esperanto* which will break down many a wall of partition between kindred souls. The stage is being set for the recurrent miracle of Pentecost: "We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God. What meaneth this?" It is an ancient boast: *Theologia domina scientiarum est*. But a democratic age is discovering that definition of royalty that Jesus gave: *dominari est servare*. At the basis of a common life is a common speech. The prolific cause of dumbness is deafness: it is the ear which binds or loosens the tongue. And in these days democracies are showing themselves by no means loath to dispense with the services of royalty which will not hear. Theology has heard.

Edwin Lewis.

AND THE CHURCH STANDS BETWEEN

My neighbor is mildly aggrieved. Why should anyone prefer to draw a philosophy of life from rear windows overlooking squalid scenes when something more agreeable may be found by merely changing one's perspective?

Perhaps for the same reason that some prefer a futurist canvas to a still-life etching. The former has so many possibilities. What appears at first glimpse to be merely a blob of brilliant orange in a sea of purple mist, may prove to be sunshine peeping through the clouds or a volcano in eruption. An etching of still life has no further suggestion. As a stimulant to the imagination, its action is negligible. It merely is, or is not. As a thing of beauty it may be a joy forever, but even that quality without contrast would scarcely be recognized.

Opposite the church property and on Broadway is a mansion of the early Victorian type. It is set in a beautiful garden where flowers and shrubs delight the eyes from crocus time to the last flame of scarlet sage and firebush.

When the sights and sounds of Mill Street, at the rear, have been too much with me, I flee to my neighbor in the mansion across the way. There from a quiet side porch we look out through the arching branches of stately elm trees to where—

"The sun is await at The Ponderous Gates of the West,"

and watch the fleecy clouds of gold making pictures in the sky. The cooing doves fly softly down from the church tower for their evening dip in my neighbor's fountain. Through the lacing ivy vines across the stained-glass windows of the church, the setting sun glows like fire opals in emerald settings, and my neighbor, with the snows of fourscore years and more upon her head,

"Sows again the Holy Past,
The happy days when she was young."

Then people went to church. On Sunday mornings the streets were filled with worshippers. The Amen corner thrived and saints

were wont to voice their praise in no uncertain sounds. The preachers too, fiery prophets they, who knew whereof they spake. Hades was no mere figure of speech nor yet a parable. It was a *place*, and sinners who transgressed the law without repentance should no mercy find from burning flames.

The empty pews of latter days, the people's thoughts of pleasure more than God, the leaving of old paths blazed through a maze of doctrines by theologues of other days, and

"Heaven but the fulfilled desire
And Hell, the shadow of a soul on fire,"

all these handwritings on the wall to point the failure of the church in present times. It soon must die from off the corner and elsewhere for lack of sustenance. The old stock all was dying out or scattered and aliens had come in—a thing that never happened in the good old days and, as an afterthought, she added words to the effect that she was glad the "Lord's House" afforded her a screen against the "Devil's Chapel" over there on Mill Street.

Let none misjudge my neighbor. Her generous gifts have caused the Rivers of Salvation to flow o'er many a waste and barren place. Sunset and cooing doves had touched the minor chords.

The ecclesiastical holdings of my particular church are most uniquely placed, not on the city dump heap, as my neighbor thinks I have suggested, but just between it and Broadway.

Time was when the difference was simply a matter of direction. One led to the woods, the other to the sawmill. The dwellers in both localities had a common heritage, the intrepidity of their soldier ancestors who resisted Burgoyne's hordes upon the fields of honor in this vicinity.

It would be edifying to believe the early fathers of this town had seen far down the future's broadening way to where a church might stand, a golden link to bind all kinds and classes of humanity, but veracity and tradition both forbid. If they took the future into consideration, it was not in allegorical vision, but with an eye on the growing tendency of prosperous believers to move uptown. Hence the new church was builded in the suburbs, and those who remember it say that an iron fence was placed around the

door. Two things are certain—they never intended that the church should be a screen nor the iron fence to suggest a barrier. But time and fire removed both fence and church. The new building, erected over the old foundations, was on more pretentious lines in keeping with the rising fortunes of the town, and there for half a century it has stood, its tall spire pointing like a finger to the sky.

Broadway has prospered. Long ago it passed the church by, climbed up the hill and stretched into a boulevard along the Hudson, and the well-to-do dwell there.

The sawmill, with its fragrant odors of pine and spruce, has been swallowed up by a giant industry whose sulphuric fumes poison the atmosphere, and din and noise blot out the memories of the music of water wheels and droning saws. The sons of Southern Italy have come to dwell where once lived the sturdy descendants of American pioneers.

To little Italy the church means nothing, unless it be a barrier of brick wall between them and their more prosperous neighbors. They came for freedom from both church and state, plus better wages. They have them all in these small mill towns along the commercial highways of the East. Their ideas of American ways and citizenship have been formed in the American saloon, and now that is passing it is high time to find the place where loftier aims and ideals may be taught. In this day, when the red flag is a real menace in both the social and industrial world, we must decide

"Whether the people be led by the Lord
Or lured by the loudest throat."

It might be more comfortable to us in smaller towns if miles of subway stretched between our Broadway churches and our Mill streets. Then we might drop our pennies or our dimes—perhaps a dollar—on the plate and say, "'Tis done; let the world slide, the deaconess will do the rest." But nearness disenchant—the heathen confront us literally at the door and sometimes break the very windows of our Broadway screen.

Perhaps we hope that some day, when time and atmosphere have had a chance to make an American of him, the alien will find a way to climb the walls of exclusion which we have built around

ourselves, or even to enter the front door of our church like any other Christian, but things do not point that way.

I have often thought it quite unfair to sing so much about the blindness of the heathen who bows down to stick and stone, when many saints seem so inclined to make a fetish of the church. They are not rare who make free with Timothy Dwight's fine old hymn and thus interpret it—

"I love *my* church, O God!
Her walls before *me* stand,
Dear as the apple of *my* eye,
And graven on *my* hand."

And woe betide the adventurous one who seeks to put a boys' club or some form of settlement work within their meeting-house—there's something doing—the souls of folks are weighed in balance with a piece of plaster and found short. The church was built for worship, nothing else. Worship—ah, how we miss the mark when a set formula with an amen more or less is made the only way by which the souls of men may find their God!

Meantime the pillars of the church, though few they be, still think an iron fence might have its use—on summer evenings when the saints, a half a score or more, assembled for the mid-week prayer, are often quite submerged and drowned out by Mill Street urchins in their play hard by the church, on hallowed ground. Although the church has no doors on that side, there are windows, and even saints must sometimes forego the odors of the sanctuary and have fresh air.

Dire threats and trespass signs no terrors hold for the small denizens of Mill Street.

"They are a lawless set; this church is located most unfortunate," complain the saints, and thus in human blindness fail to read the signs that God has marked so plain they almost cry aloud: "This is the place a church should stand"—

"Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan."

Not as a barrier but a bridge of helpfulness and human sympathy.

"America as a melting pot is a snare and delusion," so say our

wise men of the state, and they are right, unless the church gets busy with the problem of Christianizing the aliens of the small communities. It is a greater task than to Americanize them. The politicians will attend to that, but the other seems no one's particular business.

We hold our missionary teas to help our city cousins in their job of making their democracy a safer proposition, and trust the contagion of it will somehow spread beyond the city limits and reach our Mill streets by and by.

And so our small-town churches stand like idle power plants with closed doors and trespass signs thereon. They might be better labeled religious club houses for the chosen few.

We are either looking backward or so far beyond at some one else's task we cannot see our own, so near at hand it is. May the great Centenary movement help to readjust our focus that we may see the opportunity of the small-town church to do its part in the making of a safe democracy—to open wide its doors and make a common meeting ground in the community where there shall be neither Jew nor Gentile, Teuton nor Slav, Italian nor Greek, but Americans all, with a common aspiration to effectuate the homely ideals of justice and kindness in a common brotherhood.

Harriet Balkin's Bookman

RENAISSANCE OF THE KINGDOM

THERE is coming more and more to view in this age a great and transforming conception of a kingdom of God in the earth. This conception gives birth to clearest prophetic vision and to noblest hopes for the future of humanity.

Christ began and completed his ministry by the preaching of the kingdom. The kingdom idea, whatever it was, was evidently one upon which he laid most fundamental and vital stress. Nothing is historically clearer than that the Jews in the time of Christ were indulging in high expectation of the speedy installment of the Messianic kingdom in the earth. Prophetic utterance had invested this idea with a physical glory and majesty most superb. The popular Jewish thought eagerly anticipated with the installment of this kingdom a reign so superlative as easily to eclipse the glory of all other historic kingdoms. Jesus seized upon this idea, ready-made in Jewish thought, to prepare the way for his own kingdom and kingship. Of course his vision was infinitely larger than that of even the greatest of the prophets. His knowledge of God was immediate. His spiritual perception of God's purposes for mankind was cloudless and inerrant. His own vision was neither limited nor blurred by traditional and unspiritual human interpretations as to the character of the kingdom itself. If he employed the most luminous prophetic ideals as the basis of his kingdom-teaching, he, in his own interpretations, gave great spiritual enlargement and enrichment to those ideals.

It is not properly within the scope of this paper to dwell upon the creation of that powerful ecclesiastical despotism, founded upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, which for centuries usurped the rights of heaven and earth, establishing a world rule as perverse of and as diverse from Christ's ideal of the kingdom as it is well possible to conceive. This system, with all its beneficences, and these were very great, was a vast incubator of low moralities, of unethical business standards, of Jesuitical sophistries, of Pharisaic intolerance, of gross superstitions, and of spiritual blindness. It is impossible to measure the spiritual evils which have seeped

down into modern Protestantism from this medieval ecclesiasticism. The Reformation, far-reaching and lasting as is its influence, fell far short of emancipating the Christian world from the enslaving evils of this inheritance. A damaging arraignment to be made against this overshadowing ecclesiasticism is that for more than a thousand years it had the effect of obscuring from the vision of the church Christ's own conception of his world-kingdom. The conception of Christ's world-kingdom is not new. It is as old as the Lord's Prayer, as old as the Sermon on the Mount. It has come largely to renaissance in our day because God has favored this age with a new prophetic vision. The message of modern seers, men truly akin to the old Hebrew prophets, comes from a vision so clear, is spoken with a voice so authoritative, that never again can the sovereign claims of Jesus Christ to moral supremacy in the earth be hidden from human thought or be obscured in human convictions. Our subject is one vastly, immeasurably large. Its conception will continuously expand with the growth of thought. Christ's world kingdom is one on whose far-flung borders no human mind will ever be able to set definite boundaries. A few of its governing ideals, however, may be somewhat definitely suggested. The following features certainly should be made clear:

1. A fundamental idea of the kingdom is that this world rightfully belongs to Jesus Christ. It is the distinctive mission of the kingdom, through all its united agencies, so to work for the moral transformation of human society that all institutions affecting the home, social, educational, business, and political life of man shall be leavened and dominated by the principles of righteousness. One of the most paralyzing and damning heresies which ever entered into Christian thought is that this world belongs to Satan. This has been the foul and fruitful source of false conceptions of salvation. It has created false moral standards, creating the lying creed which has largely sandwiched the conduct of society between the artificial and mischievous conceptions of the sacred, upon the one hand, and the profane upon the other. The kingdom truth is that the "profane," as distinct from righteousness, has no legitimate standing room on the entire breadth of the earth.

2. The church is not synonymous with the kingdom. It is not, however, the function of the kingdom in any way to minify or to displace the true mission of the church. The church is the greatest single factor in the promotion of the kingdom. It is the one superlative and authoritative moral and spiritual training-school for mankind. In this school are to be constantly and uncompromisingly taught, expounded, and urged all the Scripture conditions which enter into human salvation. The church, by all its ministries, is to bear light to those who sit in darkness, help to the helpless, hope to the despairing, cheer to the poor, the inspirations of heaven to the dying. The church will remain the chief school in which the prophets of the kingdom shall receive training, furnishing idealism and inspiration for the moral leadership of the world.

3. The kingdom scheme, intelligently apprehended, in no way discounts the necessity or value of individual salvation. If man is a sinner and needs a personal Saviour, if he is immortal and heaven at last is to be won as the environment of his highest and abiding destiny, then the matter of his personal salvation becomes for each individual something of supreme and imperative interest. The kingdom, however, furnishes the most inspiring field ever conceived for the idealism and achievement of the Christian life. It gives absolutely no room for the old conception of asceticism. It is a mournful fact that for many centuries Christian thought has been weighted with the false conception that salvation, however secured, principally means a final fortunate escape from a world that is wholly evil. Salvation has been largely conceived of as a safe byway by which the individual might insure himself against the tortures of damnation. A paralyzing result of this view has been that in popular thought salvation itself has been limited to an individual and selfish pursuit. A ruling motive has largely been a final safe passport to heaven from a world in which it is not safe for a Christian to live. The truth is that the world itself is a part of the territory of a divine redemption. All legitimate institutions of human society are awaiting the transforming touch of a new moral life. The world is no sinking ship from the wreckage of which a few here and there may obtain

fortunate escape. Human society is no dubious experiment on the part of God. All of God's redemptive forces are pledged for its regeneration. This work itself furnishes the field for the loftiest and most inspiring consecrations of the Christian life. For this work God is summoning his church, not to monkish retirements in the deserts, not to cowardly retreats from the world's evil forces, but to militant inspirations, to invincible and righteous conquests of the world's evils, that finally God may establish a reign of righteousness in the earth. This scheme calls for the loftiest and most heroic type of Christian character. Indeed it loudly calls, in the very age now with us, for a generation of Christian men and women of the Pauline type of missionary consecration and activity. The Christian who consecratedly toils and battles to transform this world into a realm of righteousness may not only feel sure of his own salvation, but he is engaged in an endeavor from which he must realize his own most stalwart development. There is under the stars no field of such incentive, of such vision, as is furnished to the consecrated soul in a conscious cooperation with Jesus Christ in the moral redemption of human society. The man thoroughly alive to this mission is sustained and held by inspirations of kinship with God's noblest sons. In the kingdom conception the ideal Christian life must be a life supremely devoted to the service of man. It is Christ's plan that thus his own consecrated followers shall become the chief redeemers of the earth.

4. Historic theology has largely dealt with sin either as an organic inheritance, a humanly incurable taint in the blood caused by the transgression of our primitive parents, or it has left sin to be dealt with as a matter of individual responsibility, its cure, if any, to be realized only by individual resort to a divinely ordained method. I state these alternatives not to combat them, but to point the fact that neither, nor both, of them gives adequate recognition of much less proposes a sufficient cure for tremendous and controlling organic forces of evil which exist in all the world. The individual, be he as original and independent as he may, is nevertheless most largely shaped by his social environment. Throughout all the zones of what we call civilization there are great organized

forces of error and evil. Under the shadow of these forces, in one form or another, every individual is born. It is quite irrational to assume that any shall command the initiative, the knowledge or the power absolutely to free himself from the inheritance which this environment imposes. Professor Josiah Royce, a most acute philosophical thinker, in his book *Problem of Christianity* says:

"There are in the human world two profoundly different grades or levels of mental beings—namely, the beings that we usually call human individuals and the beings that we call communities. . . . Any highly organized community is as truly a human being as you and I are individually human. . . . The communities are vastly more complex, and, in many ways, are also more potent and enduring than are the individuals."

The solidarity of the organism is a well-nigh omnipotent force in human society. If this organism is in-souled with motives of selfishness, of error and sin, it is likely to be formative of vastly more bad and misdirected individual characters than it would seem at all reasonable to charge to the account of Adam's original transgression. Professor Rauschenbusch, in his very searching book *A Theology for the Social Gospel*, lucidly sets forth the fact that the crucifixion itself of Jesus was more surely brought about by the converging upon him of the motives of organized evils rather than by any individual initiative. He names these evils in order as follows: "Religious Bigotry," "Combination of Graft and Political Power," "Corruption of Justice," "Mob Spirit and Mob Action," "Militarism," "Class Contempt." These forces are typical of organized evils which have perpetually inhered in civilization. They represent a formidable solidarity of human wickedness. The stroke of their combined power resulted in the tragedy of Calvary. Nothing would seem more evident than that before the kingdom of Christ can be triumphant in the earth the organized evils which conspired for the crucifixion must themselves first be destroyed. The ideal of the kingdom calls for nothing less than the utter destruction of the principalities and powers of evil; of the rulers of the darkness of this world, and of all spiritual wickedness in high places.

5. An underlying factor of the kingdom is human stewardship. Christ insistently emphasized this. As his own life was a

continuous outpour of unselfish ministry, so in his sayings the demand for the spirit of service stands in focal light. He indeed seems to make this a supreme test of one's final fitness for the kingdom of heaven. None as Christ so clearly recognized the diverse conditions of the human lot. None as he so clearly saw the forlorn and disruptable conditions of the victims of transgression. The wreckage of sin upon human character was the sore burden of his divine heart. But Christ despaired of no man. He treated all men in the spirit of a sacred reverence. In apparently the most hopeless he saw divine potentialities. To such he gave himself in an unstinted and undespairing ministry. He rated service to man as the highest achievement. He condemned neither wealth nor power, in themselves considered. He knew well their potency, their importance. But he ever insisted that their highest worth and glory lay in their possibilities of service. He therefore holds all men responsible for the right use of power in whatever form possessed. The kingdom has absolutely no place for the spirit of selfishness indulged at the expense of weaker men. In its vocabulary "power" stands as a synonym of "helpfulness." Institutions which breed selfish autocrats, triple-crowned ecclesiastical usurpers, plutocratic lordship over the rights of the poor, corporate crushing of the small and rival trader, menace against popular rights, creation of artificial castes in society—these all are alien to the kingdom. The most powerful sovereign should be the most beneficent servant of the common good. The man of largest material wealth should devoutly seek above all things else to transmute this wealth into a ministry of life, abundant life, for his fellow men. And why not? Common sentiment demands from certain types of workers a supreme moral consecration to service. In general thought the ideal Christian minister is a man entirely and unselfishly devoted to the service of his fellow men. The missionary, however privileged his natural inheritance, however great may be his mental culture, must without reservation, and with wholehearted consecration, permit himself to be stationed at some center of paganism that there he may spend his very being as a bringer of salvation to the heathen world. This is the kind of consecration that the world regards as normal for these workers.

But does Christ make any such distinction concerning the moral obligation of men for service? If it is the duty, an approvable duty, of the minister, the missionary, the teacher, the physician, to give himself in unselfish service for mankind, why is there less obligation upon all other privileged classes to render a like moral service to the world? Wealth carries in itself a well-nigh unlimited power for moral ministry. I am not unmindful, infinitely far from it, of the noble examples of philanthropy which have arisen from the ranks of wealth. These very examples, however, serve to signalize and to emphasize the immeasurable possibilities of service potential in the great total of wealth were it all administered in the spirit of stewardship. As surely as the ideals of Christ's kingdom come to growing sway over human society, then so surely must the sons of wealth in ever-increasing numbers catch the Christian vision. They too will be seized with the passion of a divine enthusiasm for humanity. They will give their full quota to the brotherhood of consecrated lives, under whose ministry the dark places of the world will rise to new planes of light and life.

6. I have said that the church, though the most important, the most vitalizing, is by no means the sole agency for bringing in upon the earth Christ's kingdom. With the growth of a Christian civilization there must be an ever-increasing number of kingdom-making agencies which cannot be under direct control of the church. Not to attempt classification, there are, for instance, a multitude and a great variety of ameliorating and benevolent institutions, essentially Christian in their spirit and mission, which must be initiated and maintained under municipal and state auspices. The spirit of Christianity, as incarnated in humane benevolences, has far outgrown, and will continue to outgrow, the direct ability of the church for legislation and control. Generically stated, the principal non-ecclesiastical agencies which must be depended upon for the upbuilding of the kingdom are the family, the school, the state. The family is the fountain-source of character. Imperatively, beyond any power of over-statement, the pervasive atmosphere of the family should be Christian. The school in all grades, from the primary to its highest technical work, is the university of democracy. Its ideals should be fundamentally

moral. Its function is to discipline, to train, and to furnish the mind of the young for noblest citizenship and for most effective service in every sphere of legitimate activity. The state is indispensable to the orderly on-going and safety of society. Ideally, and humanly speaking, it is the most authoritative, complex, far-reaching, and pervasive organism of human civilization. Yet, historically, and from time immemorial, the state has been made the agency for exploiting about all the concrete evils afflictive of humanity. Even its courts of justice have, on occasion, been perverted into seats of bribery. Its legislatures have often proved the schools of graft and of nameless political corruption. Too often its laws have been enacted by bad men and in the interests of selfishness and of social injustice. There is no evil traffic which puts an impoverishing and leprous touch upon society which has not received the sanction of license from the authority of the state. When we speak of organized iniquity in society, that kind of organized force which is the enemy of all social righteousness, there is no phase of this iniquity which, in one form or another, and from time to time, has not taken possession of legislation. The state, even now, within its own organic limits presents the most stubbornly contested moral battlefield among men. Satan's last strongholds, the very secret places of his most iniquitous strategy, seek to barricade themselves behind the bulwarks of the state. But in all this there is no ground for ultimate despair. It is the herculean mission of Christianity to cleanse even the Augean stables of corrupt politics. As against every organism ordained to evil, it is the mission of the kingdom to create a counter-organism of righteousness. The kingdom calls for the induction of new vital forces, for such reorganization of social convictions as shall displace old and lower standards, substituting lofty, worthy, and inspiring ideals of human life and duty.

However towering and menacing the principalities of evil may appear, the situation, even as measured by historic data, is by no means hopeless. Within the memory of living men institutions of legalized slavery have been swept from civilization. The liquor traffic, that enormous scourge of mankind, is surely beating a final retreat before the aggressive forces of righteousness. There

is doubtless a vast body of industrial injustice and oppression entrenched in the business world. The overcoming and rectifying of all this seems a task well-nigh too huge for hope. But it is not so. There is enormous ferment in the thinking world. A seething and ever-increasing agitation and protest in the ranks of capital and of labor is, with the searching force of a sea-tide, constantly smiting against the conditions of industrial injustice and social wrong. Many of these agitating forces are now Samson-blind. But out of all the present capitalistic endeavors to meet the needs of labor and to ameliorate the conditions of poverty; out of the great cooperative philosophies which are being increasingly applied; out of labor unions; out of the world-cult of socialism—out of all these and kindred movements there will ultimately emerge a solution which will bring in a reign of distributive justice for all who bear the burdens of the world's responsibilities and toils.

Never before in the vast ferment of thought was there such a leaven of Christian ideas as to-day. Never before was there such a challenge from the popular conscience against organized wrong. Never was there such a call for a sense of moral stewardship in the uses of wealth. This age not only witnesses and welcomes unparalleled benevolences, but it accentuates as no other age the demand for justice to all men. The Teutonic and titanic conspiracy of incendiarism and murder against civilization has principally served to give a new and unprecedented world emphasis to these principles. The very fact that Germany, with all her might and prestige, seems deliberately and flagrantly to have entered into a league with hell has really served to unite the voices of a hundred nations in an inflexible demand for humanity and righteousness. Christian ethical and altruistic ideals, as never before, are pressing on all the shore-line of the world's thinking.

There is no room for despair. Time is a great factor in God's conquests. Man is a moral being. He is a citizen of a moral universe. An almighty and righteous Sovereign reigns. He will not be finally thwarted. In the long run, man, both constitutionally and from choice, will be on the side of God. The kingdom of Christ will come to triumphant installment in the earth.

"Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?
All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade."

7. The logic of the kingdom is fully embraced in Christ's conception of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man. If God is the divine Father of all men then all men are entitled to a share in the Father's patrimony. If man is created for a brotherhood then every man must be a real brother to every other man. These ideas are either an idle fable, a heartless travesty, a cruel lie, or they are fundamental in God's working program for humanity. If they are God's ideas they will at some time come to dominance in the earth. All this, of course, involves vast revisions, most radical transformations, of the world's traditional customs and usages. But this gives God his opportunity for the education of the race. In the end, God's plans will suffer no invalidations.

8. Finally, scientific knowledge must play a large role in the establishment of the kingdom. In the last resort knowledge is the only credential that entitles a man to an authoritative opinion. The misrule of the world has come largely from the sway of dogmas, beliefs, customs, all of which have fallen down under the touch of scientific analysis. Moral loyalty to God needs to be supplemented, illuminated, and enriched by a knowledge of God's thought. It is really the one mission of science to translate God's truth, as written in nature, to man's understanding and for man's guidance. The energies of Christ's ministry were largely expended in healing man's physical ills. The significance of this fact seems greatly to have been overlooked in subsequent Christian thought. Modern scientific knowledge has discovered in a wonderful way the divine secret of healing man's physical diseases and injuries. Modern medicine is a scientific art, surgery is a miracle-worker, but the reliability and efficiency of medicine and surgery rest entirely upon knowledge. Not all the piety in the world, in the absence of knowledge, could substitute the beneficence of science. Sacrifices do not stop the ravages of plague, incantations do not ward off contagions, and even prayer will not cure tuberculosis.

An unscientific world is a superstitious world. It is the mission of science to rationalize nature. It is its art to subsidize all of nature's potencies in ministry to human weal. Science has turned nature's malarial plague-spots into healthful and inhabitable zones. It is exorcising from human beliefs and from human fears the witches, bogies, hobgoblins, demons, and all the other uncanny creations of the superstitious imagination. Science transforms nature into a garden and gives to the husbandman the secret of multiplying its fruitfulness. Science makes the great city not only the most sanitary abode for the multitudes, but it converts its very marts, council houses, art galleries, libraries, museums, printing presses, and parks into popular exchanges which minister all manner of convenience and enrichment to the life of society. Science discovers and seizes upon nature's vast and hidden wealth and lays it down as so much endowment upon the altars of human service. It invents appliances which infinitely expand the areas of human knowledge. It captures and subdues to man's uses the mightiest forces: thus gridironing the continents with railroads, covering the seas with fleets of merchandise, and binding the whole world together into a community of instant inter-intelligence and common interests.

Science is in its infancy. It is the sworn enemy of all intellectual jugglery. It is a great promoter of mental honesty. It begets in the minds of its devotees a supreme love of truth for truth's sake. It will move forward into an ever-widening career, yielding an infinite complexity of knowledge, of wealth, of service, to human life until the very earth itself shall become a physical paradise. This is all in God's scheme. It is his ordination that scientific knowledge shall prepare the material foundations on which shall rest Christ's perfected kingdom in the earth.

George P. Mains

THE CHURCH AND THE RETURNING SOLDIER

THE United States government has a clear purpose and a well-defined program with which to meet the returned soldier. That purpose is completely to restore the soldier to his place in the social and economic organism, expecting him and encouraging him to function normally as an American citizen, appreciated but not worshiped.

The program for the disabled soldier or sailor, by its humaneness, its common sense, its real justice, commends itself to every citizen of the country. It is a program that has completely reversed the attitude of pity and charity for the permanently impaired soldier to the attitude of encouragement and direction to the soldier's self-reliance and independence. The Surgeon-General's office is putting into execution plans for restoring the function, if not the member, of every lost faculty. Mentally the men are reconstructed, and lured to triumph over their handicaps, and taught to make calamity serve character and soul development. With restored bodies, and the hope flame fanned, they are taught trades or professions, directed into gainful occupation, and compensated by the government during any term of probation when their productive capacity is below the normal. The public is to be denied the luxury of charity, and instructed in the essential commodity of justice. Not charity but a chance is the government's assurance to the boys coming home. America will keep faith with her gallant sons. She has a plan.

The Young Men's Christian Association, that big brother who kept so close to the heart and mind and body of the soldier from the day of his home leaving, through the period of his training, during the perilous voyage across the sea, and in all the unthinkable hardships of the trench and no-man's-land, has a plan for his return. It is a comprehensive, workable, man's plan, backed by business acumen, indomitable good will, and the indiscourageable purpose to serve. It is the plan of a big brother, full of warmth and helpful direction. With its doors wide open the Association thus greets the home coming soldier:

We are at your service, friend. With everything that we are and have, we are at your service.

Our hundreds of buildings, our thousands of employed secretaries, and our volunteer committeemen are at your command.

Our employment bureaus are anxious to help you rightly hitch up your new ambitions to larger tasks.

Within our doors you will find the comrades of your war service.

You will find a place for the unselfish leadership of boys and young men of your home community in character building activities that shall help to make Democracy safe for the world and bring the Kingdom of God into their lives.

For to give is greater than to get; and the greatest thing in the Young Men's Christian Association is Christian character, which can only come through the up-reaching and the out-reaching of a man's life in unselfish, friendly service for other men.

Every soldier will be presented without cost with a three-months' full membership ticket in the local Y. M. C. A. The lobbies of public buildings will be the scenes of attractive entertainments to make the boys feel at home when they come home. The Y. M. C. A. has a plan.

Every city and hamlet has some plan for expressing to the home coming hero their avowed undying gratitude. The fact that the boys have fought so valiantly, with such reckless abandon of self-interest, with a disdain for health and a discard of safety-first, will breed too often a prodigality of sentiment and a silliness of flattery that will work no good for the returned soldier. To avert the peril of a transitory emotionalism and translate into the solid framework of the community the ideals and qualities of the American fighter ought to be the goal of every reception committee. Indeed it *must* be so.

Plans are everywhere. "When the boys come home" is on every lip, and eagerness is in every heart. But the church must outtop every plan and purpose of every agency and institution in the warmth of her reception, in the sincerity of her appreciation, in the unceasing hand-clasp of cooperation, in helpful direction to the permanent rewards of the war. The church has the right of precedence. The war was fought for the things she has heralded for centuries. That the polyglot population of America could become one people under the governance of moral and Christian ideals, for which the last dollar and the last life was ready to be

offered is proof that the salt had not lost its savor, that the heaven was still working through the measure of meal.

How shall the church receive the fighters, who carried her standards to the gates of hell, and slew incarnate diabolism? Shall we sign up the loudest brass-bands, contract for the whole output of the flower growers, and search for rhetorical climaxes extravagant enough to laud the men who stopped the Hun, and put a crimp in the plans of the Kaiser? This is a deeper question than that. It probes the depths of our religious sincerity, it calls for a clearness and definiteness of statement of purpose, it challenges our claim to be soldiers of Jesus Christ. In other words, it raises these three questions in reference to the returning soldier: What influence will he have on our religion? What shall we say to him when he comes? and What preparation is essential to receive him?

I. What Influence Will the Soldier Have on Our Religion?

There has been much prophecy of the iconoclastic activity of the returning soldiers that is belittling to the church and uncomplimentary to the soldiers. They will not possess the initiative, the ability, the inclination, nor the critical analysis necessary to reconstruct religion and make it function adequately. Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, is one of the very many misguided magazine writers who warn the church of the awful day of reckoning. He says, "When our fellows come back, what kind of religion will we have to offer them here? Will they have to take religion in their own hands and make it genuine? These are questions our churches must answer, or risk being displaced by something bigger than themselves." This genuine religion is to be a happy blending of good-will. "The boys over there like Jewish chocolate and Catholic chocolate and Methodist chocolate equally well." They have, therefore, made the wonderful discovery that religious distinctions were all unreal, and may be abolished peremptorily on their return to America. Dr. John H. Holmes, pastor of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah in New York city, is equally penetrating and erudite. "In the fusing fires of battle, Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Unitarian, even Catholic, Protestant and Jew have been melted, and now flow in a single flaming stream. Man after man has returned

from the front to tell us that the denominational church is dead." His church anticipates the new era by proposing to leave the Unitarian denomination, and becoming a body of creedless worshippers.

All this fatuous silliness is blind to the normality of the soldier, his training in obedience rather than initiative, his unquestioning trust in the cause of right. Much of the threatened mutilation of sacred altars is an insult to the American boy who left the office or factory in defense of the cause of human right and divine justice, and is a disgusting patronizing of the church, which, with all her faults, was the forger of the weapons with which this war was won.

I look forward to a more propitious influence of the soldier on the church which has cherished his name, companioned his home in his absence, and reached across the sea in sympathy with his suffering, in cooperation with his high purpose. He will bring up to date the old text of the Psalmist, "He that goeth forth with weeping bearing precious seed, will doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." Our soldiers have looted more priceless riches than the treasures of Louvain. And the booty they will carry home will not impoverish Europe. They have looted the treasury of the human heart, and they are bearing to us newly discovered and recently tested human values. The submerging and subordinating of every self interest to a driving purpose to save others, the revealed resources of endurance of petty vexations and cruel privations, the capacity for love and comradeship, and the unconquerable optimism of the permanently disabled are a few of the jewels that the soldier will deposit in the treasury chest of the Church of Jesus Christ. The values of the war purchased at a price unprecedented in the history of the race must be brought to the church, or they shall pass away with this generation. Such jewels cannot be diffused in a bland brotherhood and a happy fellowship and permanently enrich America. These things must be put where moth and rust doth not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

With this enrichment of the church through the new proof of the practicableness of the creed of Christ will come a *more inti-*

mate relationship between belief and life. The imperative need is not for a creedless church, nor yet for a merging of denominations into a stream that knows not whither it flows. The need is for a church with a workable creed, wise enough and courageous enough to scrap what does not function. The religion of Donald Hankey, of Coningsby Dawson, of Laughlin Maclean Watt, and millions of fighting men, had hands and feet, walked on the earth to human need, and yet breathed the air of another world.

It is the mood of the age that doctrine shall be verified in life, and interpreted in experience. Whither shall we go from its spirit? Whither shall we flee from its presence? We hear its voice in every book and magazine. We cannot annul its contagion, if we would. And the church's task is not to produce defenders of the faith, nor policemen to guard the findings of another age, nor to fasten on us what has ceased to function, but to *make makers* of creeds that are pragmatic rather than doctrinaire. The drift is away from creeds that are mere warnings against heresy, red signals crying, "Don't go there." The church must write creeds, not for purposes of restraint, but for directing the poor to the unsearchable riches of Christ, the unjust to judgment and repentance and redemption, the oppressed and blind to freedom and light. Whatever touches human life, bane or blessing, must not be without the pale of the church's unwearied solicitude and interest.

That the soldier's return to the church which bade him God-speed on his holy crusade, will be salutary to the more complete relation of church to all of human life is my confident hope.

II. The second question I raised is, *What Shall We say to Him when He Comes?*

Perhaps we shall not know what to say to our soldier boys. We have been reminded that since we have not trudged through the mud and the rain and the cold, nor crawled over no-man's-land on a moon-lit night, nor shared all the hardships and dangers of the front, we do not know the language of the boys. It is the old fallacy that Christ must be adapted to men rather than presented simply, frankly, clearly as he is that men might be adapted to him. He who speaks the language of Christ speaks the universal language of the race. His message has the human heart as his ally.

We have no new alphabet to learn. We shall be heard and understood as we speak out of our union with Christ.

After the warm Methodist grip of his strong hand, and the simple "Thank you," as we look squarely into his clear eyes, we shall *challenge our soldier with an arduous road and a difficult task*. I think we have lost immeasurably by striving to make the gospel attractive through softening its asperities. The war has taught us that the preaching of a hard gospel surpasses in alluring power the presentation of a roseate way to the worthwhile. Dr. P. T. Forsyth, in his book *The Justification of God*, points out this weakness of popular religion. He protests against an anthropocentric Christianity, and pleads for a theocentric religion. He calls humanism the fundamental heresy of the day, and criticizes the emphasis on the Fatherhood of God that made God a banker of a spendthrift race, that exploited rather than hallowed his name. The pendulum has swung too far to winsome ways. "The Saviour must wear soft raiment. If he ever was rough, the less a Saviour he. If he is austere, it is due to a religion that takes to monkish interpretation. If he is exacting, it is due to callous theologians." But the youth were not held by the softened sympathetic gospel, though they were not hesitant to tramp the way of tears and blood and death for their country. The nation with authority demanded devotion, while the church without authority appealed for the favor of their good will. The heart of youth ever leaps to the challenge of a hard and worthy task.

I feel that we must make it clear to our returning boys that the church is not going to compete with the Y. M. C. A. as an entertainment bureau. It is not the function of the church to do things for the soldier, but to demand as the organized representative of the Kingdom of God the service of his whole life. America did not assume the attitude of serving her soldiers, but made them feel that they owed her their bodies, their homes, their very lives. The church must not be second in claim and authority to the country. For the church that becomes a mere rival of the movie or theater is a pathetic failure. The goal of attraction is unworthy of the church. She must be the prophet of the unseen, the claimant of men's lives, the authoritative director of will and energy, the

instructor of conscience, and the leader into the war for righteousness from which there is no furlough till the honorable discharge of death. The church must make it hard for returning soldiers to be Christians, as hard as Christ made it, who never was guilty of inveigling men into discipleship by the promise of the flower-strewn lane. Moreover, this call to the way of the cross is not the impatient insistence on petty rules and functionless dogmas, but the uncompromising exaction that the Kingdom of God be put first, that the mandates of the eternal be obeyed, that men must lose their lives to save others, defeat injustice in society, and lead the world to the city of God. We shall expect our boys from the battlefields of France, not to scrap the implements of warfare, but to beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. This is their first big task, to change every war-winning factor into the tools of peace with which to rebuild a shattered world.

So we shall say to him when he comes, "To follow Jesus Christ in America is harder than being a soldier of Uncle Sam in Europe."

III. The third question is, *What Necessary Preparation Shall We Make to Receive Him?*

Are we ready to receive

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would triumph?"

Are the Methodists whose ardor is dampened by a chilly rain, and whose purpose to serve the kingdom is annulled by an icy sidewalk, prepared to meet men who recently were saying:

"I have a rendezvous with death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips north again this year.
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous."

Are we soldiers enough to receive soldiers? Is there firmness in our purpose and militancy in our tread? These are heart searching questions the church must quickly answer.

There are evidences of unpreparedness. There are false and lethargic editions of Christians in circulation. In a college in the

Orient, a missionary began apologizing for the war in Christian Europe, in which nearly all Christian nations were embroiled. One of the non-Christian students arose and said, "You need not proceed with the explanation. We have discussed that question and concluded that the war has been caused by too little rather than too much of the spirit of Christ." The church adherents that don't adhere are a menace to the returning soldiers. The folks in soldiers' homes, whose names are on church records, but are indifferent to their divine commission, blind to the power of a life fully possessed by Christ, will say by their lassitude to the soldier returned, "The Kingdom of God is not important, nothing to get excited over, certainly not worth selling all you have in promotion of its program." If the soldiers are to come under the influence of the stay-at-homes who have given the fag ends of their time and money and lives to the King, they cannot be expected to think that the gospel we preach is to be taken very seriously. Not even Gabriel's trumpet could waken a community to the supremacy and majesty of the Messiah where they have been under the spell of sleepy-living Christians. The great affirmations of a living faith—unselfish love, uncalculating service, unchanging and unchangeable good will, fortitude in trial and an assurance of immortality in death—must be written large in the lives of the soldiers of the cross who were compelled to remain at home. This kind of preparation to receive the victors of the greatest struggle for humanity in the history of the race has inherently the claim of priority in the thought and plans of the church.

Therefore, the timeliness of the Centenary Resurgence, the Call to the church to repent, the Urgence of a revival in which the scale of values of the last Methodist is so readjusted as to place the Kingdom at the top. It is an awakening that holds the promise of Christianizing Christianity. I hail it as a means of preparing the heart and life of the church for the reception of men who had been through the fires of hell for righteousness' sake.

We have spoken of the boys' return, their influence on religion, what we must say to them when they come, and the fundamental preparation to receive them. But what of the boys who will not return, who have paid the "last full measure of devotion" to the

cause so near to all our hearts, and have forever hallowed a plot of ground in the fields of France? They lift our task to the highest sanctity. They give to us the sacred commission of making the world worthy of their having died. They impart to the summons of President Wilson uttered at the beginning of the war a new urgency at its close that makes the most callous pervious to its high appeal. "To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything we are and everything we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

God helping us, we can do no other, when we hear the voice of the 58,000 American lads who will not come back.

"In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you, from falling hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields."

Wilson G. Cole,

TWICE-TOLD TALES OF THE SOUTH

BUT for the saving grace of humor life would be devoid of much that keeps the spirits cheerful. The bright story that inspires laughter is an enemy of depression and a promoter of longevity. The late Rev. James Park, D.D., for nearly half a century pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Knoxville, Tennessee, not infrequently told me that, without his customary joke, he would have been in his grave long before reaching his more than four score years. His keen relish for the mirth-provoking and harmless anecdote is still a subject of remark on the part of those who revere his memory. In this attitude to merriment there is no suggestion of flippancy or any departure from high seriousness. It is an expression of the normal, healthy, rational man or woman.

In the hurry and turmoil of modern life, time and opportunity increasingly lack for the exercise of the wholesome art of story-telling. An exchange of social visits is all but rare enough to excite remark. On the street we scarcely dare to stop a friend or acquaintance for a few words of greeting or conversation. In fact, it seems hardly in keeping with good form to indicate recognition except by simply bowing or saluting. Apparently the stopping of one is pardonable only on the ground of having an ax to grind or a benefit to confer. Therefore, under the stress of circumstances, little room is afforded for exchanges of anecdotes. About the only opportunities for their injection are at the lunch counter or on the street car. In the olden times, before men had degenerated into machines on the plea of efficiency, sufficient time was at hand for such a diversion. About almost every man who figured prominently in public, professional, or private life, good stories went the rounds in the press or at the social gathering. It might have been, and probably was, the case that in some instances the basis lay not in authenticity so much as in applicableness. Because of their reproduction from antiquity or their appropriation to fit character many have been disposed to distrust the majority of a large fund of anecdotes centering about a distinguished per-

sonage. A notable exemplar of the distrustful type was the late Joshua W. Caldwell, lawyer, scholar, author. His sense of humor, in its exhibitions, played upon the surface of men and affairs like the dancing reflection of sunshine in the ripples of laughing waters. Once I suggested to him that a defect of his valuable book, *The Bench and Bar of Tennessee*, was his failure to incorporate more interesting stories about the State's illustrious bar, and these are multitudinous. His answer and reason are to be found on page 40 of that work:

"Stories of distinguished men are very much to be distrusted. As a rule they have come down from a remote antiquity and have been applied in succession to the great men of many generations. The writer has heard stories told of Lincoln and Webster which are to be found in Boccaccio."

These words Mr. Caldwell uses in reproducing the bull-hide story touching Judge John Haywood from Judge Josephus C. Guild's book, *Old Times in Tennessee*, which he deemed trustworthy. Perhaps the trouble with him was that he was too learned and versatile; had read and remembered too much.

In the South there are widely current stories which, transmitted through the years and changed somewhat in the passage from lip to lip, have become fixed ingredients of our folklore. They survive in local traditions and habitations, differentiated in their coloring by wide intervals of time and space. Other stories have become firmly imbedded or interwoven in the structural limits of the printed page. Where this is not so it becomes the part of the historian or novelist to fix them permanently in our literature. In a rather promiscuous reading of books, magazines, and old newspapers I have been not a little entertained from finding good stories that had wide divergences of time and authorship, but whose essential elements were identical. In some instances I have heard delightful raconteurs, with slightly varying shades, tell anecdotal incidents of eccentric or of distinguished persons which were to be found in old newspapers or books of humor. As suggested above, the street car often affords an avenue for the exchange or hearing of good stories. Recently in such a public conveyance I heard from the lips of a young Knoxville barrister

a story which carried me back more than seventeen years. It was considerably altered, not on the whole for the better, and ran in this wise: A heavy rain storm overtook a belated traveler in front of a country church in which services were being held. Though not accustomed to resort to the sanctuary on any occasion, the traveler embraced the opportunity of finding shelter and joined the crowded worshipping congregation. The preacher had just begun his sermon. Much of it had to do with a classification of the prophets into major and minor, and the assignment of each to his proper class. In the course of the effort perplexity arose in his mind as to the place of Jeremiah. Thinking that the correct answer would come eventually, in the dilemma he repeated several times the interrogatory: "Where shall I place Jeremiah?" The traveler, not so familiar with the Bible or so attentive as he might have been, said aloud, "Parson, you may give Jeremiah my seat!" and straightway, the storm having ceased, left for the pursuance of his journey.

In June, 1901, Dr. Charles D. McIver, president of the North Carolina Normal and Industrial College, delivered the annual literary address at the University of Tennessee commencement. Dr. McIver, whose sudden and untimely death from apoplexy on a railway train is recalled, was a most felicitous and apt story-teller. The address on the appointed day won great favor. Audiences grew eager to hear him with the offering of opportunity. Called on frequently and unexpectedly, on one occasion he illustrated his dilemma and unpreparedness by using the above anecdote, with some material changes. As he told it, the long-winded preacher had exhausted himself and his congregation in the attempt to put in their appropriate class the prophets, and was stumbling over Hosea. Thinking to prod memory to a right solution, time and again he asked the question: "Where shall I place Hosea?" As the repetition went on, it was uttered in more vehement tones until it reached the stentorian pitch. In a rear pew of the building an old farmer had fallen asleep. Awakened by the vociferous inquiry he failed to catch the meaning or connection. Regardless of the surroundings, and heedless of the proprieties, he shouted: "Preacher, you may give Hosea my seat;

I've had enough of the sarmint and am agwine out." Here is instanced the survival of practically the same story in the same environment, whether traceable or not to Dr. McIver, from whose lips I first heard it.

Another parallelism of the kind brings to mind a delightful Southern humorist and a notable university president of the foretimes. Nearly twenty-one years ago, as the representative of the University of Tennessee I attended the annual meeting of the Southern Association of High Schools, Colleges, and Universities held at Vanderbilt University. On one of the days of the gathering a good number of the delegates were dined by Chancellor and Mrs. James A. Kirkland. Among these was Dr. George T. Winston, then president of the University of Texas. A felicitous story-teller, as his old Latin students in the University of North Carolina can testify, around the hospitable board he regaled us with lively anecdotes. One was to this effect: "A Tennessean, with an ugly crime charged against him, consulted a lawyer, and the advice was that he had best "slope" to another State. In Louisiana incorrigible criminal instincts again found gratification. An attorney was consulted as to the best course to pursue, in view of all the facts, and Texas was presented as an inviting field. In this once haven of outlaws the criminal was again confronted with the law's inexorable claims for punishment. His Texas lawyer counseled that he had better "slope" at once to Mexico, if he would evade the law's toils. "Hell!" came the response. "Ain't I already in Texas?" With a little less elaboration and a change of setting we have a story of the Georgia humorist, Major Charles H. Smith, founded on the same basis. The twelfth paper of that entertaining volume Bill Arp's Peace Papers thus closes the account of a "run-a-gee" trying to escape from General Sherman's march through Georgia:

"We have now tride Mr. Sherman's front and his flanks, and found no pease, for the future we shall rest in the reer of his army, untill dislodged by kauses unknown and unfourseen. We can't run agin, for the reesin urged by the Texin, who, when he got into trouble, took advise of a lawyer as to what he orter do. His kase was so bad that his faithful attorney advised him to run away. 'The devil,' says he, 'Where shall I run to? I'm in Texas now.'"

A curious repetition, or overlapping, of the same story I have recently noted in some reading of Methodist history. A very laughable coffee incident is told in the *History of Methodism in Georgia and Florida* by Rev. George G. Smith, D.D. Its preservation is attributed to old ministers who were contemporaries of the victim of the joke, the Rev. Robert L. Edwards. The author hesitated about inserting it, as perhaps too trivial for dignified history. This is his narrative:

"He (Edwards) was very fond of good coffee, and he was often where it was not to be found. He met Bishop Andrew, who was passing through his circuit. They were going to dine at the house of an old lady whose coffee lost in quality what it made up in quantity. He concluded that he would secure a refreshing cup for himself while he saw to the bishop's welfare. He rode ahead to the house, and said to the good sister:

"'Sister, Bishop Andrew is going to dine with you, and he is specially fond of strong coffee.'

"Dinner came. There were two coffee pots on the table. The lady poured for the bishop a cup, rich, amber-colored, strong. Then sweetly turning to Brother Edwards, said: 'Well, Brother Edwards, we do not like ours so strong.' The preacher had his coffee poor, but the joke on him was rich, and he enjoyed it."

In Sprague's *Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit*, which appeared in 1861, sixteen years before Dr. Smith's work, and is listed by the Georgia author as one of his authorities, Bishop James O. Andrew gives a sketch of the pioneer Carolina preacher, Rev. Daniel Asbury, and tells the coffee story of him in these words:

"My venerable friend (Asbury) was a great lover of strong coffee; and this proclivity of his was well understood where he had often lodged, and the good sisters directed their coffee arrangements with reference to it. But it seems that, once on a time, he was traveling with a junior brother who knew that, at the house where they were to breakfast, the good lady was rather economical in the use of the precious berry—so he rode ahead, and informed the hostess that Brother Asbury would relish a cup of coffee of much more than ordinary strength. At length breakfast was announced, and the junior brother approached the table, congratulating himself that he too should get a good dish of coffee, and on the old gentleman's credit; but what was his disappointment and mortification when he espied two coffee-pots on the table, from one of which Brother Asbury was served with good strong coffee while the ingenious junior had to take his portion from the family coffee-pot. This joke on his

young traveling companion the old man used to tell with great zest; and no one had a keener relish for a good joke than he."

The two amusing incidents are so identical, there being merely changes of names, that they are referable to the same source. The conclusion is forced that Dr. Smith had forgotten or overlooked the Sprague's Annals story and that he had accepted the traditional account which confused Asbury and Andrew, the junior preacher and Edwards. The History of Methodism in South Carolina, by Rev. Albert M. Shipp, D.D., which was published in 1882, gives literally the story from the Annals.

Two recent books of Southern history I have read with deep interest. They are Lucian Lamar Knight's Georgia Landmarks, Memorials and Legends, which was published in 1914, and William Ballard Lenoir's History of Sweetwater Valley, in East Tennessee, which appeared in 1916. In Mr. Knight's work may be found the details of an Indian story which has long been current in East Tennessee and thought to belong solely to its folklore, and which Mr. Lenoir has committed to the pages of his work. From its locality the Georgia story affects the Creek Indians, while that of East Tennessee touches the Cherokees. With boundaries touching over a wide extent, and often in dispute, the relations of the two tribes were so intimate that stories and legends might be interchangeable. Taking the time element into consideration, the hero of the Georgia story enjoys precedence over his Tennessee counterpart. George Galphin's activities among the Creeks belonged to the latter part of the eighteenth century, whereas those of John McGhee among the Cherokees were restricted in the main to the early part of the nineteenth. As a trader and an influential man with the Creeks, Galphin held a primary position on the banks of the Savannah river. In reaching out for landed possessions in Indian territory his avidity, or cupidity, extended to the Ogeechee river, and embraced a domain which included the State's future capital, Louisville. Mr. Knight says:

"The following story is told of how George Galphin acquired the land on which the town of Louisville was afterward built. Attracted by the red coat which he wore, an old Indian chief, whose wits had been some-

what sharpened by contact with the traders, thus approached him, in the hope of securing the coveted garment. Said he:

"'Me had dream last night.'

"'You did? What did you dream about?'

"'Me dream you gave me dat coat.'

"'Then you shall have it,' said Galphin, who immediately suited the action to the word by transferring to him the coat.

"Quite a time elapsed before the old chief returned to the post, but when he again appeared in the settlement Galphin said:

"'Chief, I dreamed about you last night.'

"'Ugh!' he grunted, 'what did you dream?'

"'I dreamed that you gave me all the land in the fork of the creek,' pointing to one of the tributary streams of the Ogeechee.

"'Well, said the old chief, 'you take it, but me no more dream.'"

Exchanging coat for rifle, this story does not differ materially from one narrated of John McGhee in connection with a large island in the Little Tennessee river, the acquirement of which is thus told by Lenoir:

"In relation to one of these islands in Little Tennessee river the late Henry Bradley related to me this anecdote: Mr. Bradley was for years an employee of Colonel Charles M. McGhee, son of John McGhee of whom the story is told. An Indian chief owned or claimed an island in the river the bank of which was owned by McGhee. McGhee had a very fine rifle of rare make which the Indian was anxious to buy, but McGhee was unwilling to part with. On one occasion the Indian visited McGhee and after hanging around for a while remarked:

"'Big Chief had a dream.'

"'I hope that it was a pleasant one; what did Big Chief dream?'

"'Big Chief dreamed White Chief gave Indian his fine gun.'

"'O, that's it, is it? Well, if Big Chief was told by the spirit in a dream that he is to have fine gun, he must not be disappointed.'

"Not a great while afterward they met, and after the customary greeting McGhee said:

"'How did you like your gun?'

"'Great gun; kill anything.'

"'White Chief had a dream too.'

"'Uh, huh! What?'

"'White Chief dream Indian Chief made him a deed to the island over there.'

"'Here, take gun back.'

"'Can't do it; Indian dreamed it away from me, no good to me any more.'

"'Big Chief make you a deed, but Indian no dream against white man no more.'"

In quoting the Galphin story Mr. Knight does not give the source,

and it may be that the date of origin is subsequent to the McGhee story.

At times my attention has been arrested from finding the same threads or keynotes in stories emanating from diverse quarters. In some instances the connecting links were more or less close, while in others they may have been suggested by similar circumstances or environments.

Richard Malcolm Johnston's *Life of Alexander Stephens* records a scene illustrative of the superstitious fears of the Negro. A sick slave-owner, dosed with calomel and forbidden to drink cold water, was left in the care of a trusty slave. When constant begging for water, followed by threats of extreme punishment if unheeded, failed to move the servant, other expedients were resorted to in this fashion:

"'Shadrach, my boy, you are a good nigger, Shadrach. If you'll go now and fetch old master a pitcher of water, I'll set you free and give you five hundred dollars!' and he dragged out the syllables slowly and heavily from his dry jaws, as if to make the sum immeasurably vast.

"But Shadrach was proof even against this temptation. The old gentleman groaned and moaned. At last he bethought him of one final stratagem. He raised his head as well as he could, turned his haggard face full on Shadrach, and glaring at him from his hollow, bloodshot eyes, said:

"'Shadrach, I am going to die, and it is because I can't get any water. If you don't go and bring me a pitcher of water, after I'm dead I'll come back and haunt you? I'll haunt you as long as you live!'

"'O, Lordy, master! You shall hab de water!'" cried Shadrach, and he rushed out to the spring.

"The next morning the master was decidedly better, and, to the astonishment of all, got well."

When, nearly forty years ago, a citizen of Alabama and teaching my first school in Gainesville, Sumter County, I heard a somewhat similar story of Governor John A. Winston, the State's first native-born executive. His large plantation was near Gainesville. Amid its broad and smiling acres sat the spacious dwelling of the ante-bellum type, and in it I spent some pleasant week-ends. After the Civil War Governor Winston, broken in health and awaiting death, sought to place his house in order. He had sold a large family coach to one of his old ex-slaves, whose political

ambitions were all the greater by reason of the high station once held by his former master. Part of the debt remained unpaid for a long time. No threats or entreaties could effect a settlement. Failing in every recourse, the aged statesman determined to work upon the superstitious awe of the ex-slave. Calling him to his bedside, he said: "Jim, I am going to die; the end cannot be far away. I shall be buried in the old family burial ground yonder in sight of your cabin. I have used every means to get you to pay the balance due on that carriage. You are able to do so, but refuse, and make excuses. Let me tell you now, solemnly and sacredly, if that money isn't paid before I die, every time you take a ride in that coach my ghost is going to take a seat right by your side and haunt you as long as you live!" Such an appeal evidently had an overwhelming effect, as the debt was immediately canceled.

One of the most humorous sketches in Joseph G. Baldwin's *Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi* hinges about the pineapple sop incident at the Saint Charles Hotel in New Orleans. Two young men from Mississippi were visitors to the South's metropolis and its most famous hostelry. One was a practical joker, the other a pretentious parvenu. The latter had attended East Tennessee University at Knoxville. He professed to have had ready entrée to the most refined families of the college town, and prided himself upon his familiarity with all the usages of polite society. Ushered into the beautifully appointed dining room, the two surveyed the brilliant throng of guests with immense satisfaction. The festive youth thought of the possible opportunities for making an impression. After the fruit was served finger bowls were brought by the waiter. Their shape was very different, the upstart noticed, from the ordinary drinking vessel, and he asked his companion what the curious glasses contained. With nonchalant air, the reply came that the contents were a delicious pineapple sop. Thereupon the credulous youth proceeded to drink a deep draught. The young men had already attracted attention. When the observant guests saw the performance roars of laughter followed. Uncontrolled mirth reigned, which the would-be lion was quick to perceive he had evoked. Feeling sore that his com-

panion had made him a butt of ridicule he immediately left the table, thirsting for revenge. The consequences were a severe punishment inflicted bodily upon the perpetrator of the joke, a prosecution for assault and battery, and a complete vindication of the accused when the evidence disclosed all the facts. This incident may have had some foundation in fact, although embellished no doubt by Baldwin's inimitable grasp of ludicrous situations and his rare skill in descriptive effects.

In William Garrett's *Reminiscences of the Public Men of Alabama* may be found an account of a like breach of etiquette. Among that State's prominent lawyers and legislators was George W. Williams. He served with Baldwin in the State legislature of 1843. A great lover of anecdote and a charming raconteur, his mirth was contagious and his popularity unbounded. While at college in Columbia, and a guest with fellow students in the home of South Carolina's governor, he committed a breach similar to that described by Baldwin. Sitting at the corner of the table, to him first, of the guests, the finger bowl was handed. Without any delay or ceremony he took it. Presuming it the proper thing to do, and being thirsty, he put it to his lips and assuaged his thirst. A general titter among the students followed. Greatly perturbed, he failed to grasp the meaning until he noted that the one to whom a bowl was next handed daintily bathed his fingers therein and carefully wiped them on a napkin. His mortification was great.

In telling the incident in after years, Williams said that he did not receive the consideration shown on one occasion to a Kentucky mule drover in the home of Judge Huger of South Carolina. Having made a sale to the jurist about the dinner hour the drover was persuaded to partake of his elegant hospitality. When the finger bowl was handed to him he refreshed himself with a copious draught. To forestall any discomfiture on the part of the guest, Judge Huger at once bade the servant pass it next to himself. Taking a drink therefrom, he passed it on to his accomplished wife and beautiful daughters, who without apparent reluctance followed the example. Thus, with remarkable tact and genuine courtesy, the feelings of the drover were shielded. Baldwin may have gathered some suggestions from his friend and legislative

colleague for the richly entertaining story in his humorous book descriptive of the flush times of the first half of the past century in the Southwest.

A good story, whether it illustrates a truth, punctures pretense, or creates mirth, is worthy of repetition. The abuse of the practice of anecdotal narrative lies in an attempt to palm off jokes as original when hoary with age or stale from use. The fact that parallels in particular incidents are sometimes found does not diminish their interest or value. The gist of the argument is that bright, pleasurable stories, however often or of whom told, are to the mind what sauce is to the palate. They are not essential to mental liveliness, as sauce is not necessary for bodily nourishment, but the enlivening effect furnishes to life an undeniable cheer and unsurpassable zest. Doubt as to their genuineness in personal application ought not to prove a deterrent to wholesome enjoyment and judicious use.

George F. Mellen.

THE QUEST OF EARNEST SOULS¹

LIFE is a strange adventure. The story of suffering Job in the world's best book on religion is a picture of many a noble life. Here's a man, sitting in the throes of disease, asking a silent sky the cause of his suffering. He has lost all he had, seemingly by the turn of misfortune. Life seems to have dealt him a poor hand and still forces him to play his game. Death anxiously waits for him, while the evil barterers for his soul. This picture suggests to us the problem of life.

What can this life of ours mean? is the question that every earnest soul sooner or later inquires. Life presents to every thinking man a problem to be solved. Why do we live? Man is not self-sufficient—why, he hardly understands himself. The world is run by a strange and commonplace routine. In fact, at times all seems to be decided by the toss of a dice or the turn of a tide. A haunting sense of incompleteness hangs like a threatening shadow over all our life. We aspire to be, but seemingly reach little but failure. "What I aspired to be and was not," seems the never-failing story of all humanity. Death puts in its sickle and reaps a harvest of young and old, of good and bad, and, with fiendish glee, seems to delight in the path of sorrow he cuts through the world.

No individual can ever settle the problem of life for the world at large; the mysteries of individual life must be solved as individual life. Social reforms must come, and we can never forget the community ideals as long as we live in community relationships. But it is just here that much of the otherwise worthy social interpretation of the gospel falls down—it tries to handle humanity by "job lots." The United States Mint can shovel up pennies in scoop shovels and weigh them in bushel baskets and account for every last individual cent; but it is once and forever impossible to account for individual personalities on any such mechanical scale. There is more to man than his size and weight,

¹Sketch of a talk given to the men aboard a ship of the Atlantic Fleet.

and no scheme has as yet been devised by which the strange and wonderful as well as the subtle powers of man's mysterious mind can be measured or clearly understood. The problem of life must be met for the individual by the individual. As no individual can ever settle the problem of life for the world at large, it is equally true that the world at large can never settle the problem of life for the individual. It follows, then, that every man must solve the problem of his individual life alone. We turn then to the way some meet this challenge of life.

In the first place, it seems advisable to state a pertinent consideration in relation to this theme. All men feel the bitter irony of life, but they likewise feel the need of something to put their trust in. Some trust in one thing and others in another, but this much must be stated as irrefutable logic: that man is only as strong as the object in which he puts his trust. If he puts his trust in a modern flying machine, as he tries the wings of the air, his safety is only as safe as the machine that carries him. If it falls to death and destruction, he must inevitably reap a similar harvest. Some look at life and say, "We soon die, so what's the difference?" and they live by the standards that such an interpretation of life suggests. Some say that the goddess of chance wields the scepter of the world and its destiny, and attempt to seek refuge in thoughts akin to such a creed. Others meet the problem of life by reducing all to a mechanical philosophy—the world was wound up like a clock, and it is now ticking off its time for no other reason but that it is forced to do so by the pressure of a tautened spring. But still others turn, like dumb driven cattle, from the problem of life and answer that they are too busy to bother with the same. They are not concerned in the purpose of their life; they must get something to eat and something to wear merely for the sake of eating and wearing. One is very prone to condemn this type of activity; but when it is remembered that this is the story of the masses, it calls for pity. And so it runs. There are thousands who never have a thought worth the time it takes to think it. And it is not because they cannot think; it is because they will not appalling responsibilities of life. They feel that they must be think. They are afraid they will be serious in dealing with the

young and light-hearted. Youth must giggle a certain proportion of their life, but God pity them if they do nothing else but giggle. But there are some who meet the challenge of life with a nobler spirit; they feel the impact of life's greatest realities pressing in upon them. We turn, then, to a more careful investigation of a process by which earnest souls come to a conclusion concerning how to live this life with all its mysteries.

The suggested process will begin in the kindergarten of logic and understanding. Whatever the physical world may be in reality, man remains once and forever a living, breathing personality that thinks and feels, that longs and loves, that wills and does. From whence came both man and the phenomenal world? It is at this point that one hears from time to time the echoes of some shallow brains with the old "which-came-first-the-hen-or-the-egg" method of skepticism. But some one even now urges the same issue and asks for an answer. They feel that it is logical to ask who made God if God made the world. What is the answer? It lies just here, that all life is based on some assumption. One old school decried a God as the beginning of things and set up a whirling mass of unthinking matter as the beginning of things and called it a nebular hypothesis. No matter what scheme is propounded the fact remains that it must in the final analysis rest upon nothing but an assumption. The problem then hinges on the choice of assumptions and on nothing more. Many and varied are the assumptions from which to choose, as "Mobile Cosmic Ether," "Nebular Hypothesis," "The Eternity of Matter," "A Blind Principle That is Blindly Working Out Some Blind Scheme," "The Christian Interpretation," etc., etc. Some choose one thing and others choose another, but it is our conviction that the loftiest minds with their long reaches of understanding inevitably choose the assumption of "In the beginning God created." And it is furthermore our contention that that choice is the most rational of all, for it more clearly meets the explanation demanded by all things concerned. To accept the "Nebular Hypothesis theory" surely puts a burden on the man that makes that choice to explain how thinking man ever came out of an unthinking mass of matter. To accept the theory of "The Eternity of

Matter" carries with it the difficulty involved in proving that matter has any existence in itself at all. Surely no assumption meets the problem better than the assumption of an adequate God. The Creator of the world must be intelligent, for the universe carries the marks of order and design. If man thinks and feels, longs and loves, wills and does, his Maker must be at least able to think and feel, to long and love, to will and do, for in a rational world everything must have an adequate cause. This same line of reasoning can be carried throughout the whole domain of life. Every fine passion in human life must be paralleled by a similar passion in the cause of life. Man fathers his offspring with a passion that springs from the deepest instinct in life, therefore God must himself be a father with all the tender qualities of a father's heart. He must care with a care that counts, for his passions are infinitely greater than any similar passions in man. And then, too, man intuitively reaches for a God. That little babe with its little pink fingers clings to its mother long before its little mind has even an inkling of an understanding. Just as intuitively man naturally clings to a faith in a God long before his little mind has any understanding of the eternal purpose of all life. To condemn man for his faith in God would be as logical as blaming the child for clinging to its mother's neck. So, then, our logic brings to us a rational faith in the backlying cause of all life. To explain the existence of the sense of moral distinctions between right and wrong, man needs a moral God on the throne of the universe; while to account for the existence of spiritual capacities in humanity, man must likewise assume an adequate God at the heart of the world. And so run the fruitful suggestions concerning the pathway through which earnest souls pass in quest of a God who cares. Ignorance may still raise its questions concerning these great fundamental things; but to ignorance like to insanity it is impossible to prove anything. To be convinced intellectually, ethically, morally, spiritually, and intuitively of God is but to put behind life the compelling power of a religious faith that makes it richer and sweeter and fuller and deeper in all its relations. The purpose of life is wrapped up and tangled with the religious reaches of human life. "Whoever

discards religious faith should appoint a day of mourning for his soul and put on sackcloth and ashes. He must take from his life the greatest thought that man the thinker ever had, the finest faith that man the worker ever leaned upon, the surest help that man the sinner ever found, the strongest reliance that man the sufferer ever trusted in, the loftiest vision that man the lover ever saw, and the only hope that man the mortal ever had." To be convinced of God back of the world, in the world, immanent and transcendent, robs life of its littleness and fashions the fabric of mighty souls. It is just that surging conviction that stirred poor old calamity-stricken Job to cry out, "Though he slay me yet will I trust him."

If the story of Job reveals a man with a practical faith in the purposes of creation, how much more should we be gripped by the tugging of eternity in our souls? For we know of a man that lived in Galilee of Judæa whom the world has called its Christ. Friend and enemy, prophet and priest, all alike agree that this man was a good man. Some say that God is like Christ and others say that Christ is like God, but both agree that God and Christ are much alike. We have therefore heard God speak in our language and have seen him walk in our streets. Jesus remains once and forever the unveiled righteousness of God. He then, who is intellectually, ethically, morally, spiritually, and intuitively convinced of God must meet the challenge of this Christ. Some conclusion must be reached concerning him who clearly claims to be the only Saviour of the world. Thus the thoughtful quest of earnest souls sooner or later leads to the threshold of the Christ.

H. H. Lippincott

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

BRITAIN'S CONTRIBUTION TO VICTORY¹

DURING the earlier part of our participation in this war, most of us were so busy being conscious of the contribution America must make that we thought of scarcely anything else. Perhaps for the time being it was allowable, as we mobilized the physical, moral, and spiritual resources of the United States; as we thought of what we must give and of what we must do, perhaps it was allowable that for the time we should forget, at least, that for the time we should cease to emphasize the immortal sacrifice of France, the audacious, splendid daring of Italy, the organized and completely masterful defiance of Great Britain to the foe.

Perhaps it was well that just at that time this nation, which had been a series of multitudinous fragments, unorganized into cohesive unity, should have such a compelling sense of the new oneness it had attained, of that spiritual consciousness of American solidarity, that that one experience should fill its mind. Perhaps it is not strange that at that time the fathers who were seeing their sons across the sea should be busy thinking of that and saying to themselves:

"Our hands and our boys' hands are joined in a grip unbroken,
Though they fight in far stern lands, 'mid tragedies unspoken."

Perhaps it was natural that they should be so busy with that thought of giving, that they should forget to think of other lands. Perhaps it was natural for the American mother, sitting in her home and thinking of her boy in France, to say to herself,

"Your eyes are shining in my heart to-night;
Are they shining bright in France?
Your face is glowing with courageous light;
Is it strong and firm in France?
I sit lonely in a still, dark night,
But I fight with you in France."

¹Delivered before the Chicago Association of Commerce on "British Day," December 7, 1918, by Professor Lynn Harold Hough, who was sent to Great Britain by Northwestern University on a speaking tour to interpret to the British people American ideals and purposes in the war. This is the first message of Professor Hough to America as a result of his visit to Britain.

Perhaps it was natural that she should be so busy then with the gift of her own son that she would not be busy thinking of the contribution of other lands.

But now we have come to the moment of quiet getting of perspective after peace has come, and now we have a right to forget even that glorious and noble self-consciousness of a great people girding themselves for a mighty task. We have a right to look out and see what we have owed, what we do owe to the other nations participating with us and before us in this war.

To-day we are to think about the contribution of Great Britain, and I am very glad that the chairman struck the note which I want to be my note, of a serious consideration of some things Americans have been all too likely to forget, for I am not here this afternoon to attempt any verbal gymnastics, or any tortuous phrases, which by their unusual depth and skill will tickle your fancy or touch your imagination. I am not here to attempt any flights of vivid and emotional oratory, which by the mere sweeping movement of their dynamic force shall set your hearts beating faster. The thing I would like to do this afternoon is to consider very frankly some of those things which are basal for a true understanding of what Great Britain has done, and for a true understanding of the place Britain and America are to take together in coming days.

The first contribution which Great Britain made to the victory was the contribution of the character of the British empire.

There has been a very subtle and a very deadly propaganda in America which had as its objective making us misunderstand the British Empire, and there is inside the United States a certain type of man who insists that, if he will have to give up loving Germany, he at least will hate Great Britain until he dies. Now, sometimes that man is a man of sincerity, who does not understand the facts. It is very important, because of insidious remarks which he is making and the intellectual confusion which he is disseminating, that we should face the facts.

Now, the fundamental thing we need to understand is that the British Empire is in the profoundest sense a democracy, and that as a democracy it went into the war; that Great Britain is not a monarchy in any sense which defeats or antagonizes the profoundest ends of democracy.

King George is the symbol of the national solidarity, he is the human flag of Great Britain. Now, we would die for our flag, but

nobody ever thought of giving the flag the right to vote. We would not allow anybody to insult our flag, but nobody ever supposed that the flag could draft a constitution. We love our flag, but the flag is the symbol of the nation's solidarity, and that, and no more, gloriously vivified in splendid human manhood, is King George.

Then we need to understand that the history of the British Empire, certainly since the eighteenth century, has been a history constantly approximating an understanding of the position of people in various parts of the empire, and giving them the fullest self-government as rapidly as they were capable of functioning in that regard.

I don't need to tell you Canadian friends who are here this afternoon that the dominion of Canada has not paid one cent of taxation to the imperial treasury of Great Britain since it has existed as a dominion.

The dominion of Canada represents something profoundly significant when you think of men who have been telling us that the British Empire is an instrument of tyranny. Now, imagine that great dominion not paying one cent taxation to the treasury of Great Britain during its history, and not coerced to send one soldier to this great war! And when you face a fact like that, you begin to understand what is the genius of Great Britain.

When you look at South Africa, and think of that great South African group of states, with a situation that would parallel what it would have meant for us if Robert E. Lee had been President of the United States within ten years of the close of the civil war, you begin to understand the largeness and the generosity of the governmental methods of the British Empire. And when you see the fashion in which South Africa stood loyal at the moment of fullest opportunity to secure revenge, if revenge were desired after the South African war, you begin to understand that there is some quality in the British Empire which captures the affection even of people who have been lately foes.

Now, there have been some people who are willing to admit this sort of thing, who have tried to insist that after all Great Britain in its interior activity is not democratic. Now, of course, the truth is that Great Britain is more democratic, politically, than the United States of America. There are two points at which Great Britain is more democratic than the United States. I say this not to praise Great Britain and not to condemn the United States, because, as I

shall show in a moment, I think perhaps there is something to be said for our method.

But if by democracy you mean the speed with which people realize their will, just observe this: You can have a piece of legislation passed by Congress, by the Senate, and signed by the President, and then a tiny group of men in Washington, in the name of a clause in our written constitution, can nullify the will of the people as expressed in legislation all down the years, unless we go through the slow and laborious and difficult process of amending the constitution. And there is no power which can defeat the final action of the Parliament of Great Britain.

Of course, sometimes when people get their way too quickly they get their mood instead of their will, so perhaps we are fortunate; but at least it is clear that an empire constructed in that fashion is tremendously democratic.

Now, it is also true that if Great Britain were to become suddenly impatient with Lloyd George's leadership, it would be possible to have a vote of want of confidence in the House of Commons; it would be possible, if he thought after the vote of confidence that the country would back him, to appeal to it, and in a very few weeks the country would have pronounced for or against the administration. We are helpless until the end of four years after we elect a President.

Now, again, there may be something to be said for that helplessness. It may give the administration fuller opportunity. There may be times when Mr. Lloyd George would be perfectly willing to labor under the burden that our President carries at that particular point. But however that may be, those two points taken right out of the contemporary situation of the British government illustrate the fashion in which the will of the people is secured more immediately in Great Britain than in the United States. So that if by democracy you mean the speed with which the people realize their will, Great Britain is at present politically more democratic than is the United States of America.

There are some people who have admitted all that, and who then state, "After all, Great Britain is the great economic danger of the world." And there were some people in the earlier vocal days of the pro-German group in America who insisted after all Germany went into the war fighting for commercial breathing room. Now, that sounded awfully impressive until some of us began to investi-

gate a little, and we discovered that in the summer of 1914, in spite of the intolerable menace of the British navy, in the summer of 1914 Germany was underselling Great Britain in the city of London in certain staple products. And we discovered that before 1914, in the statistical reports of particular colonies of the British Empire, this year and that year, that Germany sold more materials to a British colony than did the mother country.

Now, if anybody knows what under heaven the British navy was doing in the way of stifling the commercial life of Germany when Germany was underselling Britain in British colonies, I am perfectly willing to be enlightened. Well, I think perhaps I have said enough to indicate what I mean when I say that the first great contribution of Great Britain to victory was the character of Great Britain.

Of course, somebody here is saying "Ireland" under his breath. Well, I will say "Ireland" out loud, and I will deal with that problem in just a few sentences and pass it by. The problem in Ireland has not been for a number of years the problem of what the British government was willing to give. The problem has been the problem of what Ireland was willing to receive. I think that one epigram goes to the very heart of the situation. The whole assumption of the people who want the United States to interfere in that problem is an assumption that Ireland is suffering because of something the British government will not give, when the poor, nervous British government would give almost anything if the united Ireland would only take it.

When I was in Ireland a few weeks ago, before the war had come to an end, getting better things to eat there than I could get anywhere in England, because Ireland was ignoring the food regulations, with Sinn Feiners treasonably practicing the manual of arms, watching that island almost plunging into a kind of anarchy because of the patient, grandmotherly attitude of the British government, it seemed to me that at last the particular type of wrong Ireland is crying out about to-day would perish in the laughter of the nations. Now, there is no doubt in the world that in the past Ireland suffered wrong, and grave wrong, but the nineteenth century saw the end of any technically or really large wrong suffered on the part of Ireland, and to-day the problem is a problem of an Ireland incapable of making up its mind, and not the problem of a Great Britain unready to give it what it really desires.

It would be perfectly possible for me to go on and talk about the crown colonies and other things, and perfectly possible to deal with every one of those things, at least to my own satisfaction, in respect of the profound idealism of the British Empire. Of course, as Professor Wrong, of Toronto University, is fond of saying, there is really no such thing as the British Empire. There is the British Commonwealth, which is a great organism of free peoples, and of people under tutelage in process of becoming free. Now, the genius of that empire is obvious and we need to see it. A nation living by formal logic would treat with everybody and for everybody in a mathematical way all at once, but Britain, with the true psychology of common sense, treats every group according to the pedagogy required by its own state of development. The truth of the matter is that one of the differences structurally between Germany and Great Britain is at this point.

Suppose I characterize France and Germany and Great Britain from the standpoint of this analysis. France represents idealism and mathematical logic, and the reason France had so much trouble a little while ago was because when a Frenchman makes up his mind, he is so gloriously loyal he wants to do everything after breakfast the first morning, and not wait. France is idealism plus mathematical logic. And Germany since 1870 has been unethically efficient, with a mathematical logic, so that the difference between Germany and France was that France harnessed its logic to idealism, and Germany harnessed its logic to efficiency. And Great Britain is idealism harnessed to common sense.

That, of course, is the reason why the typical British man in the ruling class is so often inconsistent, and so gloriously successful with his inconsistency, for he has a perfect way of doing the thing which mathematically is the wrong thing, but psychologically is the right thing. And really, the hope of the world is in combining idealism and shrewd practical strategy after some such fashion as it has been done in the British Empire. And so I say, concluding my first point, that the first great contribution of Great Britain to victory was the character of the British Empire itself.

Now I come to a thing regarding which I must speak in a more personal and intimate way. The second contribution of Great Britain was its gift of sacrifice and heroic courage during four years of war. On September the first of this year, when I stood on the deck of the *Carmania*, and we steamed out of New York harbor, and we

could see a few other transport ships, somebody said, "We are shipping forty thousand American boys over to the other side"; and as the bands played, "We Are Coming Over," and the thrill of the crusade of America into the old world's conflict swept over and over and over me, again and again, it seemed to me that that was typically the supremest thing in American life.

A little later I was able to see, as I went over the statistics, that America had in Europe about two million fighting men; that America had training in America about a million more. Suppose that every one of the two million American boys who crossed over to Europe, and every one of the one million in training in America, had either been killed or had died of disease or been wounded or been incapacitated through disease, every one of them, that would have represented a smaller casualty list than that of the British Empire.

And yet, there were cynical Americans, who a little earlier were saying that Britain was ready to fight out this war to the last Frenchman. What a small sacrifice in numbers ours has been, though the sacrifice, of course, of any life is priceless; and when I attempt to visualize that 3,048,000 casualty list, it staggers my imagination. Well, I had some help on the other side in making it real. One day I was in the National Liberal Club, talking to a couple of English public men. One of them, as we sat there, took out of his pocket a little photograph of the son of his who had gone over to France to fight and had not come back. Again and again I was entertained over week ends in English homes, with that rare and exquisitely gracious hospitality which England knows so well how to give, and which has been given with such ample generosity to the Americans in the recent days—every time almost before the week end was over, I would be taken into some room; perhaps there would be a medal, perhaps one or two photographs, and then I would hear the story of this boy who had gone to France and would not come back. Maybe there was the prize that he had won in one of England's great universities. Maybe there was a letter from some great teacher with a great reputation, saying that this boy had it in him to become a scholar whose name would have been known all over the world.

Why, when I think of the mental and moral and spiritual power poured out in this rare gift of young English manhood, it seems as if the mother of the nations must weep with an undying sorrow at

such a sacrifice. That has been Great Britain's terrible contribution to victory. On the day when King George was going to St. Paul's for the thanksgiving service after the conclusion of the armistice, I was in the office of a great London weekly on Fleet Street, chatting with my friend the editor. We stood, one at each of the two windows of that particular office, as the king and queen drove down Fleet Street amid the cheering of the people on each side; and as they passed, I turned to my friend. There was a light in his eye and his face glowed. Then in a moment the light darkened, and a look of unutterable sadness came upon his face, and he said, "Well, you know, my friend, after all this is a very hard day for me. That boy of mine who died in France would be nineteen to-day if he were alive."

And so joy and sorrow, the gladness of victory and the pain of renunciation, met in that day. What has been the price? I was in the office of a well-known public man in London. He motioned me quietly to watch his typewriter, and I looked over and noticed in a moment that the man who was his secretary was absolutely blind. He had learned to operate the machine, and he was doing effective, careful work as the secretary of this English public man. And I sat there in the chair for a moment beside this man, with his fingers moving easily upon the machine, and I tried to think and feel my way through that one man's gift of sight for liberty; oh, the unutterable pang and tragedy that that man must bear there, and that ever men must have their eyes torn out to make the world a world fit to live in.

And those are the gifts that many a man of Britain has made, three million of them and more on this great casualty list, with such an enthusiasm and such a dauntless purpose.

One night I was riding in a railroad train from Southampton to London, and for a good part of the way I was alone in the compartment with a very wonderful young British aviator, and as he told me of all that he had gone through and suffered, and of his eagerness to go back to flying again, the passion, the quiet power, the devotion, the energy of that man filled me with a sort of enthusiasm as deep as the very sources of human inspiration. Well, I tried at last to say the thing before I left England, to say it in some way which I could leave behind with a friend of mine who was an editor of one of the weeklies, and it came out something like this:

SEEING ENGLAND

I

On a train for London bound,
While the wheels moved round and round,
Gliding swiftly on the rails,
Whispering untranslated tales
Of men traveling up and down,
Of the vast mysterious town,
I beheld a lad's bright face,
With its haunting fresh young grace,
With its joy of unused power,
With youth's happy, magic dower,
As if God had smiled with joy,
Giving to the world this boy.
Now his face was set for France,
And his eyes flashed like a lance,
Eager, dauntless, strong and bright,
Ready for the last hard fight,
I saw the hope of England.

II

On a dull, gray winter's day,
When cold winds went forth to play,
When the streets were dark and chill,
And life lost its quickening thrill,
I beheld a man's hard face,
Like a runner in a race,
Rigid, tense, and sternly strong,
For endurance hard and long.
There was heartbreak in his eyes,
And a cruel pained surprise,
At life's tragic tides of grief,
Wave on wave without relief.
Yet his purpose as a fire,
Leaping, flaming ever higher,
Through his solid self-control,
Pierced its way into my soul.
I saw the strength of England.

III

By a dim lamp's flickering light
On a London street at night,
While the war, a huge black cloud,
Wrapped the city like a shroud,
I beheld a woman's face,
Stern and sad, yet full of grace.
In her deep and tragic eyes
I saw sorrows' mysteries,
Yet beneath the poignant pain
I could feel a sense of gain,

As if she had power to see
High things hidden far from me.
Though grief left its bitter trace,
There was splendor in her face.
By the trembling yellow light,
In the shadows of the night,
I saw the soul of England.

And so that inexpressible, intangible, invisible spiritual vitality, that is England's second gift to victory. So patient, so uncomplaining, with such quiet dignity, with such insistence that Britain must carry on whatever came, a sort of an incarnate spiritualist granite of the lions on Trafalgar Square, with a human heart beating in them; that is England.

You must understand that that gift of character, that gift of an invisible and priceless strength of purpose, that gift of vision, that gift of commitment, that is the fight which has made these four years immortal.

I sat one night in one of the colleges of Oxford, beside the wife of the principal of that particular college; as the fire was glowing in front of us, we talked along quietly until at last, somehow, there was produced just that atmosphere where it was possible to talk simply and really, and she told me the story of that son of hers who had given his life in France, and at the same time absolutely unable to know even where he rests, and of the fashion in which she had tried to get one fact and one detail after another to piece together the story of the last heroic hour. And as I sat there in that principal's residence in Oxford, with the light playing about that beautiful room, and looked into the face of that mother, with the serenity of those who have suffered for a cause which has dignified their sorrow, and the patience of those who have translated unutterable pain into mental and spiritual power, I felt like taking off my sandals because I, too, was in the presence of the bush which was burning and not consumed; I, too, was standing upon holy ground.

Now, the thing that must not happen is for any of the superficial or temperamental differences on the day of adjustment to hide from our eyes the moral or spiritual splendor of these last four years. Of course we are going to have differences. We are going to have them honestly; we are going to have them frankly, but they are going to be the differences of right and noble men who understand each other and believe in each other, so that deeper than all the difference there is a unity of common understanding and of common devotion.

Now, what about the future? I really wonder how many of you have ever seen this dream of the British and American life, solidified with all the fine idealism of France added, with all the splendor of a developed Italy, at last with all the gift of a new Russia, and some day, please God, with the addition of a regenerated Germany—I wonder if you have seen what that can mean for the world; and I pause a moment on that regenerated Germany because as long as the heart of your foe is unconquered, there is a danger left which menaces your own life, and Germany itself must be made over spiritually as well as defeated from a military standpoint before the world is profoundly safe. Have you thought of how Britain and America, the great English-speaking peoples, are to move forward in this new day? I think something of it came to me in the most dramatic experience, perhaps, I had while on the other side, when I flew over London in one of the big Handley-Page war planes. There were eight of us that afternoon left the field at Herndon, going about eighty miles an hour, went up and circled round and round over London half a mile up in the air, and then came back. It was a curious experience.

In the first place, those Handley-Page machines are so big. I had a feeling as we went back and forth over the field that the machine could not possibly lift, that it was a great fairy story that any machine had lifted, that it would simply move back and forth over the ground, and when finally the thing actually lifted in the air, I had the supremest physical sensation I ever had in my life. I will say that for just superb physical enjoyment I have never known anything like it. And as we moved up over the city and circled about it, a number of things came to me, and that night when I could not sleep at all, when all during the hours of the night I was going over that experience again, I tried to put in copy some words which would show the spiritual meaning of that flight to me:

FLYING OVER LONDON

(Written October 2, after a flight over London in a British war plane.)

The mighty whirling horses of the car
Plunged madly through the highways of the sky,
Like home-sick meteors from some far star,
Scorning the world and its low destiny,
Whom some kind god had given wings to fly
Back to their planet's distant mystery.
The winds reached out great leaping arms of power,
Strong in their ancient heritage of might,

But bent like abject slaves that shake and cower
In sudden shattering and unmanly fright
When there uncoils in hissing serpent's spite
The menace of the lash above their fearful sight.
The earth sends forth its clutching hands of force
Which held men chained below in all the years.
The car climbs upward in its regal course
Among the high-flying birds, its only peers.
It has subdued all crouching human fears,
It has fulfilled the daring dreams of seers.
Widespread below are towns and fields of green
On to the edges of the purple sea,
And there in clear distinctness sharply seen
Is London in her queenly majesty.
Her spires and palaces and homes you see,
The heart of a great empire strong and free.
The silver ribbon of the sparkling Thames
Winds through the city on its shining way.
The sunlight glistens as a million gems
Send from their facets each a glittering ray.
And by the river in the distance there
Saint Paul's cathedral summons men to prayer.
We circle grandly o'er the ancient town.
We taste the triumphs of audacious flight.
Then strangely presses that most cruel crown
Whose thorns draw blood in many a far-flung fight.
For all the world, a tragic, broken star,
Is held in the remorseless clutches of the war.
But upward, upward, moves our certain way,
And upward, upward, is the world's bold flight,
Up from the cruelties of this dread day,
Up from the heartbreaks of this bitter night;
Up to the highways of the common good,
Up to the radiant heights of brotherhood.

That is the story of the future to be wrought out by the liberty-loving peoples of the world, and my last word, the inevitable last word, is this: Anybody can be a cynic, anybody can doubt. It takes a hero to believe. And civilization survives, carried forward on the wings of the dauntless faith of the world's dreamers.

Now, are we going to settle down into the dull lethargy of heavy and uninspired commonplaceness of those incapable of dreaming great dreams? Are we going to settle down into the confusing and disabling incapacity of those who have lost the soul of splendor out of their lives, or are we going to prove that the least we can do to deserve these immortal boys who have gone to the heights on a chariot of sacrificial fire, is to believe with a new dauntlessness, to serve with a new devotion, to love with a new devotion, and to give

ourselves for the making of a better world; and standing as we stand at the parting of the ways, shall we see Britain, not that Britain whose lion's tail some of us liked to twist when we were studying ancient school books, but that other Britain of our more adequate understanding and our more complete investigation, that Britain whose garments have been soiled sometimes, but which has always risen with a new idealism in its eyes, that Britain whose hands have been torn by battle, but always battled towards something better, that Britain which sometimes having a superficial cynicism always cherishes an undying idealism at its heart?

I wonder if you know that little allegory written by Maarten Maartens, the Dutch author, who says, "Once there was a satirist, and he said so many sarcastic things that his friends killed him, and then they stood around him and looked at him, and said, 'This man just treated the world like a football, he always kicked it.' And the dead man opened his left eye: 'Yes,' he said. 'I did kick the world, but I always kicked it toward the goal.'"

After all, the best thing I can say for Britain is that even when Great Britain has gone upon the football field to kick the world, somehow it has turned out that the world has been kicked toward the goal.

And so, together the master of the idealism of a great commonwealth and the dreaming, dauntless exponent of a new world's eager hope will go out upon the highway of that nobler future which is to be, and together, please God, will make the world a good world for little children to live in, a good world for babies, and mothers who hold the babies in their arms, a good world for common men and common women and little peoples, a good world with the mighty solidarity of the imperishable consecration of the English-speaking world to liberty and democracy, holding steady and true all the mighty enginery of the life on this planet; together then, Britain and America, together to-day, together in all the glad to-morrows that are to be.

THE ARENA

THE RETURNED SOLDIER AND THE CHURCH

No country in the world has done so much for the moral welfare of her soldiers as our own. In no country has the Church stood so liberally

behind the soldier. The world will never know how great a contribution the Church has made toward winning the war. The sympathy, interest, and prayers of the Church have strengthened our men in many a discouraging hour. The service flags in the churches have not only aided the people at home in remembering the soldier, but it has been a vast encouragement to the men to know they were remembered.

Correspondence from Sunday schools, Epworth Leagues, and Brotherhoods has been a vast builder of morale. But the Church has made her best contribution to the winning of the war for the most part indirectly. The Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. are the direct heritage of Christian teaching, and the churches have been a large factor in their work. The personnel of these organizations has very largely come from the churches. The most telling contribution of the Church has been the splendid body of men who have represented the Church in the capacity of chaplains. Few men have been so useful to the army, and, perhaps, no part of the army is so highly respected by the men. It is not too much to say that the chaplains have made good, and have kept many thousands of men in touch with the Church. The Church has followed her members through the person of the chaplain. Very rightly, the chaplains are more seriously regarded than either Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and one reason is that they have more directly represented the churches.

The Church may also be credited with having had much to do in building the splendid fellows who make up the rank and file of our army. Very naturally the war has revealed the weakness of our educational institutions, and especially the superficial character of much that is done in our Sunday schools, nevertheless the fact remains that the church and Sunday school were mighty factors in the lives of our men. Few boys with a good church and Sunday school training have fallen into gross sin. They have stood the moral tests far better than the men without that training. It is estimated that less than five per cent of church-trained men have fallen. Again it is clear to this writer that our college men have, on the whole, stood the tests better than the non-college men. This is due to their wider knowledge on matters of character, especially sex questions. Their college days, with the training in physical well being, and the higher ideals, have stood them in hand, during these days of fearful strain.

Our people will find their boys much changed upon their return, and especially those who have been over a long time and have seen actual service. They will be greatly changed physically. The army system of training develops strong men. It is a physique builder which our athletic departments might well study. Many parents will hardly know their sons when they return.

They are changed mentally. This experience in France has broadened their knowledge of human life, and has given a wider vision. Most of them will no longer be cursed by the "township mind" which many Americans possess. They are cured of "provincialism." They have been brought into touch with the ends of the earth. From henceforth they must be world-citizens.

These men have a wider knowledge of the underworld. By this it is not affirmed that many of them have gained this knowledge by experience, though some have, but because of wide experience and observation. It will also be found that many of them have thrown over the Puritan ideals of their homes, for a more liberal view so called. They have been led to compromise on a good many questions. At least temporarily they have felt called upon to wink at certain evils. The total result will be a little less conscience on several questions. Profanity has been nearly universal, and will now be vastly increased in civil life. Smoking will be vastly increased. Drinking and gambling will both be viewed with less censure. A few have come to entertain so-called broader notions about women. No doubt a majority will react from these viewpoints after their return, but one is made to wonder whether this more liberal construction of morality will not be a curse to American life for years to come. Those who wish to influence the soldier will need to take stock of these facts. However, no greater mistake can be made by church leaders than to directly attack these topics. Wisdom will lead us not to emphasize particular views and vices so much as essential ideals of character. The Church may expect to see most of them gradually revert to their earlier and better ideals.

Over against this is the fact that these men are more religious now than when they left home. This may appear contradictory, but it is true. Many of them have faced death many times. They have suffered not a little. They have felt the futility of all earthly things. Fundamental questions of God and the world have been forced upon them. Thousands have been "shocked" into a lively sense of the Divine. The spiritual world is more real to them now. My personal conversations with scores of wounded men in the hospital have convinced me that something very fundamental has happened to many of them. One does not want to declare that they have been converted, certainly not in the accepted sense of the term. They have been tremendously awakened. They are different men because of the terrible experience through which they have passed. They tell of a new consciousness of God and spiritual things. War does not produce a revival, but in it men are driven to find refuge and encouragement. War knocks away many preconceived ideas, excuses, and prejudices. Men simply must find God, somehow. If I mistake not many of our soldiers have been convicted and awakened. They are going home with many good resolves. The Church will find many of them susceptible. The men themselves hardly know what has happened to them, or the change that has taken place. Their religion at present is unconfessed and inarticulate. Any one who preaches to them, as it has been my privilege to do, cannot doubt that their hearts warm toward religion. The Church must seek to lead these men to openly confess the faith that is in their hearts, and nurture them in Christian ideals.

The Church must not give men up who take a little fling when freed from military service. The discipline of the army has been intense. Both officers and men have been bound by all sorts of rules and regulations. We have endured this severe discipline for many months without

cessation. When free from it there will be many to abuse their liberty. Some men will feel it is their right to have their fling. But we can very easily understand the psychology of this reaction. We, who have lived for nearly two years under this discipline of the army, and have gone through the deadly monotony of these months since the fighting stopped, will have a good deal of sympathy with the fellow who has his fling. But the man who does even this is not lost. Most likely he is a fine fellow with large possibilities. The Church must immediately take hold of the soldier, and show him a good time, and steady him over this dangerous period of reaction. It must also help him to enter again upon civil life. It can do much for him in this critical time, for which the soldier will always be grateful.

Again it will be well for the Church to remember that our soldiers have learned to hate littleness, selfishness, and cowardice. He may be a little lenient in his view of profanity or drinking, but has those great virtues of unselfishness, bravery, patience, sympathy, and sacrifice. He will not take kindly to cramped notions of conduct and will look for breadth in such matters. He will always applaud sympathy and heroism and will be drawn toward such virtues. War has developed these magnificent qualities in many of our men. They will expect to find them in the Church. Will they be disappointed? Our soldiers are not saints, but they are often big strong men, with many praiseworthy qualities. They are rough on the outside, but have hearts of gold. They will take great delight in shocking pious preachers and people with their roughness of language, especially, often picturesque and full of expression. Remember that all this is for stage effect and does not indicate much as to the man's heart. The business of the Church will be to break through this rough exterior to the real man that lies hidden beneath.

The Church, above all else, must show these men a glad hand. It must make its welcome genuine, and its interest must not cease with the first reception or getting them into the church service. It must show that it cares, and that it stands to help a man in the critical turn of his career. Among other particular ministries the Church must exercise its ministry of guidance. Many of these men will get into the ministry if treated kindly. It will be worth while to help them in finding their jobs and in setting up their homes. Thousands of our boys dream daily here in France of the time when they shall lead the sweethearts of the earlier days to the altar and when they shall have homes of their own. The Church must help them realize their dream, and, in doing so, will tie them to itself for all time to come.

The women of the Church may be especially helpful to these men. They have been away from women folks a long time. Mothers and sweethearts will have more influence with them than anybody else.

Now a word to our preachers. Nearly all will depend upon the pastor when the soldier returns. He is now, as always, the pivotal man. The soldier has learned a lot about men. He knows a real man when he sees him. Moreover he loves a real man and will follow him. He cannot long be deceived. He will quickly discover insincerity and weakness.

There is no special aversion for ministers in his mind. He has associated freely and naturally with his chaplain. In no small number of cases he has loved and admired his chaplain and has confided in him. He has frequently opened the deepest things of his heart to his chaplain as a minister of God. But chaplains have generally been virile men. Not noted for piety, but sincere, big-hearted, and genuine. The soldier has liked the manly religion embodied in most chaplains. Will he find the virile manhood in the pulpit? He will in many instances, and when he does there will be no problem left.

Pastors will do well to remember that soldiers like sermons. For nearly two years this writer has been preaching exclusively to soldiers. He has preached to them in companies of ten or a dozen, up to two thousand. He has preached to them in the streets of towns, in the open fields, on mountain sides, in Y huts, and in public theaters, and has never experienced any tendency to resent a sermon. Here the word sermon is used in the ordinary sense. No form of address goes better with soldiers than the sermon. Many prominent men from home have made the mistake of supposing the boys did not want sermons, and gave lectures good, bad, and indifferent. These men will listen to sermons if they are manly and straight out from the shoulder. The preacher must not deal in trivial matters, or sensational topics. If he does the soldier will merely say, "Camouflage." He will be prepared to hear big ideas discussed in the pulpit. He will not long tolerate the man who has no message and merely rants. The preacher with a real message will find the resumed soldier his very best auditor.

HOMER E. WARE, Chaplain Base Hospital.

Somewhere in France.

A JEWISH OVERTURE TO CHRISTIAN CLERGYMEN

CHRISTIAN clergymen in the active pastorate may receive copies of Rabbi H. G. Enelow's recent book, *The War and the Bible*, absolutely without charge, by making application, addressed to J. M., P. O. Box 202, Noroton Heights, Conn.

This offer is made by a group of public-spirited Jews with a desire to promote a still better understanding between American Jews and American Christians.

They hope that this small opportunity for a better acquaintance with the religious sentiments cherished by living, English-speaking Jews will be generally welcomed. They trust that their purpose will not be misunderstood, but that information in regard to where progressive rabbis put the emphasis to-day in the proclamation of the great principles of their religion will add to the respect in which the religion of the Old Testament is already held in the Christian Church.

The War and the Bible is the work of one of our most representative religious leaders, H. G. Enelow, of Temple Emanu-El, New York City, who has been serving for months at the Paris headquarters of

the "Jewish Welfare Board." It has been selected as a good example of the addresses to which our people listen from their working pastors, covering some one great theme in a connected series of discourses.

THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMITTEE.

The undersigned willingly vouch for its good faith and recommend to their colleagues the acceptance of this overture in the same spirit of enlarging fellowship in which it is given.

(Signed) S. PARKES CADMAN.

(Signed) HENRY SLOANE COFFIN.

(Signed) CHRISTIAN F. REISNER.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE HYKSOS

THE Hyksos, called also the Shepherd Kings, have always attracted the attention of such Bible students as have been interested in the story of early Israel. Not a few scholars believe that the Hebrews immigrated to Egypt and were established in Goshen during the Hyksos domination. There is a tradition as old as Syncellus, and, indeed, probably much older, that Joseph became prime minister of Apepi, one of the greatest Hyksos rulers, and that the Hebrews were given Goshen in the seventeenth year of this king's reign. There is, however, no general agreement among Egyptologists either as to the exact time when Jacob and his clan entered Egypt, or the beginning or end of Hyksos rule. Indeed, the story of this people is shrouded in mystery, more so, if possible, than that of the Hittites; for the latter have left a large number of monuments and records or hieroglyphs—to the present time mostly undeciphered. Besides, the Hittites or children of Heth are mentioned several times in the Old Testament, and the Khatti are known to both the cuneiform inscriptions and also to the Egyptian hieroglyphs. For reasons we shall try to explain farther on, the monuments of Egypt are comparatively silent regarding the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings, notwithstanding the fact that they ruled over the greater portion of Egypt for a long time and contributed not a little to its development and civilization.

The earliest reference to the Hyksos has come to us through Josephus from Manetho, an Egyptian historian of the priestly class who flourished during the reign of Ptolemy I. His books, written in Greek, were in three parts: The first part began with the early myths of Egypt and came down to the eleventh dynasty; the second covered the period from the twelfth to the nineteenth dynasty; and the third book discussed the history of Egypt from the twentieth dynasty to the reign of Alexander the Great. Thus his works cover milleniads. What sources he drew from or depended upon cannot be ascertained, for, unfortunately, we have no complete copy of his history. Consequently quotations from Manetho's are often taken at a discount, seldom at full value, unless corroborated by

the monuments of his native land, by records left upon temple walls, sepulcher, coffin, or papyrus. Josephus's trustworthiness as historian, moreover, has also been subjected to unfriendly criticism. Did Josephus quote directly from Manetho, or did he take his statements from some compilation of the Egyptian historian, made up some generations after Manetho's death? We may not be able to answer these questions, but must admit that everything we now possess by way of quotation from Manetho comes to us second hand, and is found in the works of Josephus, Eusebius, "the father of ecclesiastical history" (c. 262 A. D.), Julius Africanus, a Christian historian, also of the third century A. D., and George the Syncellus.

The quotation by Josephus concerning the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, is considered the fullest and best we possess on the subject under discussion. Whoever, therefore, would study this question cannot afford to overlook the account as given by the Jewish historian, even though some of his statements may appear misleading or even contradictory. For that reason we deem it wise to reproduce at some length what he claims to have taken from Manetho. These are the words of Josephus as given in his "Essay Against Apion" (Book I, 14).

"We had formerly a king named Timaos. It came to pass in his reign, I know not how, that God was displeased with us; so there came up from the East in a manner that was strange, men of ignoble race, who had boldness enough to invade our country, and without a battle they easily subdued us by their power. When they had defeated our rulers, they burned our cities and demolished the temples of our gods, and subjected the inhabitants to all form of barbarities, even murdered some of them, and led away their wives and children to captivity.

"At length they made one of themselves king; his name was Salatis; he lived at Memphis, he forced both Lower and Upper Egypt to pay tribute to him. He also left garrisons in the places best suited for that purpose. He paid the greatest attention to strengthen and fortify the eastern frontier, for he foresaw the growing power of the Assyrians, and was afraid they might some time desire to invade his kingdom. And as he found in the Salte Nome, on the east of the Bubastis Channel, a city which from some old theological notion was called Avaris, one well adapted for his purpose, he rebuilt this and fortified it with massive walls, and garrisoned it with 240,000 men fully armed. Salatis reigned thirteen (19) years and died. . . . Another king named Deon reigned after him forty-four years; he was succeeded by Apachnas, who reigned thirty-six years and seven months; then came Apophis, who reigned sixty-one years; then Ianiaas (Jannas), who reigned fifty years and one month. Then, after all the above, came Assis and reigned forty-nine years and two months. These six were the first rulers amongst them. During the entire period of their supremacy they waged war against the Egyptians, hoping thereby to annihilate the entire race.

"All this nation was called Hyksos, that is, Shepherd Kings; for the syllable *Hyk* signifies king in the sacred dialect and *sos* means a shepherd, but only in the ordinary dialect of these two syllables is com-

posed the word Hyksos. Some say that these people were Arabians. . . . These people, denominated Shepherd Kings, and also their descendants retained possession of Egypt five hundred and eleven years.

"After these things he (Manetho) says, that the kings of the Thebais and other provinces of Egypt rebelled against the Shepherd Kings and that a terrible war was made between them, till the Shepherds were overcome by a king named Misfragmouthosis and were driven out by him from the other parts of Egypt, were shut up in a place which contained ten thousand acres, and was called Avaris. Here the Shepherds built a massive wall around the place in order to keep all their possessions and their prey within a fortified place.

"But Thummosis, the son of Misfragmouthosis, made an attempt to take them by force and by siege with four hundred and eighty thousand men; but just as he was about to give up the siege in despair the city capitulated. They promised to leave Egypt if permitted to go whithersoever they pleased. According to the terms agreed upon, they left Egypt with all their families and possessions, numbering no fewer than two hundred and forty thousand. They made their way through the desert in the direction of Syria. But being afraid of the Assyrians, who at that time ruled Asia, they built a city in that country now called Judea, a city large enough to accommodate that number of men, and they called it Jerusalem."

Till comparatively recent times the above extract from Josephus was regarded, in the main, as correct and trustworthy. It has, however, of late years become quite fashionable to reject it as unreliable and all but worthless. For, it is said, were it granted that he quoted *verbatim* and directly from Manetho's original work, there is no evidence that the latter's history was, at least for the greater part, anything more than a collection of traditions and legends, mere folk-lore, and at best resting upon doubtful basis. Special objections have been made to the use of the term Assyrians and also to the statement that the "incredible" number of two hundred and forty thousand men garrisoned Avaris. Now the term Assyrians might have been used loosely, much in the same way as many Americans, more or less educated, employ the word Dutch; or, indeed, the word English instead of British. As to the large number of soldiers in the fortress at Avaris, there is nothing about this either incredible or even improbable. Thus we see that quite as much can be said in favor of the Josephus-Manetho statement as against it.

When we come to the origin of the Hyksos people we find a great variety of opinions among those best fitted to express an opinion upon the subject. They have been identified with the Arabians, Phœnicians, Elamites, Accadians, Hittites, and even the Hebrews. That they were Asiatics is generally conceded; and many of our best scholars agree also that they were Semites rather than Turanians or Mongols. That they entered Egypt from the north, or rather, northeast, will not be disputed. Nothing is better established than that there were caravan routes and military roads connecting Egypt and the Euphrates-Tigris basin as well as the intervening sections or territories at a very early date in the

world's history. Not only great armies, but also great bands of merchants passed up and down these routes constantly. There is a great temptation to think that the Hyksos represented one of the great world powers of antiquity, Elamites, Babylonians, or Hittites, for one of these powers would be a worthy match for the forces of Egypt. If they did come from Elam or Babylonia we might have justly expected some reference to them in the cuneiform inscriptions. There is none, however. It is, therefore, much more reasonable to conclude that the origin of the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, must be sought among smaller clans and tribes less known to history, peoples accustomed to the simple life, who made but little use of written records or great monuments. Such a confederation of small clans and petty tribes could have been formed in the regions northeast of the Egyptian frontiers, including the Bedouin of the Sinaitic peninsula and extending northward to the Dead Sea, thence on either side of the Jordan as far north as Damascus or Kadesh, and then those in the interior of Palestine and along the Mediterranean coast northward to the Orontes and beyond. The term *Shepherds* would apply well to such an aggregation and justifies the etymology of *Hyksos* as given in the *Josephus-Manetho* account, for the majority of these nomads inhabiting the hills and ravines of the regions just enumerated would be keepers of sheep and cattle. Though not as cultured as the Egyptians, they were, nevertheless, people of great physical endurance, and of much natural mental strength. It goes without saying that all these would have business relations with Egypt, and that they regularly exchanged commodities with the rich merchants of the Nile Valley. Nothing could be more likely than that many of these shrewd sons of the desert would be attracted to the delta and the country farther south, for was not Egypt in those days the garden of the world, famous for its fair climate, rare fertility, great wealth, luxurious living, and pleasures of all kinds? Was it not the *Eldorado* of ancient times, a magnet for those living in less favored territories, where it was hard to keep soul and body together? At first individuals would be drawn to this fair land, then whole families, then entire clans or tribes, until finally these rugged, frugal foreigners, all more or less closely allied in habits and modes of life, if not in language, would form the majority. The supposition that these clans or peoples went in ever increasing numbers is perfectly legitimate, and having taken possession of the northeastern portion of the country, they gradually extended their conquests until they had become masters of both Upper and Lower Egypt.

Nor can there be any doubt that the wealth and luxurious life in Egypt had contributed in no small degree to the change of dynasty. As usual, the era of prosperity and luxury was followed by a period of effeminacy, depression, and unrest, a period of moral and mental flabbiness. Great rulers were succeeded by pleasure-loving and obscure kings. Divisions and discords arose and left the country unprepared for opposing the more sturdy foreign invaders. It was at such a time of profligate living and internal dissensions that the *Shepherd Kings* gained a firm footing and assumed control of the government. It is also possible that

the new method of warfare contributed to the defeat of Egypt, for the opinion prevails that the Hyksos made extensive use of horses and war chariots.

But history repeats itself. These foreign invaders from the north-east were in their turn expelled from Egypt. Their expulsion, like their entrance, may have been gradual. The Theban princes drove them step by step as far as the Delta, where they defended themselves for a season, only to be driven to their fortresses on the frontier. Though strongly fortified at Avaris they were forced to give up this stronghold too, and kept retreating farther and farther north. These rugged shepherd folks conquered Egypt to be, in turn, conquered by Egypt. They grew in power and wealth, but with increased luxury and riches there came increased degeneration, self-indulgence, and inefficiency. They entered Egypt strong and independent. As they grew less barbarous, more refined, and assumed Egyptian culture they lost the vigor of their ancestors, until at last they were too weak to withstand the attacks of the people they once conquered. Or, as Erman aptly puts it: "Civilization will kill a rough nation of nomads as surely as the plants from the desert die in a good soil." As is generally the case when a less cultured people subdue a nation of greater culture, it is, only a question of time till the higher civilization triumphs, and the conquerors adapt the customs, manners, and even the language of those vanquished by them. So too with the Shepherd Kings: as time went on they too became more and more Egyptianized. Their assimilation by conformity to native customs, intermarriage, and luxurious living served to weaken them as a separate power. Thus their expulsion from the land they had once conquered and ruled over for centuries became a comparatively easy matter.

As already stated, the duration of Hyksos supremacy is still unsolved. "Historians," says Maspero, "are agreed in recognizing the three epochs of Manetho as corresponding with (1) the conquest and the first Hyksos kings, including the fifteenth Theban dynasty; (2) the complete subjection of Egypt to the sixteenth foreign dynasty; (3) the war of independence during the seventeenth dynasty, which consisted of two parallel series of kings, the one Shepherds (Pharaohs), the other Thebans." (*The Struggles of the Nations*, page 73, note 1.) According to Erman the fifteenth dynasty lasted 284 years, the sixteenth 234 years, and the seventeenth 134 years. This is 150 years longer than the time in the Manetho-Josephus account. Petrie accepts the 511 years of Manetho and gives the probable date as B. C. 2098 to B. C. 1587. Sayce makes it 669 years, that is, from B. C. 2269 to B. C. 1600. Brugsch and Budge argue for an earlier date, and place the Hyksos expulsion at about B. C. 1750. All this proves that Egyptian chronology has not yet been reduced to a scientific basis.

At first sight it is strange that a people who held sway in Egypt for so many generations should have left so few traces of itself or should have been all but completely ignored in the monumental records of a land so rich in such records. This may be accounted for in several ways. The Hyksos, at least in the early part of their rule, had no great love for im-

posing buildings, fine statues, and written documents. They were more practical and less given to elegance and culture. It seems that they had more talent for destruction than construction. Rawlinson, speaking of this period, uses this strong language: "Egyptian civilization had been annihilated by an avalanche of barbarians; the whole country had been devastated; tombs had been rifled; papyrus burnt or torn to shreds; even stone monuments were partially defaced and injured." The destruction of temples and sacred places is the more easily understood if we accept the general view that the Hyksos people were monotheists, while the Egyptians were polytheists and worshiped many gods. The story of the children of Israel as narrated in the Old Testament furnishes abundant parallels on a smaller scale.

Again the Egyptian rulers who succeeded the Hyksos upon their expulsion from Egypt, mindful of their destructive nature, their tyranny and oppression, would not be slow in destroying whatever monuments these "spoilers, robbers, and profane people" from Asia had left behind them. They wanted nothing which could in any way recall Egypt's subjection to a foreign race for so many generations. It was simply a matter of paying them back in their own coin. Such has been human nature in every age of the world. Even in our own day, it is the same, and even in the United States. German monuments have been destroyed or put out of the way. German books have been burnt, the names of cities, streets, and parks have been changed. Even Schiller, "the poet of freedom," did not escape. We may believe that the method employed in Egypt thirty-five centuries ago by those who drove out the Hyksos will be repeated by the French people. Every monument erected in Alsace and Lorraine by the Germans since 1871 will disappear.

Looking at the matter in this light, we are not surprised at the scarcity of Hyksos monuments, nor should we think it at all a strange thing that the Egyptians themselves had so little to say of their despised enemies and former conquerors.

But scarce as they are, there are nevertheless a few references on the Egyptian monuments to this hated race of Shepherds, as well as a few objects of undisputed Hyksos origin. There is, for instance, the Sallier Papyrus I, supposed to have been written in the second half of the nineteenth dynasty. From this we learn that Apepi (the Apophis of the Greek writer) conquered the greater part of Egypt, received tribute from the princes of Thebes and other portions of the land, that he worshiped Sutekh (Baal of the Semites) and refused to serve any other god in the whole country, and that he also built this god a magnificent temple, wherein he offered daily sacrifices, as well as on special festivals; nay, more, in true royal style, went so far as to try to force the cult of his own god upon the rest of the people. Here, too, should be mentioned a monument of the great queen Hatshepsut on which we read: "I have restored that which was ruin, I have raised that which was unfinished, since the Asiatics were in the midst of Avaris." This was written less than a century after the expulsion of the Hyksos. Breasted gives still another one, which is from a soldier in the Egyptian army that expelled the

Hyksos, and who was present at the siege of Avaris, where they were utterly defeated and driven northward through Palestine to Cœlosyria.

But coming to the monuments of the Shepherd Kings themselves, we must first of all mention an altar or sacrificial table in black granite, found at Cairo, but is supposed to have come from Memphis or Heliopolis. It is dedicated by Apepi to Sutekh. According to Maspero, this same king dedicated several tables of offerings at Tanis, and engraved his cartouche upon sphinxes and colossi of the Pharaohs of the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties, without, however, removing the inscriptions already upon them. And, furthermore, that he erected temples side by side with the sanctuaries of the feudal gods both at Bubastis and at Tanis.

Now when we come to Khian, the greatest of the Hyksos kings, who is usually identified with the Jannas of Manetho, and whose dominion, we are told, extended from the Nile to the Euphrates, we find his name engraved upon a number of objects; of these should be mentioned the lower part of a statue found by Naville at Bubastis. The hieroglyphs upon this monument are similar to those on a broken lintel found at Gebelen, south of Thebes, on which is the name of Apepi. At Bagdad was discovered a small lion cut in gray granite, and at Cnossos a jar lid in alabaster, both having the inscription of Khian. How these came to Mesopotamia and Crete will remain a mystery. None of the objects above mentioned possess any great artistic value, and compare poorly with the monuments of many other dynasties, nevertheless they are very valuable. "Khian's monuments," says Griffiths, "inconspicuous as they are, actually extend over a wider area—from Bagdad to Cnossos—than those of any other Egyptian king." The existence of a mathematical papyrus, written or at least copied during Apepi's reign, testifies to some scientific culture during that age.

Finally, as a further proof that the Hyksos were Semites, attention should be called to the name of their first king, Salatis, in the Manetho account. The root is the same as that of *shalat*, to rule, in Hebrew. Compare also the term *shalit*, translated ruler in the English versions of Gen. 42. 6.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM

THE Protestants of France number only about 600,000 souls, yet manifestly they occupy to-day a highly significant strategic position among the Christian forces of the world. The high significance of their position is due not merely to their being an organic part of a great and wonderful people, whose valor and moral fortitude in the war assure us of their vocation still to bear a leading part in the affairs of mankind. The special vocation of French Protestantism is, we believe, to win millions of merely nominal Catholics to hear and obey the gospel and to represent

among the nations the spirit of widest evangelical catholicity. Do they already manifest enough of this spirit to warrant the hope that they will really fulfill this high mission?

We cannot, of course, venture a categorical answer to such a question as this. We can only record our impression that French Protestantism has experienced a profound awakening to a sense of the urgency and magnitude of its task. In the past the Protestant churches of France have been for the most part content to minister to the portion of the population that traditionally belongs to them. They determined not to proselytize. But they did not duly recognize their mission to the millions of French people who had inwardly broken with Catholicism but had not turned to evangelical Christianity, for they had never heard its message. Now, however, the leaders of French Protestantism seem to be well awake to their responsibility.

Undoubtedly the French Protestants are, and for some time will be, in sore need of help from abroad. The help should be in the first instance financial, in order that Protestant worship may not only be rehabilitated, but that it may be newly established in places where the call for it is clear and urgent. In the next place, the help should come by way of a much larger and more intimate personal fellowship. On the other hand, it need not consist in the occupation, by our several denominations, of French territory as a mission field. It would doubtless be very helpful and at the same time acceptable, if we should send, formally or informally, our strongest and wisest Christian leaders on temporary missions of help and cheer. But these should go as representatives of an evangelical catholicity, not as introducers of alien sects. And, going as wise men, they would know that there would be as much for them to receive as to impart in their spiritual intercourse. This would hold true also in relation to the Christians of many another country, but there are some particularly fine features in French Protestantism.

Among the excellent qualities of the French Protestantism of to-day there is one that deserves special recognition. It is the spirit of universal Christian fellowship, the desire for a richer communion with the evangelical Christians of other countries. This spirit was not always so clearly in evidence. And yet at the worst the French Protestants have shown less of provincial narrowness than has sometimes characterized the churches of some other lands. By way of illustration it may be pointed out that French theological writers have long displayed a better acquaintance with German theology than has generally characterized the theologians of the Church of England. But that which we specially remark in the present attitude of the leaders of French Protestantism is their desire for a real international conciliation and for such an understanding among Christians of all lands as shall ground a real peace, a *pax divina*, which is so much more than a *pax Romana*.

Among the publications that reflect the spirit of present-day French Protestantism special mention may be made of the fortnightly *Foi et Vie* (Faith and Life), edited by Paul Doumergue. While in the past this admirable journal received its chief impress from the dis-

tistinguished church historian, Émile Doumergue of Montauban, and so represented a very positive orthodoxy in opposition to the liberal tendencies of Sabatier and Ménégoz in Paris, the religious problems brought forward by the war have lent it a new aspect. The periodical appears in two parts, of which the second (which need not be included in the subscription) is in each instance made up of one important essay or speech. The subjects of these articles in the last four years have related to the war. Their authors are men of real distinction—such men as Émile Boutroux, member of the French Academy; Gide, Denis, Bouglé, professors in Paris, and Bois and Doumergue, professors of theology at Montauban. The themes are handled with great ability and in fine spirit. We make particular mention of Professor Bois's "La Démocratie et l'Évangile," Boutroux's "Morale et Démocratie" and "Après la Guerre," Doumergue's "La France demande des Citoyens," and finally Denis's "L'Allemande vue du dehors" (Germany as viewed from without). This last article has an added interest from the fact that it is written with special reference to a compilation made by certain distinguished German scholars and published in 1916 under a similar title: "Deutschland im Urteil des Auslandes früher und jetzt." To the German compilers themselves belongs some credit for frankly recognizing the vast difference between the praise accorded Germany by such writers as Mme. de Staël, Carlyle, Dickens, Victor Hugo, Renan and others, and the condemnation meted out in every quarter to-day. These articles and the more diversified contents of the first part of *Foi et Vie* give one the impression of a large faith and hope and charity. And without question we may confidently expect the Protestants of France to press on with courage and vigor to a larger and more fruitful work than they have yet achieved.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Shorter Bible; The New Testament. Translated and arranged by CHARLES FOSTER KENT, with the collaboration of CHARLES CUTLER TORREY, HENRY A. SHERMAN, FREDERICK HARRIS and ETHEL CUTLER. 16mo, pp. xix+305. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.00, net.

IN his stimulating volume, *The Lord of All Good Life*, Donald Hankey made the suggestion that a shortened Bible would greatly enhance the value and usefulness of the sacred Book. "There are thousands of verses in the Bible," he wrote, "which are of no conceivable value for the ordinary man; and for many the Bible is a closed book, simply because it is so big that they despair of finding their way about it. . . . The Bible contains the finest literature in the world; but in its present form it is not adapted for the use to which it is put—as every Christian's manual of life. It is meant to be a help, but we often make it a burden

and a stumbling block." This volume by Kent and four others very successfully carries out the idea of a shorter Bible with the New Testament. It will be supplemented by another volume on the Old Testament. The arrangement of the material is both logical and chronological. The first section is a selection of passages from Luke, chapters 1 and 2, and Matthew, chapter 2, on the Universal Significance of Jesus' Birth. This is followed by a long section on the Life of Jesus, based on the Synoptic Gospels, and divided into subsections, according to topics. The next large section is devoted to the Teachings of Jesus; it is on the Master Teacher and His Disciples, and What He Taught on God and Man, Man and Society, Man and His Neighbor, the Essentials of True Happiness. The Acts is divided into two parts on the Work of Jesus' Early Followers in Palestine and Paul's Missionary Work; the second part also includes passages from the epistles which illustrate the narrative of Acts. The next section gives the best parts from Paul's letters. Then comes the Later Writings, and finally a section on the Gospel of John which tells of Jesus the Teacher and Saviour of Mankind. The references to the sources from which the selections are made are not given in the text, but in the table of contents, and this is supplemented by an index of biblical passages. Most of the subsections have happy titles, which show that the editors have done their work with insight and sympathy. Among the titles are: "The New Brotherhood," "The Supreme Loyalty," "The Importance of the Receptive Attitude," "The Democracy of the Kingdom of God," "Fidelity to Jesus' Ideals," "Steadfastness in the Hour of Stress," "God's Viceroy on Earth." The translation conveys the vividness and rugged strength of the original and by the use of colloquial words reproduces more accurately the *κωινή* of the New Testament writers. At times the translation is a paraphrase which gives the thought of the sacred writers instead of being a literal rendering of their language. In this respect the editors follow the excellent precedent set by the Authorized Version. "Come with me" is better than "follow me." "A heavy squall" is more in accord with the facts than "a great storm." "Yeastlike hypocrisy" is clearer than the "leaven of hypocrisy"; "follow where I lead" than "follow after me"; "modest in spirit" than "poor in spirit"; "gentle" than "meek"; "consecrated to me by faith" than "sanctified by faith in me"; "impelled by a sense of duty" than "bound in spirit." "The Christian way of teaching and living" is more intelligible than the brief words "the way." "May I never boast of anything except the Cross" is more forcible than "far be it from me to glory save in the Cross." "The spiritual man can see the true value of everything, but his own true value is seen by no man" carries more weight than the translation of the American Revision, "he that is spiritual judgeth all things and he himself is judged of no man." "The love of Christ controls us" means more than "the love of Christ constraineth us"; "the innermost being" than "the inward man"; "rekindle the divine gift" than "stir up the gift of God"; "crown for right-doing" than "crown of righteousness." "Religion is a great source of gain when it brings contentment" is less ambiguous than "godliness with contentment

is great gain"; "remain united with me" than "abide in me"; "that one who was doomed to destruction" than "the son of perdition." We welcome this volume because it throws needed light on the sacred page and will help to make it better understood, more appreciated and increasingly precious.

The Sources of the Hexateuch. By EDGAR SHEFFIELD BRIGHTMAN, Ph.D., Professor of Ethics and Religion in Wesleyan University. 8vo, pp. 395. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, \$3, net.

A WORK of this sort does not need originality so much as painstaking patience and scholarly insight. One of the charges against historical criticism is that too much reliance is placed on hypotheses which have contradicted one another with tantalizing rapidity. This was inevitable in the early stages of investigation, but is now uncalled for. After a century of tedious research, we have arrived at the place where it is possible to gather up some of the tangible results and to relate them to the practical study of the Bible. This is done for the first time in a large and intelligible way for the first six books of the Bible by Dr. Brightman. He accepts the documentary theory of composition, but is careful to set forth the views of all schools, conservative and progressive, without any polemic bias, but in a spirit of scholarly impartiality and in fairness to the ascertained facts of history. Any student who consults the better commentaries is at once faced by discussions of the several documents which have been welded into the Hexateuch, and he is at sea, unless he understands the character of these different writings. Indeed, such a knowledge is indispensable for a profitable study of the early institutions and inspirations of ancient Israel, to whom God spoke through lawgiver, priest, and prophet. It further enables us to follow the course of revelation; to see the hand of God in that primitive history, as it was manifested in divers portions and manners; and to relate the partial unfoldings of the mind and will of God to his fuller declarations through the later prophets, reaching their sublime climax in Jesus Christ. Another advantage is that the so-called "mistakes of Moses" become phantoms of the imagination, as soon as we recognize that these writings were a compilation, showing unity of idea, but not of execution, and produced according to Oriental literary standards which take no account of authors and authorities as is done by modern Occidental scholarship. What seem to be contradictions and inconsistencies are thus explained, and we think of the Old Testament more as a record of inspired history than as an inspired record of history. Canon Driver has well expressed the thought in his invaluable Introduction to the literature of the Old Testament. "Criticism in the hands of Christian scholars does not banish or destroy the inspiration of the Old Testament; it *presupposes* it; it seeks only to determine the conditions under which it operates, and the literary forms through which it manifests itself; and it thus helps us to frame truer conceptions of the methods which it has pleased God to employ in revealing himself to his ancient people of Israel, and in preparing the way for

the fuller manifestation of himself in Christ Jesus." There are four recognized documents woven into the Hexateuch, each marked by distinct characteristics. The Deuteronomic or prophetic narrative is an independent writing and can be read as such in the Bible. The other three can now be read consecutively in Brightman's rearrangement, in which he uses the American Revision. The Jahvistic or Judean narrative, known by the symbol J, was written about 850 B.C. in the Southern Kingdom of Judah: it is the most picturesque and fascinating of the sources, marked by poetic power and deep religious insight. The Elohist or Ephraimite narrative (E) appeared about 750 B.C. and belongs to the Northern Kingdom: it is marked by an antiquarian interest, is more friendly to sacrifice and ritual than J, and has a keener moral sense. The agreements between J and E are explained by the theory that both used the same historical material. The Priestly Code (P) is chiefly interested in ritual law and ceremonial practices, in genealogies and statistics: it was written between 538 and 500 B.C., and its style is "stereotyped, measured, and prosaic." All these questions are carefully discussed by Dr. Brightman in the introductory chapters to each of the documents. In addition, there are brief introductory notes, which are excellent reports of the finding of scholars on disputed passages. The footnotes deal with differences of interpretation or textual emendations. The consensus of scholarship on this whole subject is consistently reckoned with, and the volume has been prepared to help those who know little Greek and less Hebrew. Even those who do not accept the main results of critical scholarship, will find this a book worth consulting. Its repeated use will prove it to be indispensable to all intelligent and trained Bible students. May their number grow in pulpit and pew, to the glory of God.

The Coming Day. By OSCAR L. JOSEPH. 12mo, pp. 185. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25 net.

We congratulate Mr. Joseph on the fullness and felicity of the work of his pen. He has won a deserved reputation among the Protestant denominations for his clear, concise, and scholarly interpretations of Christian doctrine and polity. This latest book will increase that reputation and strengthen his hold upon thoughtful ministers and laymen, who crave instruction rather than exhortation, and conviction rather than mere persuasiveness. The volume deals with widely misunderstood questions, such as The End of the World, Armageddon, the Millennium, the Judgment, the Second Advent, Immortality, Heaven. An author has need of historical information, and, what is better, historical thinking, of patient and wise statement, and also a comprehensive knowledge of Holy Writ, if he is to handle these disputed mysteries of divine revelation with any marked degree of success. Mr. Joseph possesses the required qualifications and furnishes satisfactory results in this volume which sets forth the central meanings and values of the Christian gospel on these controverted themes, at present uppermost in the minds of all thinking people. The evidences of his wide and discriminating reading,

his independent thinking, his devout meditation, and his zeal for the gospel, around which the clouds of trailing glory gather, are abundantly manifest. The spiritual emphasis which really determines the value of books of this character is admirably maintained. Sane and intelligible views govern his unfolding of the great hopes enshrined in the Apocalyptic Scriptures. He does not treat them as insoluble enigmas or as landmarks in a fantastic chart of future events, nor does he avoid with erroneous inconsistency that entrance into the cloud which bespeaks a timorous faith. The supremacy of the Risen and Living Christ, and his indispensable sovereignty in the process of the ages is the dominating and constructive note of his expositions. The last chapter on "Christ or Chaos?" summing up the argument of the book, sets forth the issue with unusual forcefulness. "Indeed, it is Christ himself that the troubled and distracted world most urgently needs. And mark you, it is the complete Christ who alone can satisfy. The partial Christ of our creeds and churches is not enough. It is the many-sided Christ of the New Testament, who wonderfully appeals to all classes of people by the charm of his character, the sensitiveness of his sympathy, the joy of his pardon, the blessedness of his bounty, and the peace of his presence. This is the Christ who not only holds up high and exacting standards of duty, but who also offers the fullest and most enriching help. He is the Christ of history, as genuine as any of the splendid personalities who has left his stamp on the life of men, only he has done it more thoroughly. He is also the Christ of experience, the living one, who abideth for evermore, and who is able to save unto the uttermost, to liberate to the fullest, and to empower in the highest, for the sacramental service of mankind." "We are therefore confronted by two alternatives. One is to accept the spiritual idealism of Jesus, which secures for us an outlet for the healing forces of liberty, righteousness, and fraternity. The other is to choose materialism, after the fashion of clay-eaters, and go round in a circle with bleared vision, seared conscience, and vitiated deeds." The general method of the author is to show the invalidity of the literalistic conceptions that have held sway in the church as a result of attempting to translate Oriental metaphors into the forms of western thought and speech. The chapters on "The Judgment" and "The Second Advent" are particularly suggestive, but it is equally true of the rest of the book that the writer's temper is irenic, his outlook keen, his style lucid, and his conclusions address themselves both to the reason and to religious ideals. There is no attempt at a thorough-going treatment of the critical questions involved. That would have made the book an academic discussion and placed it beyond the reach of the average reader who most needs light, and, who, for lack of a rationale of these subjects, is bewildered and distracted. Mr. Joseph nevertheless reckons with the conclusions of constructive Christian scholarship and writes with an adequate knowledge of the history of the church and its contact with the world of philosophy, politics, and social relations. The opening chapter, on "The End of the World," is a discerning review of world movements and a clear exposition of the Christian ideal. There is no better book to place in the hands of men and women

who are troubled about the issues it presents. They have been long neglected by authoritative men, too long left to the tender mercies of muddled minds, distorted by enthusiasm, and greedy of wonders. We may be certain that these themes will always have an unfailing interest for multitudes of loyal believers who are anxious for the day to break, when goodness will walk unafraid on the earth, clad in the armor of God's redeeming grace. And Mr. Joseph deserves their gratitude for the illumination he imparts and the guidance he affords in this book, which is a distinct contribution to the popular exposition of these large subjects, and a bold, challenging, and courageous tonic for the new times.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Joyce Kilmer. Poems, Essays and Letters. Edited with a Memoir by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY. Two Volumes. 12mo, pp. 271, 290. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$5 net.

A FRIEND describes young Kilmer in his early twenties when a salesman in a New York book store: "One who met him then felt at once a gracious, slightly courtly, young presence. He gave forth an aroma of excellent, gentlemanly manners. He frequently pronounced, as an indication that he had not heard you clearly, the word, 'Pardon?' with a slightly forward inclination of his head which, altogether, was adorable. His smile, never far away, when it came was winning, charming. It broke like Spring sunshine, it was so fresh and warm and clear. And there was noticeable then in his eyes a light, a quiet glow which marked him as a spirit not to be forgotten." Rupert Brooke, the exquisite poet, was twenty-eight years old; Dixon Scott, whose posthumous volume, *Men of Letters*, contains some of the finest literary criticisms, was thirty-four years old, and Joyce Kilmer was thirty-two years of age, when their lives were sacrificed on the altars of freedom. What Kilmer wrote of Brooke fully applies to his own case and to many another youth of rare promise, cut short in the morning splendor of their days:

"In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young.
His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
But let no cloud of lamentation be
Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry."

These two volumes are a precious legacy and what Holliday writes in his memoir is a true estimate of Kilmer's life and writings. "It is the felicity of these pages that they cannot be dull. It is their merit, peculiar in such a memoir, that they cannot be sad. It is their novelty that they can be restricted in appeal only by the varieties of the human species.

It is their good fortune that they can be extraordinarily frank. It is their virtue that they cannot fail to do immeasurable good. And it is their luck to abide many days." We think of Kilmer as a blithesome spirit, brimful of life and love, friendship and faith, goodness and beauty, captivating everyone by his joyous and genial winsomeness. Of his comrades in the field he wrote: "Say a prayer for them all, they're brave men and good, and splendid company. Danger shared together and hardships mutually borne develops in us a sort of friendship I never knew in civilian life, a friendship clean of jealousy and gossip and envy and suspicion—a fine, hearty, roaring, mirthful sort of thing, like an open fire of whole pine trees in a giant's castle." The testimony of Father Duffy, chaplain of the 165th Infantry, is expressive: "There was something of what the Scots call 'fey' about him as a soldier. He was absolutely the coolest and most indifferent man in the face of danger I have ever seen. It was not for lack of love of life, for he enjoyed his life as a soldier—his only cross was distance from home. It was partly from his inborn courage and devotion—he would not stint his sacrifice—partly his deep and real belief that what God wills is best." In one of his last letters he wrote: "Pray that I may love God more. It seems to me that if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distractions, that absolutely nothing else can matter." This is the underlying thought in his poem, "Thanksgiving":

"The roar of the world is in my ears.
Thank God for the roar of the world!
Thank God for the mighty tide of fears
Against me always hurled!

"Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,
And the sting of his chastening rod!
Thank God for the stress and the pain of life,
And oh, thank God for God!"

There was no mystery about Kilmer's deep and natural religiousness. His ancestry was enough to account for it. He came of devout Methodist stock. His mother was brought up a Methodist. His maternal grandmother, Mrs. Kilburn, living in New Brunswick, N. J., in the eighties and nineties of the last century, was a kind of city evangelist, a woman in whom dignity of character, force of will, fervency of faith and joyous evangelistic labor made a strong combination. She established and for years conducted a Rescue Mission in the poor quarter. A refined and devout woman belonging to a noble New Brunswick family, who knew Mrs. Kilburn and her work, now writes: "Her whole being was an altar afire with love and praise. Melting pity for the unsaved moved her to the outcasts of society. Her mission was open night and day. In addition she held regular religious services at the jail. One of the prisoners whom she led to Christ, a Norwegian, became a coworker in her mission." Doubtless, Kilmer's religiousness and clear faith and joyous temperament descended to him from the most ardently religious character in his immediate ancestry, this great-souled grandmother, whose presence in his home

enveloped his childhood in an atmosphere of genuine piety. Kilmer's father was superintendent of Christ Church Sunday School, and named his baby boy after his minister, the Rev. Mr. Joyce. His career is an illustration of the stirring lines of Sir Walter Scott, whom he so greatly admired:

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

He literally burned out by the sheer intensity and impetuosity of his nature, and one would hardly wish it had been otherwise. His poems have the freshness of the morning, the hearty gaiety of life, the thrill of adventure, the quality of humanity, as he sings of love and home, of duty and patriotism, of friendship and religion. One of his last letters gives his conception of poetry. "All that poetry can be expected to do is to give pleasure of a noble sort to its readers, leading them to the contemplation of that Beauty which neither words nor sculptures nor pigments can do more than faintly reflect, and to express the mental and spiritual tendencies of the people of the lands and times in which it is written." His own verse could not be better described, and in his poems we find some of the best expressions of American idealism. The first of his poems to really fascinate the public was entitled "Trees," of which the following lines give a glimpse:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.
I think that I shall never scan
A tree as lovely as a man.
A tree depicts divinest plan,
But God himself lives in a man."

He sang of the common things and the daily drudgery of life and enabled many to see the romance of the commonplace. The concluding verses of a poem called "Delicatessen" show how easily and naturally he rose from the drab to the sublime:

"O Carpenter of Nazareth,
Whose mother was a village maid,
Shall we thy children, blow our breath
In scorn on any humble trade?
"Have pity on our foolishness
And give us eyes, that we may see
Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress
The splendor of humanity."

The poet is not only an idealist, but also a soldier, and it was inevitable that when the war broke out, Kilmer should decide to enlist and make his

way to the front where danger was the greatest. In "The Proud Poet" he celebrated the prowess of soldier-poets as a resentful reply to the charge that poets are effeminate. "Rouge Bouquet," written in France, is one of his best poems, but it is too long to quote and a few lines could convey no idea of its martial sentiments. We must, however, quote "The Peace-maker," which was the last poem he wrote:

"Upon his will he binds a radiant chain,
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
It is his task, the slave of Liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease, he yields his flesh to pain.
To banish war, he must a warrior be.
He dwells in Night, eternal Dawn to see,
And gladly dies, abundant life to gain.

"What matters Death, if Freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for Freedom, goes with joyful tread
To meet the fires of hell against him hurled,
And has for Captain him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the cross upon a conquered world."

Religion was the first thing in his life, and the religious note sounds in his poetry and his prose. In reply to a statement that many of our most famous writers to-day are anti-Christian, he wrote in a letter: "Do you not think that a reaction is coming? Already we have Chesterton, and Belloc, and Bazin, and Miss Guiney, and Father Vincent McNabb, and a number of other brilliant writers who, not as theologians, but purely as literary artists express a fine and wholesome faith. People are beginning to tire of cheap criticism and 'realism' and similar absurdities." It was just as easy for Kilmer to express himself in prose as in poetry, and his use of both forms of the literary art gives evidence of a full mind and heart. He was a prolific journalist and one of the most accomplished. The literary interview was one of his successful specialties. His essays have the flavor of Charles Lamb with their quaint humor and shrewd observations. His estimate of the poetry of Hilaire Belloc is one of the finest samples of literary criticism. "The Gentle Art of Christmas Giving" is a veritable gem. "The Inefficient Library" is unequalled for humor, irony and literary values. In a letter he wrote, "To tell the truth, I am not at all interested in writing nowadays, except in so far as writing is the expression of something beautiful. And I see daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words, and I find it more satisfactory. I am a sergeant in the Regimental Intelligence Section—the most fascinating work possible—more thrills in it than in any other branch except possibly aviation. And it's more varied than aviation. Wonderful life! But I don't know what I'll be able to do in civilian life—unless I become a fireman!" His letters to a wide circle of friends reveal the man in the genuine manliness, heartiness, loveliness of his nature. He was one of the choice spirits of American life and letters. Since Sergeant Joyce Kilmer was killed at the

* front in France last July and his feet went up the shining way, we have often recalled his verses entitled "Main Street":

"God be thanked for the Milky Way that runs across the sky.
That's the path that my feet would tread whenever I have to die.

"Some folks call it a Silver Sword, and some a Pearly Crown.
But the only thing I think it is, is Main Street, Heaventown."

The Golden Milestone. By F. W. Boreham. 12mo, pp. 276. New York & Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

THE latest installment of Boreham from our Publishing House. Boreham never palls. There are no dull pages. His essays are the easiest kind of thoughtful reading, all beguiling. You simply float along on the gently flowing stream, and the banks that border are beautiful. You have David Grayson, and Brierley, and several others all in one, plus the singular, peculiar, and original individuality of Boreham's own inimitable style and quality. The *Golden Milestone* essay takes its title from Longfellow's words, "Each man's chimney is his *Golden Milestone*, from which he measures every distance through the gateways of the world around him." This volume takes its title from one of the twenty-four essays on an amazing variety of subjects, some of them odd and surprising, all of them suggestive and stimulating; as inviting and enticing as paths that lead over the hills and far away; the pages more full of living than of dreaming; the turnpike road of actual human journeyings under a sky full of visions. Our fumbling attempt only shows how difficult it is to describe or express Boreham. We are seldom so bewildered as when we try to select one of his essays from among the others; being unable to find any clear reason for preference, we do it haphazard, which seems unworthy of a reasoning being. But since an orthodox minister announcing as his subject "My Lost Faith" excites more attention for the moment than he attracted so long as he remained orthodox, we will give this Australian preacher his moment of special notoriety by letting him explain in our pages his change of belief. Here it is without quotation marks: This morning finds me in a heretical mood. Indeed, I am not only a heretic; I am a rebel. I am in flagrant and open revolt. I have lost the faith of my boyhood. It has gone, and gone for ever, that simple, positive, implicit confidence. I have not only lost it; I scorn it, I deride it, I laugh at it. I am ashamed to think that I ever held it. And yet how firmly I once believed in it! If anybody had suggested to me that it might one day prove false, I should have replied, in boyish phraseology, that pigs might fly. And now it *has* proved false, and, with the air full of biplanes, pigs may be expected to fly at any moment! Yes, the old creed used to stand like adamant. '*I believe in arithmetic*' I used to say; and I said it with profound conviction. I always had my doubts about grammar; it seemed so utterly arbitrary and void of authority. And geography seemed very questionable indeed; half a dozen first-class explorers might upset the whole thing, and a big war might paint the entire map in different colours.

But I believed in arithmetic. "I believe in multiplication," I used to say devoutly; "that twice two are four; I believe in addition—that two and one are three; I believe in subtraction—that one from five leaves four; I believe in arithmetic, in mathematics, in statistics, in majorities!" Here was my creed, and I used to think, as I repeated it, that I was uttering the last word in the universe, and that when I had so spoken there was no more to be said. And when I first made the Church's acquaintance, I was pleased to find that my faith was the Church's faith and that I could become a humble member of her august fellowship without deserving the brand of the heretic. I discovered with delight that the Church dealt in annual reports, copiously besprinkled with telling numerals, and in statistical tables all added up and worked out with elaborate averages and percentages. "It is all right!" I said to myself, as I tremblingly submitted myself to the Church's approval. "It is all right; the Church believes as I believe! She believes in arithmetic as firmly as I do. She believes in multiplication—that twice two are four. She believes in addition—that two and one are three. And she even believes, though with a wry face, in subtraction—that one from five leaves four. She believes as I do in arithmetic, in mathematics, in statistics, in majorities!" And so I joined the Church with a right good will, not swallowing her dogmas in order to approve myself to her, but rejoicing that she held so tenaciously and taught so clearly the very things that I had come to believe so certainly in the days of my childhood. She believed in arithmetic, and so did I. We were drawn together by that powerful and natural affinity. And now it has all gone, gone like a dream, that boyish faith of mine. I no more believe in the Rule of Three than I believe in the Rule of Thumb. I no longer believe in multiplication or in addition, and certainly I no longer believe in subtraction. I have no faith in mathematics, in statistics, or in majorities. The whole thing is to me a species of Mumbo-Jumbo. I despise myself for ever having been deceived by it. My old faith is gone, and I am glad it is gone. What the Church will say when my defection, my rebellion, is reported, I cannot imagine. But here I stand, my old faith stripped from me, naked but not ashamed. If any of my old friends are inclined to think harshly of me for my betrayal, I can only plead that I was compelled by two separate forces to abandon my former faith. My Bible and my experience of the world alike made it impossible for me to believe any longer in arithmetic. I think more respectfully of grammar now than I used to do at school, and I entertain a much higher regard for geography, but arithmetic has gone for ever. After reading my Bible, and gaining some practical knowledge of men and things, I could never trust figures any more. Figures are like fairy-tales—they serve a useful purpose in developing the imagination of young children—but when you have said that, there is no more to be said. No man can know either the world or his Bible and believe in arithmetic. I blush with very shame to think that I ever really fancied that two and two made four, or even that one and one made two. Now when you come to think of it, there is more in this matter of mathematics than one would at first suppose. The philosophers have got into some glorious tangles over it. In criticizing the doc-

trines of Kant, Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, declared, for example, that three and two make five. It seemed on the face of it a fairly safe assertion. "Three and two make five," the learned Master of Trinity declared. "We cannot," he went on, "conceive it otherwise. We cannot by any freak of thought imagine three and two to make seven." But G. H. Lewes, the author of the *History of Philosophy* and the companion of George Eliot, will not allow this for a moment. He maintains, and he quotes Herschell in support of his contention, that there is nothing at all self-evident in the contention that three and two make five. And John Stuart Mill once boldly affirmed that he could easily imagine a state of things under which two and two do not make four. Now here is the doctrine of addition in trouble already. The philosophers have their doubts about it, and the philosophers are not alone. The thing has been fought out in court. An insurance case was being argued before a Bench of seven judges some years ago, and everybody knows of the implicit faith that the average insurance company puts in actuarial computations. Figures are a perfect fetish here. Well, one of the barristers was reeling off a string of telling statistics, and was evidently making more of them than he was entitled to do. Imagine his bewilderment when Lord Craighill quietly interpolated: "But two and two, you know, do not always make four!" The whole court was astounded at the judicial interjection. "If two and two do not make four," snorted Lord Young impatiently, "what on earth are we sitting here for?" Whereupon, to the immense relief of Lord Craighill, Lord McLaren came to his assistance. "Well, you know, it all depends," said Lord McLaren; "there must be a certain unity and conformity between them; you could scarcely say that two candles and two tons of coal make four!" Now this raises a very nice point. I am reminded of the old soldier who had an insatiable passion for tabulating and adding up things, and who recorded the outstanding achievements and experiences of his life in this way:

Battles	7
Wounds	6
Children	8
<hr/>	
Total	21

On the face of it there is a good deal to be said for the theory that seven and six and eight make twenty-one; but Lord McLaren would rule it out, and I am sure the philosophers would not allow it. Two candles and two tons of coal do *not* make four. That is precisely the point at which I suspect the statistics that the Church sometimes flourishes so proudly. You must know what the things are that you are counting. If you cannot add candles to coal, it is certain that you cannot add Judas to John. The staggering discovery that the Church made in the days of her earliest infancy was that eleven and one do not make twelve; but that sensational revelation has not materially shaken the Church's childlike confidence in figures. Take the parable of the talents, for example. Here, if any-

where, there is employment for the ecclesiastical statistician; here, if anywhere, he should be in his element. "The kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country who called his own servants and delivered unto them his goods." What happened? Ask our ecclesiastical statistician. The statistician, believing in the ridiculous fallacy that two and two make four, gets to work adding things up. The good man delivered to his servants $5+2+1$ talents $= 8$; and received from them on his return $10+4+1$ talents $= 15$. Whereupon the statistician beams with delight. How splendidly the three servants did! But it will never do. One and one and one do not make three. Five and two and one do not make eight. Ten and four and one do not make fifteen. These totals, three and eight and fifteen, so dear to the heart of man who believes in arithmetic, do not come into the story at all. The three men are never added together. Service and sloth can no more be added together than can coal and candles, or John and Judas. The church secretary, believing in arithmetic, can add me up with a lot of other people if he likes; but in the Day of Judgment the addition will all be exploded. I shall no longer be lost in the crowd. The three servants will answer each for himself—one and one and one. For one and one and one will not make three in the calculations of the last day. Even now one pound one shilling and one penny do not count as three in any reasonable scale of reckoning. That is a great story that Gibbon tells of Abu Taher: "In a daring inroad beyond the Tigris Abu Taher advanced to the gates of Bagdad with no more than 500 horse. By the special order of Moclader the bridges had been broken down, and the person or head of Abu was expected every hour by the commander of the faithful. His lieutenant, from a motive of pity, apprised Abu Taher of his danger and recommended a speedy escape. "Your master," said the intrepid Carmathian to the messenger, "is at the head of 30,000 soldiers; three such men as these are wanting in his host." At the same instant, turning to face his three companions, he commanded the first to plunge a dagger into his breast, the second to leap into the Tigris, and the third to cast himself headlong down a precipice. They obeyed without a murmur. "Relate," continued the imaum, "what you have seen; before the evening your general shall be chained among my dogs." Before the evening the camp was surprised and the menace was executed." The statistician would have reckoned the forces of Abu Taher as only 500; and as he counted the 30,000 impotent defenders of Bagdad the figures would have rolled musically over his tongue. For heroes and wasters, pounds, shillings, and pence are all alike to him. Each counts one. Let all who swear by statistics take warning. Now that is precisely the weakness of democracy. A democratic form of government is, I suppose, the nearest approach to a perfect form of government that has ever been invented; yet nobody would argue that it is a perfect form of government. And the chasm that yawns between it and perfection is the chasm into which we have just been peering. It adds Judas and John together, saying as it does so that one and one make two. It gives the ne'er-do-weel, the waster, and the scoundrel the same voice in the affairs of State as the man of intelligence and integrity to whom the

whole community looks up in respect. "If there is one lesson written more legibly than another upon the annals of the world, it is that majorities are almost always wrong!" So said Mr. W. S. Lilly in *The Nineteenth Century* the other day. "I hate the very word *majority*," George Gissing makes one of his characters to say; "It is the few, the very few that have always kept alive whatever of good we see in the race. There are individuals who outweigh, in every kind of value, generations of ordinary people." And Schiller asks a question to the same purport:

What are mere numbers? Numbers are but nonsense;
Wisdom is never found save with the few;
Votes should be rightly weighed, not only counted;
Sooner or later must that State go under
Where numbers rule and foolishness determines.

I do not know what one and one make; I only know what they can never, *never* make. One and one can never by any possibility make two. If one and one are like coal and candle, like Judas and John, like the good and faithful servant on the one hand and the wicked and slothful servant on the other, you cannot add them together at all. But if they are of such a character that you *can* add them together, then one and one will make much more than two. I was travelling on a ship the other evening. I was strolling on the port side of the deck; I noticed another minister strolling on the starboard side. Here we were—one and one. Presently we introduced ourselves to each other, and spent the evening in delightful comradeship. Some of the thoughts suggested by our chat that night will cling to me to my dying day. Inspirations visited the two of us together that could never have come to either of us singly. And when we went at length to our cabins we both recognized how very much more than two one and one may often make. To be sure! Hopeful and Christian felt the same thing, and commented upon it in their wonderful walk. In his *Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, too, Henry James makes the casual remark that "every man works better when he has companions." Now if every man works better when he has companions, it is clear that, when he has companions, every man becomes a man and a quarter, or a man and a half, or even two men, and counting is out of the question. That is just it: counting is always out of the question. It is bad news for the census-enumerator, but it is true. Somebody asked the other day how many men there were on Robinson Crusoe's island. The census-enumerator looks wonderfully wise and, with an air of finality, says "One!" It is ridiculous. It has been pointed out that Robinson Crusoe took with him to the island everybody who had ever taught him anything, everybody whom he copied or imitated or followed. All the men and women who had been his relatives and friends and teachers and guides went with him to his exile. Otherwise his mind would have been a blank and he an imbecile. The census-taker gets out his form and calls "One!" But we, being wiser, know that there were thousands. That is the worst of trying to count. Elijah tried it, and he also said "One!" and he said it very confidently. "I, even I only, am left." "And the Lord said unto him, There are seven

thousand!" It was a bad blunder, but no worse than all the statisticians make. Arithmetic is an impossible science. I do not believe that any man who has once fallen in love will ever be persuaded that one and one are only two. I do not believe that any happy couple, into the sweet shelter of whose home a little child has come, will ever be convinced that two and one are only three. And I am certain that no such pair, from whose clinging and protecting arms their treasure has been snatched, will credit that one from three leaves two. In the great crises of life one's faith in figures breaks down hopelessly. I was reading the other day a story of a census-taker who was working on the east side of lower New York, and came to a tenement that was literally crowded with children. To the woman who was bending over the wash-tub he said: "Madam, I am the census-taker; how many children have you?" "Well, lemme see," replied the woman, as she straightened up and wiped her hands on her apron. "There's Mary and Ella and Delia and Susie and Emma and Tommy and Albert and Eddie and Charlie and Frank and——" "Madam," interrupted the census man, "if you could just give me the number——" "Number!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I want you to understand that we ain't got to *numbering* 'em yet! We ain't run out o' *names*!" The more I see of the world and the more I read my Bible the more clearly do I see that I am living in a world of Marys and Elias and Delias and Susies, and not in a world of tens and hundreds and thousands and millions. My Bible only introduces arithmetic to make it look ridiculous. What about the story of the spies? What about the story of Gideon? What about the story of Goliath? Seventy times seven works out at about a billion in the New Testament. When the Bible deals in quantities at all, it generally tells you that things are as the stars of the sky for multitude and as the sands of the sea-shore innumerable. "Are they few that be saved?" some one inquired of Jesus; and the only answer is the picture of a multitude that no man can number, a host that no statistician can count! And so I say "Good-bye!" to my old faith in figures. I am really glad to be rid of it. I do not know what the Church, with her carefully compiled statistics, will say about it. But I am not without hope that she may even yet escape from the limitations of the Book of Numbers into the immensities of a boundless Bible, and the heresy which afflicts me to-day may be her own pride and profession to-morrow. Who can tell?

An Ethical Philosophy of Life. Presented in Its Main Outlines. By FELIX ADLER. Royal 8vo, pp. viii, 380. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Price, \$3 net.

THIS volume is one of the best expositions of the attempt to divorce morality from religion. But such a program has never been known to work and the depressing note which repeatedly recurs in these pages is evidence that Ethical Culture and all such methods of living cannot offer any balm to the human soul, lamed and doomed by sin and sorely in need of redemption. We agree with the author's contention, which is an echo of New Testament teaching, that every human being is an end *per se*,

worth while on his own account. We also approve of his forceful protest against all forms of exploitation, whether of individuals or of lesser developed peoples by the more advanced. In studying the worth of man we must assuredly have before us "the ideal of the whole"; but Dr. Adler stops with ethical energy and does not reckon with spiritual energy which comes through communion with God. To be sure, he uses the word spiritual, but its content is impoverished because he has no place for God, in place of whom he substitutes "a universe of spiritual beings interacting in infinite harmony." We are, therefore, not surprised that in Book III on practical "Applications," he declares that the word "Frustration" is expressive of the conduct of life. In spite of his disclaimer, such doctrine is both pathetic and melancholy, and, in the last analysis, it is paralyzingly pessimistic. If there is no personal God, in the theistic sense, there cannot be prayer. It is a gross misuse of the sacred word "worship" to apply it to the homage offered to the members of a holy community. Humanity is at best a dubious deity, and it is a serious question whether it has place in any pantheon. If it is to be our god we shall be compelled to live without any expansive horizon and in the suffocating hot-house of introspection and subjectivity. Dr. Adler acknowledges that his philosophy of life is defective. One reason for this is that no ethics worthy the name could be propounded apart from a religious basis. Moral aspiration, moral feeling, moral obligation cannot be related to an impersonal law nor receive inspiration from abstract truth. The dry abstractions of ethics have always dampened ardor where not strengthened by religion. It is plausible enough to exhort us to arouse the desire to see in others the god, the *numen*, the master end; but without the bright shining light of a personalized ideal, such as we have in Jesus Christ, it were to travel in a circle, if we attempted "to idealize the fair quality in others and thereby achieve the concomitant transformation of the self." We hold that God is the source of all authority, even he who is revealed through nature, reason and history and most perfectly through Jesus Christ. But Dr. Adler has an absurd idea of Christianity and he labors under serious misapprehensions. The chapter on "The Teachings of Jesus" would make our Master an uncompromising and cowardly pacifist. To declare that the last word in ethics has not been spoken by Jesus is to infer that there is a more penetrating and more comprehensive principle than love. But there is no indication of this in Dr. Adler's volume, in which he discourses on love, but without the constraining force of the New Testament ethic. There are sections in this volume marked by sympathetic discernment. This is particularly so of the chapters on "The Supreme Ethical Ideal," "The Family," "The Vocations," and "The State." The social philosophy herein expounded is based on the threefold reverence toward superiors, equals and inferiors. The three great tasks that occupy human life are: "To build our finite world (science and its adjuncts). To create in the finite the semblance of the infinite or spiritual relation (art). To strive to realize the spiritual relation in human intercourse (ethics and religion)." When he states that the task of being a cheerful world-builder was abandoned in dismay by Christianity, Dr. Adler shows an inexcusable

ignorance of the history and achievements of Christianity during the last one hundred years, not to go beyond this period. "The attitude of the Christian is other-worldly. He shuns intimacy with the finite world and turns his face toward his 'true home.'" This is either caricature or misunderstanding, or both. He who writes that the New Testament shows preference for celibacy should read it again. The chapter on "Religious Fellowship" has some good things, but also much that is not good because of the defective conception of religion. What is written about the ethical teacher applies with the same force to the Christian teacher; but we would add that he must above all things have an intimate knowledge of the genius and power of Christianity if he is to succeed in stimulating those whom he influences to attain and to press forward to the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. When death has been so busy reaping the greatest harvest in all history, it is a sheer mockery to offer the spurious consolation of the immortality of influence. The affectionate memory of the departed brings no adequate solace to the bereaved and what is written on this subject is utterly superficial. The concluding chapter on "The Last Outlook on Life" has a paragraph which should be quoted. It is the confession of the writer, who might be described as an inquiring spirit, and over it might be written the word "Frustration," which is a fitting legend of Adler's philosophy of life. "I have reached the bourne, or am very near it. The shadows lengthen, the twilight deepens. I look back on my life and its net results. I have seen spiritual ideals, and the more clearly I saw them, the wider appeared the distance between them and the empirical conditions, and the changes I could effect in those conditions. I have worked in social reform, and the impression I have been able to make now seems to me so utterly insignificant as to make my early sanguine aspirations appear pathetic. I have seen the vision of democracy in the air, and on the ground around me I have seen the sordid travesty of democracy—not only in practice but in idea. I have caught the far outlook upon the organization of mankind, the extension of the spiritual empire over the earth by the addition to it of new provinces, and I do not find even the faintest beginnings, or recognition of the task which the advanced nations should set themselves. I scrutinize closely my relations to those who have been closest to me—and I find that I have been groping in the dark with respect to their most real needs, and that my faculty of divination has been feeble. I look lastly into my heart, my own character, and the effort I have made to fuse the discordant elements there, to achieve a genuine integrity there, and I find the disappointment in that respect the deepest of all." How fearfully depressing is this swan-song of the leader of ethical culture. It is in radical contrast to that of the ancient lawgiver: "The eternal God is thy dwelling-place, and underneath are the everlasting arms"; and of the Christian apostle: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day: and not only to me, but also to all them that have loved his appearing." How unlike it is to the

triumphant assurance of our blessed Lord: "In the world ye have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

The Visions of An Artist. Studies in G. F. Watts, R.A., O.M., with Verse Interpretations. By H. W. SHREWSBURY. 8vo, pp. 187. London: Charles H. Kelly. Price, seven shillings six pence, net.

THOSE who have read *The Annals of an Artist's Life*, by Mrs. Watts, are familiar with the noble character of George Frederic Watts, who had the soul of a prophet and who set on canvas some of the most remarkable interpretations of life and destiny. Ruskin once said: "He is the greatest who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideas." Judged by this canon, Watts occupies a high place. He not only had insight but ability to stir emotions akin to those which inspired him in his creations, and the language of his art possessed the accent of universality, so that his productions are secure against the ravages or changes of time. "It is impossible to stand before one of Watts's great symbolical pictures and examine it closely without realizing that deep thoughts were in the artist's mind, and that he is striving to give expression to them, that *his* thoughts may become *ours*." So writes Shrewsbury, who expounds with artistic and poetic insight and a devout spirit twenty-one of the masterpieces of Watts, which are reproduced in Vandyck photogravures and add to the value of this volume. Each chapter is introduced by an original poem which gathers up the chief points of the particular picture studied. The first chapter is an introduction to the man, his methods of work and his influence. Watts was intensely religious, and his ideas of religion were expressed in two sentences: "Religion is the constant desire to do right, not merely saying, 'I want to do right,' but the strong desire itself, like some powerful spring in machinery, keeping up the whole by its pressure. Religion is nothing unless it is the music that runs through all life, from the least thing we do to the greatest." One of his favorite mottoes was "the utmost for the highest," and this is evidenced in all his work. The familiar painting "Sir Galahad" is an interpretation of the quest of the highest. It is a picture of prayer, "not in the sense of bended knees and bowed head and closed eyes, but in the highest sense of all, communion; prayer as a man prays when passing through some lovely landscape, or when lifting his eyes to the starry heavens, or when treading crowded streets with a sense of great responsibility resting upon him; the prayer of a man of action pausing for a moment in the midst of the stress and strain of life to refresh his spirit with a vision of the loftiest things and to draw inspiration from the Source of all true greatness." Another notable painting is "Hope," mistakenly described as an image of despair, but imparting inspiring lessons to those who have tried and failed, and encouraging them to toil on, for success is not achievement and applause but character. Julian Grenfell, the poet, who fell in Flanders, had the right idea when he wrote: "I agree with what you say about *success*, but I like the people best who take it as it comes, or doesn't come, and are busy about im-

practical and ideal things in their heart of hearts all the time." A stirring appeal to Christendom is given in "The Spirit of Christianity." It was dedicated to all the churches and searchingly exposes the folly and weakness of bigotry and schism. The warning is greatly needed in these days. Would that it were heeded by the "Church at odds with its own self and life"! The passion of the eager prophet of God is seen in the paintings "Mammon" and "The Minotaur," two of the fearful world tyrants against whom war must be endlessly waged. "I want," wrote Watts, "to take away the terribleness of Death, and the irrational shrinking of men and women before it. My aim is to represent Death as a gracious mother calling her children home." This is strikingly shown in "Love and Death." It is not a dread messenger, but one who leads "from darkness and decay into the sunshine of eternal day, into the presence of Love's primal source." The impressive panel "The Court of Death" represents all classes and conditions of the human race paying inevitable homage to Death seated on a throne with stern and tender face, in whose lap lies a new-born babe, symbolizing that death is not only an ending but a new beginning, the commencement of a fresh cycle of development for scholar and nobleman, for rich and poor, for young and old. "The Happy Warrior" is most timely for our own day as we recall the heroes who have fallen for the cause of liberty. "The Messenger" is a psalm on old age. This picture is the more significant when it is remembered that the artist closed his earthly career at the advanced period of eighty-eight years, and worked with unabated vigor to within a month of his demise. He was over seventy-eight years old when he painted "Jonah," and it occupied him a week. In his eighty-second year he commenced the colossal statue of Tennyson. His conceptions of both old age and death had the spirit of buoyancy. Shrewsbury writes: "The fear of old age is with many second only to the fear of death. It need not be so. Rather should old age resemble that sweet eventide of life so exquisitely drawn by Bunyan in his description of the land of Beulah, trees always in blossom, unclouded sunshine, songs floating across the river of death from the celestial city; and angel visitants flitting to and fro with gracious words on their lips. It is there that the blessedness of a life well lived is fully experienced." The last study is of "Love Triumphant," a symbolical representation of the last conquest, where love takes the dark threads of our sorrows and weaves them into the perfect fabric of our life to be. We unreservedly commend this volume. The spirit of insight and appreciation manifested in every chapter is well expressed in the poem on Watts and his message:

"He sought the truth, he sought with eager longing,
As one who knew no search for truth forbidden,
And ever to his mind new thoughts came thronging,
Mingled with visions from a dull world hidden;
And through his soul there ran a mighty passion
To share, with all who cared, his splendid dreaming;
In glowing tints, or sculptured form, to fashion
Those images with which his brain was teeming.

In loftiest themes he found his inspiration,
But not for gain he wrought his masterpieces;
Freely he gave, and through his gifts the nation
Its heritage of noblest thought increases.
Yet his most glorious records are not written
On canvas, sculpture, frescoed walls or ceiling,
But in the souls, by sin or sorrow smitten,
To whom Hope, Love, and Kindly Death revealing,
His messages have come as balm of healing."

Occasional Addresses. By the Right Hon. H. H. ASQUITH. 8vo, pp. x, 194. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$2.25.

IN his *Recollections*, Viscount Morley refers with appreciation to the younger generation of Liberals who had sprung up in 1886, and were destined to exert much influence in political life. Among them were Haldane, Asquith, Grey, Acland, who had the temper of the world and the temper of business, who also had conscience, character and took their politics to heart. Referring to Asquith in another connection, Morley wrote: "The understanding and affinity between Asquith and me, from the intellectual and political point of view, is almost perfect. He is more close in expression than I am, but we both have in different ways the *esprit positif*; we are neither of us optimists; we start from common educational training, though his was in the critical hours of education much better." This volume of addresses by Asquith breathes the serene and lucid air of academic thought applied to literary, professional, and political questions. With the exception of the personal tribute to Earl Kitchener, all the addresses and speeches were delivered before the tumultuous days of the war. They deal with a wide range of subjects of continuous interest and are expressed in the mellifluous language for which Asquith is justly famed. On the function of criticism, which is both positive and negative, he says: "By discriminating between that which is true and that which is false, between good and bad art, between reality and imposture, by dethroning the ephemeral idols of fashion, and recalling the wandering crowd to the worship of beauty and of greatness, criticism plays the part of vitalizing and energizing force in social and intellectual progress. It performs the double duty of solvent and stimulant." This thesis is illustrated from a wide range of reading and thought, while he convincingly supports his contentions for a type of criticism which is open-minded, many-sided, not sectarian but catholic, impersonal in the best and largest sense, and marked by imaginative insight. In these days of rash and hasty judgments from pulpit, platform and press, the exacting standards set forth in this address should be carefully studied. In "Culture and Character," he deservedly scores "the superficial smatterer who knows something about everything and much about nothing." His plea for style is worth its weight in gold: "If a certain width of range is essential to the reality of academic culture, it is equally true that, in external form and expression, it is, or ought to be, marked by precision, aptitude, harmony—by the qualities,

in a word, which combine to make up what we call style. In all artistic production there are three factors—the subject, the form in which it is presented, and the vehicle by which the presentation is effected. In each of the separate arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, music—the particular vehicle controls and limits the choice of subject. But given appropriate subject and apt vehicle, and there is nothing in which the insight of genius is better tested than in the mating of the two, it is the formative capacity of the artist which determines the value of the product. That sounds like a platitude when we are talking of the fine arts; but it is strange how careless of form even highly educated people show themselves in the commonplace everyday acts of speaking and writing. A vast deal of the slipshod and prolix stuff which we are compelled to read or to listen to is, of course, born of sheer idleness. When, as so often happens, a man takes an hour to say what might have been as well or better said in twenty minutes, or spreads over twenty pages what could easily have been exhausted in ten, the offence in a large majority of cases is due, not so much to vanity, or to indifference to the feelings of others, as to inability or unwillingness to take pains. And the uncritical world, just as it is apt to mistake noise of utterance for firmness of character, has an almost invincible tendency to think that a writer or orator cannot be eloquent unless he is also diffuse." This forceful criticism reminds us of John Foster's essay, "On Some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been Rendered Unacceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste." One of his explanations was "uncouth language and a barbarous diction, giving the gospel the air of a professional thing which must have its peculiar cast of phrases." Asquith points out that the aim and end of education is to free us from the dogmatic temper which relies on authority and not on the reason. "To be open-minded; to struggle against preconceptions, and hold them in due subjection; to keep the avenues of the intelligence free and unblocked; to take pains that the scales of the judgment shall be always even and fair; to welcome new truths when they have proved their title, despite the havoc they may make of old and cherished beliefs—these may sound like commonplace qualities, well within every man's reach, but experience shows that in practice they are the rarest of all." In the Rectorial Address on "Ancient Universities and the Modern World," he suggests that the trained man should keep the windows of the mind, and of the soul also, open to the light and the air. "We must take with us into the dust and tumult, the ambitions and cares, the homely joys and sorrows, which will make up the texture of our days and years, an inextinguishable sense of the things which are unseen, the things which give dignity to service, inspiration to work, purpose to suffering, a value, immeasurable and eternal, to the humblest of human lives." In his speech on "Edinburgh" he utters a note of warning against some of our present-day dangers: "The modern world, with its steam-roller methods, its levelling of inequalities, its lopping of excrescences, its rounding of angles and blunting of edges, all of them in due place and season healthful and even necessary processes, tends inevitably and increasingly

towards uniformity, sameness, monotony. Let us do all we can, both in our children and in our cities, to keep fresh and potent the saving salt of individuality." His tribute to Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol, holds up an ideal worthy of emulation by all teachers, whether in the chair or the pulpit. "He had none of the vulgar marks of a successful leader either of thought or action. He founded no school; nor was he the author or the apostle of any system, constructive or even critical. In a sense it is true that he left behind him no disciples; and to those who think that no man can stamp his impress upon his generation unless he is either a dogmatist or a partisan, his career will be a constant puzzle. But to us who knew him and saw him in the daily life of the college, the secret of his power is no mystery. We cannot hope to see again the counterpart of that refined and fastidious mind, in whose presence intellectual lethargy was stirred into life, and intellectual pretentiousness sank into abashed silence. Upon his generosity no call could be too heavy; with his delicate kindness he was ever ready to give the best hours of either the day or the night to help and to advise the humblest of those who appealed to him for aid." Many other passages could readily be quoted for the sake of keen thought and perfect phrasing, but enough for the present to commend a volume of exceptional merit and of particular value to the preacher as a model of expression and appeal.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Life and Letters of Maggie Benson. By her brother, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo, pp. 446. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, with sixteen illustrations, \$2.50 net.

AN interesting and engaging family, the Bensons. They live finely and die into books. Being a Benson, Maggie must have a book written about her. Simultaneously Arthur, being a Benson, had to write another book. These two imperatives coincided and the result is before us. Copious and fluent the Bensons are. In 1905 Maggie wrote to Arthur: "Some of our family must emigrate, or English literature will be flooded." She herself wrote several books on political economy and philosophy and other themes. When a self-denial week was ordered in England to help win the world-war, London Punch said: "A. C. Benson practices self-denial by abstaining for a week from publishing another book." A great advantage it is to a gifted family to have its own gifted omniblographer, full of intimate inside knowledge. Arthur wrote a memoir of his older sister, Nelly; then the life of his father, the archbishop; then the life of his younger brother Hugh, a proselyte to Romanism. All these were frank, unaffected, intimately revealing, and in perfect good taste. If any one desires to breathe the highly intellectual and cultured atmosphere of the ecclesiastical aristocracy of the Anglican Church, dwelling in a bishop's palace, he can find it in the Benson books. When Arthur

talked with his mother about writing Maggie's life, she saw reasons why he should not, but he thought they were not good reasons. He decided it was worth while to record a life that was happy, useful, always fine; much hampered and baffled by invalidism, but spreading itself helpfully and generously in many directions. He considers that the best reason for making record of a life is that it was of a rich, noble, beautiful quality, as was the case with his sister Maggie; a life which showed human existence to be something large and high and grand. Arthur Benson rightly thinks that to show to those who would live nobly if they could, how to live more nobly, is one of the best services that can be rendered to the world. This book begins naturally with some glimpses of Maggie's childhood. She was backward and could not read by herself until she was five. When she burst into angry tears over a subtraction sum, a looking-glass was held before her face to show her how ugly she looked; which greatly humiliated and offended her dignity. She cried often over her studies. When she was punished for some misdemeanor by being required to sit quiet in a chair, the sulky child said, "Ven I get up, I'll vip my doll." In her childish troubles she, like the rest of us, would go for comfort to her mother, put her head down on the soft shoulder, and say, "O, mamma!" to which the expected reply was, "O, Maggie!" and that was enough. While growing up, she was a silent, shy girl, afraid of publicity and social intercourse, easily abashed, feeling awkward, fearing to express herself in words or acts. This gradually diminished, yet even in mature years she was sensitive and diffident, averse to much society. A school friend remembers her commenting on Longfellow and asking what sense there was in speaking of leaving "footprints on the sands of time," when the next tide would wash them all out. One friend says, "Maggie was keen on people doing things together. She believed in the value of *Societies*. She made much use of this, and was always arguing for the virtue of getting together and massing forces. Once when we were talking, I had just been inquiring for the train which would bring me to a friend's house in time for luncheon. I was questioning whether worship necessitated going to church. Maggie insisted on the benefit and necessity of doing things *with* other people and making religion social; and turned on me with, 'Why, Maud, you see how particular you are to get there in time to have luncheon *with* your friend.'" Arthur Benson tells something very interesting about his father going to be Bishop of Truro. The religious current was strong in Truro, and Bishop Benson began his work there just after he had been deeply moved by a great "mission" at Lincoln. By habit he was reticent about spiritual matters in personal intercourse. But in the "mission" he had found himself in the midst of religion that was social, outspoken, and frank. He discovered that religious things could be spoken of in ordinary intercourse without affectation or indelicacy and with positive benefit. When those sensitive and searching Cornish folk found that their new bishop came to them in this spirit they acclaimed him as "a converted man," and were full of enthusiasm and eagerness. He felt the warmth of the delightful Cornish mind, so wel-

coming and responsive. Bishop Benson used to say that the Cornishmen whom he met on the road expected a smile, and a word about the weather, and a word about God. But the bishop never quite gained the natural evangelical accent of religion. Ruskin visited the school where Maggie Benson was a scholar. He complained that students' rooms were too luxurious, too many easy chairs, etc. He told the girls that the thing they needed most and first was common-sense. Here is one of Maggie's mature and thoughtful sayings: "The result and end of knowledge is to find that you don't know anything, and then to be content and wise enough to begin on a platform of faith." This was preparatory to a book she wrote on *The Venture of Rational Faith*. She heard at Oxford a lecture on Buddhism, and learned that among his various successive births Buddha was born six times as a snipe, once as a frog, and twice as a pig. Thus was the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration illustrated and confirmed, and its alluring and variegated prospects opened to its believing disciples. When she got to reading the Koran, Maggie wrote, "It is so dull and silly and vulgar, I can scarcely go on." The writer of this book notice rereading parts of the Koran recently was strongly impressed with its resemblance to the style and level of the book of Mormon. When Beth, the family governess, was told that one of the Benson babies squinted, she replied that he didn't squint, and that all babies squinted, and that he would get over it. This is in a letter to her brother Hugh: "I meant to write sooner, but time slips by like the jelly of which it was said, 'You puts it in your mouth and you thinks you has it, and my! ain't it vanished.'" This to brother Arthur: "The prostrations of the clergy at the cathedral are too much for me. What with candles and posturings, etc., there is no need to go to Rome, for Rome is coming to us." She liked to sit silent looking long at a fine landscape and would say, "I want to save up the impression of that scene to remember in moments of depression." To look long and intently at a scene, closing and opening your eyes again and again until you can see it with your eyes shut, prints it on the brain and makes a picture gallery of the memory. The expression on a human face in rare, rapt moments is worth fixing forever in the memory, the picture of a human soul at its best. The picture-making habit is worth any mind's cultivating. Here is Maggie Benson's sympathetic interest in simple incidents: "Such a charming scene yesterday, outside a cottage on the hill—a man holding down a large sheep, and a woman carefully cutting its fleece off with a pair of largish scissors—its two lambs dancing about in fierce excitement. The cut-off fleece was over its head, and it was lying quite still, so we asked if it wasn't smothered, and she lifted the fleece up and showed the passive old sheep lying quite sensibly quiet underneath. She kissed it effusively and said amiable nothings to it and put it back again. Then a neighbor came down very indignant at her shearing it with scissors—she wouldn't think of doing such a thing, and she pointed to a minute scratch the sheep had got. Then a man on the road was asked to come and help—but he had got too good a coat on. When we came back again, the sheep was just finished, and the lambs in a sur-

prised affectionate fuss. It was all so nice and individual." In Egypt one of Maggie's friends said the look of supernal patience and wisdom and kindness in the sphinx's face made her feel she should like to confess her sins to it. Maggie liked a sentence of Jeremy Taylor's on a young lady. "She had not so much of the outside of godliness, but was hugely careful for the spirit and power of it." The danger in quoting that sentence is that some may be enough impressed by it to relax the "outside of godliness," and without going on to be more "hugely careful for the spirit and the power." Maggie loves a certain Persian cat because there is so much "sentimentality and delirious gaiety in him." She tells of discussions with her brother Hugh. Hugh had been off at a Church-of-Rome "retreat" listening to addresses by leading priests. He came home full of things he wanted to expound and argue. He allowed Maggie little chance to take part in his discussion of such subjects as these: 1. Whether you could take the history of the Old Testament in any true way as symbolic of the history of a soul. 2. Marriage. 3. Whether a priest's life is required to be holier than any other life. 4. Asceticism and discipline. 5. Whether a religious life should detach you from the world—in the large sense. 6. Suffering—what is the cause of it? The restless discussion raged for hours. Maggie grew very weary, and at last Hugh tired of it and said, "Let's talk about something simple, like strawberries and cream." At one time she turned her keen study on biblical criticism. She wrote a friend: "I have found out my German critic in a pure *dishonesty*. The German professors think that if two New Testament writers agree one must have borrowed or stolen from the other; whereas I would say they agreed because both had the truth which had been taught by Christ to His followers. If two of the writers seem to disagree, the Germans hold that one is arguing against the other. But I hold that the men who teach the highest and divinest truth cannot practice literary dishonesty nor be ruled by polemical feeling." To the same friend she writes again: "A German critic thinks Second Thessalonians is a forgery, written by an imitator, because it is a sort of crescendo from First Thessalonians. I dreamed last night that I was repeating Browning's 'Christmas Eve' and that presently it ran off into his 'Easter Day.' Then it occurred to me that there is great similarity between the two poems. Would not the German critics, if they were examining those two poems, say that one was founded on the other by an imitator, and was therefore a forgery?" One letter says: "Don't you see that the worst of all attitudes toward Christian truth, the most *deadening*, is the negative attitude of criticism? On the whole I think you get more truth and help by being too credulous than by being too sceptical. A sceptical habit is so chilling and withering." To a friend: "Your photograph has been talking so loud lately as to disturb me and compel me to write you." To a letter inviting a visit, she replied: "No, I want to hide my stupid head in my own burrow; I am a dead weight on everybody's spirits, more of an anxiety than anything else, a grief to myself and to everyone connected with me." She went to hear Momerie preach at the Home for Foundlings, and he read to those children an old

philosophical sermon that had already been published. With similar lack of common sense, Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac, when he went to preach to the Indians on their reservation, addressed those red men on the validity of the Anglican claim to apostolic succession: a claim which the Vatican officially denies and spurns. We knew a busy minister who hurried off to keep a preaching engagement at a girls' school. In his haste he put the wrong manuscript into his bag. He took it into the pulpit without looking at it, laid it on the Bible, and when the time came rose and began, Text: "I will make you fishers of men." Here is a good saying of Illingsworth's, "It is the men of hope who carry their fellows forward." Once Maggie comforts herself with these words: "Great troubles and adversities hast Thou shown me, yet didst Thou turn and refresh me." She writes these sensible words to a friend: "You say that man is living without Christianity—but is it *really* so? The life of Christ and the fact of Christianity have changed the whole course of history and atmosphere of the world by bringing in an utterly different standard of conduct. The man's whole social surroundings, political constitution, early education, have been molded by Christianity, through a long period of history. He may say he has thrown off Christian beliefs. And he may have thrown off one or two definite beliefs—but consider all the habits of thought and life which he cannot throw off—the respect for humanity, the care for the suffering and weak, the conceptions of freedom, of honor, of truth, the ideas of discipline, temperance, charity, all that the Christian world brought in upon the heathen world, and then molded indistinguishably with what we call civilization. Think of the man himself—his instinctive morality, interests, habits, his very physique, have been molded by Christian ancestry, that is through an ancestry of men and women who have been *trying* to live more or less according to the Christian standard. Even if you judged of the man, after two or three generations, who had thrown off Christian beliefs, still the whole formation of society, formed by Christianity, could not be eliminated. Many men who do not recognize him, still believe in him, since they believe in so much—in truth, in love, and in compassion, which is all personified in him. And is not the really Christian attitude essentially this—the throwing oneself on the things that are highest and best in life, and committing oneself to the strongest, wisest, most lovable and divinest Personality in all history, saying, 'I will take his side. I will believe him. He *cannot* have been mistaken?'" This about Henry James: "His letter is intensely sad. It sounds as if all he has attained to is a spirit of sheer endurance, not trust or submission; like saying, 'O, it's life, it's fate,' instead of saying, 'It's God.' How terrible and deadly!" This is what happened to a Christian mission worker among factory girls. One of them expressed in factory English their appreciation of her kindly interest and sympathy thus: "O, Miss Fithefull, we've been talking about why it is we likes you so much. It isn't because you're 'andsome because you're not. And it isn't because you're smart because nobody could say as *you were smart*. But some'ow you tikes aour fancy and we don't know why." Part of one letter runs

thus: "I've been to see Mary Munday. Dear old soul's very vivid, full of enthusiasm, and talking about glory. I gave her a photograph of papa. She said, 'Miss Benson, I do 'preciate a picture like this. It isn't the body, it's the soul. O, the soul of that picture!' And she flamed with enthusiasm, exclaiming how glorious it must be to be rich, to be the steward of God, able to minister to the heirs of salvation. She talks in a kind of rapture; seventy-seven years old and living with a brother, largely on charity." This from another letter: "By the way, my dear Wesleyan hymn-book has a hymn of Wesley's very most Wesleyan kind, which I'm personally trying to lay to heart. I'll show it you all when I see you—but this especially:

'Mollify our harsher will,
Each to each our tempers suit
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute,
Sweetly on our spirits move,
Gently touch the trembling strings,
Make the harmonies of love
Music for the King of kings.'

In the Life of Queen Victoria, Maggie read of her being called to the throne when only eighteen, and wrote: "What an unexpected and splendid character was seen—that little straight, intelligent, vigorous girl, with appetite enough for pleasure to be healthy, with enough sense of duty for a regiment, a warm, sincere heart, and the simple dignity of reality." This might do for a class-meeting testimony: "I think serenity is one of the greatest helps. I'm trying hard to leave off fussing. It's the ruin of life." Dr. C. P. Hard used to tell this story about his godly father and mother. One night his father, a large man, got up in meeting and said, "I'm thankful the Grace of God keeps me from being a cross, peevish, disagreeable old man." When he sat down, up got his wife, a little bit of a woman, and said, "I'm just as glad about that as Amos is." This fine woman, Maggie Benson, whose story we are grateful for, ended her life becomingly as might have been expected. In her last week she woke one morning and said, with a radiant smile to her nurse: "Eureka! I've found it! God is in the world; He is love; it is all love." The last day of her life she and her mother talked together about our Saviour in Gethsemane. Giving "Good night" to her mother, she said, "Promise you'll come early to-morrow before I die." Then she said to the nurse, "Well, I have had a happy day." Later the nurse heard her saying softly to herself:

"As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee
And thy refreshing grace."

And those were Maggie Benson's last words. She soon fell asleep to wake no more on earth. One more true saying of hers we cannot omit: "I think one thing that keeps us from vivid realization of spiritual things is the fact of our never speaking of those things to any one else. If you

see a person who needs the life that faith in Christ gives, and you say nothing about it, your own realization fades away. If, on the other hand, you speak of it to him, you not only help him, but your own faith is quickened and becomes real, vivid, and luminous." Yes, and the spirit of affirmation may come upon you, when you find that you have a religion you are not afraid to speak about. From many points of view our Methodist fathers were wise in establishing and maintaining the class-meeting; and we are unwise and suffer loss so far as we let it die. The rector of a large Episcopal church in New York City said forty years ago: "If I could have your Methodist class-meeting in my church it would increase the spiritual life and working power sixty per cent." Few things are so confirming and quickening to ministers and members as a Pastor's Class, a good antidote to the condition described by Campbell Morgan: "The pulpit uncertain, the pew passionless, the world indifferent."

Out of the Shadow. By ROSE COHEN. 8vo, pp. vii, 313. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$2, net.

In his discerning study *The Eclipse of Russia*, Dr. E. G. Dillon refers to Russia as the synthesis of contradictions and the land where class misunderstands class hopelessly. Nine tenths of its vast population belongs to the peasant class who have lived for generations in bleak and lonely villages, in poverty and ignorance. Their voice has only recently become articulate in the grim and tragic revolutions, shaking the empire from center to circumference, and convulsing it in bloodshed and desolation. This is the background of the remarkable story of a peasant family who stole across the Russian border and came out of intolerable oppression into the freedom of the United States. There is pathos in this autobiography, but what gives it an enduring charm is the romance of the spiritual awakening and Americanization of the alien. This thing has frequently happened, but very few books relate the miraculous transaction with such naïveté and picturesque touches which are the marks of genuine art. The recital of the struggles of this frail girl to obtain an education, and her eagerness in spite of the handicap of ill-health, ostracism, and the prejudices of her own family; the description of sweatshop life and child slavery, of tenement life, of religious bitterness and bigotry due to ignorance, of foreign customs which persist in New York as they do in other American cities—these are all dark pictures in the vivid pages of this book; but they are happily relieved by testimony to the influences of kindness which opened doors of opportunity and enabled Rose Cohen to realize her better self. This fascinating story should be read by all who are interested in the problems of immigration and in those social questions which involve the big issues of democracy and Christianity. The book is really a challenge to the Church to fulfill its mission in the homeland no less than on the foreign field. What a record of struggle and sacrifice and suffering, as this family waded through a veritable sea of mud! But, as many other immigrants have done, they finally secured the coveted prizes of life. No quotations can do adequate

justice to this unique human document. It must be read through as it richly deserves. How touching is this paragraph telling of the night-school experiences of a girl who was too weak and sickly to earn a living in the sweat-shop and whose constitution had been undermined by years of drudgery at a time of life when she ought to have had the benefit of fresh air and nourishing food. "Now also that I had time I began to go to night school and sister came too. I only knew how to read a word here and there. I sat in the class and followed each girl who read, with my finger on the page. If I happened to lift my finger I could not find the place. Sister would have sat near me and helped me, but I felt ashamed to let her help me because I was the longest in this country. She read well and made good progress. But I sat trembling with nervousness all evening. I could never learn to forget that there were people all about me. And the time I spent in waiting for the teacher to call on me to read I can only count among the greatest sufferings I ever had. I would sit with my hands lying cold in my lap and my face turning hot and cold by turns. Most of the time I was unable to follow, I was so upset. And when the teacher called on me at last and I stood up with my book in my hand I seemed to see nothing but a blank page. Then I would hear a queer sound like some one sick. The next moment I was sitting down. And yet I could not bear to stay away. I had a feeling that the world was going on and I was being left behind. This feeling drove me on and I went to the class and learned painfully a word or two at a time." She got acquainted with a young man a few years later and when he went to Chicago they began to correspond. "And now an unexpected joy came into my life. Writing! And here again, as with the other things that I had learned, it seemed accidental. It is to this correspondence that I owe a great deal of what I learned of writing in English. With the help of the children I could read and write script myself now. All day long, then at the machine, I thought over what I would say, and looked forward to the evening when I could write. This to me was not like writing a sentence which no one would ever see. The thought that what I wrote would be read and weighed and thought about filled me with excitement. So I wrote and re-wrote my letters, using up a great deal of paper. Months passed, and one day I was filled with joy and pride. I realized quite suddenly that I had learned to read and write well enough to do the corresponding myself." This girl had an insatiable taste for reading and out of her hard savings she borrowed books from the soda-water stand keepers on payment of fifteen cents. They were Yiddish translations, and she could read only the Hebrew characters with vowels. The supply of such volumes was finally exhausted and the bookdealer made the sad announcement. He was, however, urged to look again, and from the top shelf he brought down what he described as "a thick, clumsy volume." "A thick volume! Could a book be too thick? And what did the clumsiness matter! 'Let me see,' I said, controlling my eagerness. For I had learned that people were often charged according to the desire they showed to the article. I turned to the first page of the story and read the heading of the chapter: 'I am born.' Something

in these three little words appealed to me more than anything I had yet read. I could not have told why, but perhaps it was the simplicity and the intimate tone of the first person. I had not yet read anything written in the first person. My eager fingers turned to the title page and I uttered the words half aloud, 'David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens.' The joy of this tenement house family who shared for two weeks in the experiences of little David and Peggotty and the rest must be read in the autobiography. It is one of the most touching incidents in modern literature. The influence of the Henry Street Settlement was beneficial in many ways. From her little notebook of jottings she translates a few sentences about Miss Lillian Ward, the founder of this settlement: "Miss Wald comes to our house, and a new world opens for us. We recommend to her all our neighbors who are in need. The children join clubs in the Nurses' Settlement and I spend a great deal of time there. Miss Wald and Miss Brewster treat me with affectionate kindness. I am being fed up. I am to be sent to the country for health, for education." While in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City, she came across the Bible. "One day I sat up and took the Bible from the box in the bedstead and looked at it without opening it. This was the first time I had touched it, and I felt guilty and uneasy. Then I thought, 'How could it be a sin to know this man's religion?' and I opened it." (The reference is to one of the hospital visitors whose sympathy was so unlike the bolsterous ways of one of the lady missionaries who was tactlessly intent on converts.) "There had always been a mystery about this Bible as well as about the people who read it. The mystery about the people was almost dissolved and now about the Book, too, I could see nothing mysterious. It had a musty smell like any other book that was old and little used; here and there the pages stuck together with a bit of food. I put it back into the box. The next day I took it out again, opened to the first page and picked out the words that I knew. Those that I could not read I spelled over to the next patient and she told me how to pronounce the words, and the meaning. I read every day and soon I was able to read by myself. And as I began to understand it I became more and more interested. Finally, I thought about it constantly. I wanted to understand the Christian religion. I was so eager to know and understand it, that though I felt so timid and sensitive I began to talk about it, ask questions, ask for explanations, and soon I gave the impression that I wanted to become a Christian. One day my doctor's friend asked, 'Ruth, do you really want to become a Christian?' I looked at her. 'O, no!' I said. She laughed merrily. 'I thought not.' No, I did not want to 'become a Christian.' And yet I felt dreadfully troubled." Many of the references to the members of her family show a spirit of tender love. Her older brother attended an agricultural school and after graduating worked for a "Gentile" farmer. But he became homesick and returned to the city, to find work in a store. "During an interval of out of work he had learned bookkeeping and typewriting and this was his work now. While doing this he was also making Regents counts. And it was at this time that he took a Civil Service examination and was appointed clerk in the Bureau of

Education in Washington. His dream was to earn enough money to go to Columbia University. He realized his dream, and it was while in his last year in the university that he won the second prize in the 'world work' contest on 'What the school will do for the boy of to-morrow.' From the material side this money came now as if in answer to his great need. He had nothing with which to pay his last year's tuition, and he was worried and discouraged. But far greater than the value of this money was the honor, for so we felt it to be. Mother had tears in her eyes. Her boy was at the great university! Her boy's article was valued second to that of a superintendent of Industrial Schools! And father looked on at us silently unbelieving; then he said, 'Ah! After all this is America.'"

Luther's Correspondence and Other Contemporary Letters. Translated and edited by PRESERVED SMITH, Ph.D., and CHARLES M. JACOBS, D.D. Volume II, 1521-1530. Philadelphia: The Lutheran Publication Society (S. E. corner 9th and Sansom Streets). 1918. 8vo, pp. 568. \$3.50. \$3 with Volume I.

FIVE years is a long time to wait for the second volume of a work so rich, interesting, and valuable as this, but it is well worth waiting for. Now that the Great War is over we may hope that the third and last volume will not be so long delayed. Every important event in those crucial ten years is represented, and many domestic, social, literary, religious affairs are also recorded in these fascinating records. The twelve letters by Erasmus, including one never before published, and the six letters to him, are worth the price of the volume. The letters taken from the Italian archives, those by and to Henry VIII of England, and the political letters of Philip of Hesse and others—all these and numerous others are indispensable to the student. The seven or more letters on the celebrated Marburg debate are of intense interest; in fact, so far as interest is concerned, this reviewer found it an agreeable task to read the book through. The passages in the epistles exploited so unceasingly and relentlessly by Luther's opponents are fortunately all here, so that the reader can judge for himself. On the celebrated *pecca fortiter* see Faulkner in American Journal of Theology, October, 1914, 600-4, who was the first, as he thought, to translate from the Greek into English Melancthon's letter to Camerarius on Luther's marriage (Lutheran Quarterly, January, 1910, 124ff.), though he learned later that the Rev. Dr. William A. Lambert had preceded him. See this letter here, pp. 324ff. Even the passage in letter No. 719 (p. 356), which enraged Denifle so much, is given here in full. Speaking of Luther's faults, the impression we bring away from the 400 letters in this volume is that the chief fault was the extravagance, harshness, and opprobriousness of his judgment of his opponents. But it must be remembered that they on their part spoke of him with equal frankness. It was a bitter age. In fact, amenity in controversy is one of the last fruits of the Christian spirit. Luther defended himself by the example of Christ and Paul, and then adds: "Now, as you know, I have

written many little books without any severity, in a friendly and gentle tone. I have made the most humble overtures, and run after those men and appeared before them at great difficulty and expense, and have borne their measureless lies and slanders. But the more I have humbled myself the more they rave and slander me and my doctrine, until they become hardened and can neither hear nor see." See further on this, pp. 133, 168. These are letters, not written for publication, but if you want to see the greatness of Luther read the letters on pages 63, 93, 98, 112, 183, 202, 226, as well as the wonderful letter to his father and his beautiful letters of consolation. He had no petty concern for his own reputation, unbosoms himself without reserve not only in his letters but in all his writings, and thus no man in history stands more nakedly in the light. This has given unique advantage to his enemies, who have especially exploited his private letters. The publication of these letters in English, in a translation both exact and readable, furnished with fine scholarship with all necessary notes and introductions, and the translation of his other works by the Mount Airy, Philadelphia, scholars, give those who cannot control the sources the first chance to judge Luther for himself, besides a thousand interesting documents invaluable as historical sources. The proofreading is done with remarkable care. For a future edition the following notes might be made. P. 160, note 4: for 564 read 565. P. 311, note 1, line 3: for at read as. P. 354, note 2, line 3: for J. J. Momfret read J. I. Mombert (see also line 8). P. 381: the printer has dropped out the first line of letter 741. We supply from Enders: Grace and peace. There was nothing new, my. P. 486, note 1: for Freiberg read Freiburg (also p. 497, note 3). P. 545: add to the remark on the third volume of F. M. Nichols's translation of Erasmus the following: It has been published, Longmans, 1918. Our scholarly translators, Dr. Smith (son of the famous Dr. Henry Preserved Smith), of Poughkeepsie, and Professor Jacobs (son of the eminent theologian and scholar, Dr. Henry E. Jacobs), of the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary, have brought all English readers into their profound debt by this noble volume, and the publishers on their part deserve all praise. Since writing the above the following remarks of Professor Kelsey in his edition of Cicero's Orations and Letters (Boston, 1892, 22-3) have struck us as appropriate also to Luther. "By far the greater number of facts about him are gleaned from his own writings, particularly the letters. It is safe to say that if his correspondence had not been preserved, his name would have been spared most of the unfriendly criticism that has gathered about it. He was indiscreet enough to think on paper; his passing fancies or suggestions, to most of which he may have given no second thought, are to-day before us, subject to cool critical analysis and comparison. It is said that no man is a hero to his valet. What impulsive person, whose eventful life had brought him into contact with many public men in a trying period, would not shrink from having his most private correspondence given to the world? What man, whose inmost heart should be so revealed, would not be convicted of numberless foibles, weaknesses, inconsistencies? Such are the frailties of human nature; a most unhappy illustration may

be found in the Carlyle correspondence, recently published. The letters of Cicero charm and enlighten us, yet show us many things unworthy of a great man; but, after all, deeds are greater than thoughts, more than words. Granted that a high-minded man, whose prominent position brought him many enemies and numberless trials, may have shown himself, in the privacy of friendly intercourse, at times weak and inconsistent with his professed ideals—should that make us blind to his nobler traits, or to the greatness of his life-work for humanity?"

A READING COURSE

The Religious Teaching of the Old Testament. By ALBERT C. KNUDSON, Professor in Boston University School of Theology. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, \$2.50, net.

It is of the first importance to distinguish between the history of ideas and the history of the literature in which the ideas are embodied. There may be differences of opinion on questions of authorship and dates of production; but the fact of ideas cannot be impeached. Their existence is positive proof that there were persons who held them, and others who were influenced by them. The spiritual truths of the Old Testament came from the personal experience of God of men who realized the divine presence and who held fellowship with God in the communion of the Divine Spirit. While it might be interesting to have precise information concerning the writers of the Old Testament, this is not possible in every case; and, where scholars sincerely disagree, it is hardly wise to dogmatize, in the interest either of traditional or modern views. Let us hold such view in solution and be willing to modify our positions where evidence requires it. Such an attitude need not affect our careful and profitable study of the religious ideas of the Old Testament. Indeed, we will be greatly benefited by such a study if we follow the competent leadership of one like Professor Knudson, who has written the best books on the subject. In saying this, we do not forget the great book on *The Theology of the Old Testament*, by A. B. Davidson, but that posthumous work appeared over fourteen years ago, and it was written from a different standpoint. Dr. Knudson has a fine knowledge of philosophy, history, and theology, which are necessary for an adequate interpretation of the Old Testament message to modern life. As an Old Testament scholar, he knows what has been written on every phase of the question; but he is not carried away by learned theories simply because their sponsors were distinguished scholars. He looks at every problem in an independent spirit and with an impartial mind; and where he takes issue with radical critics, we feel that his judgment is sound. For instance, he severely scores the tendency to disparage the contributions of the prophetic period, especially as to the place of the individual in early Israel and the Messianic Hope. Compare Chapters XIV and XV. Where he discusses controverted questions it is not in a controversial,

but constructive spirit. Written in a clear style and free from technical expressions, he emphasizes the main points without going into pettifoggish details. There is not a dull page in this book, which is of particular value to the preacher. It will quicken him to search the Old Testament and bring out of its treasures timely messages to his people.

The principle of the development of Old Testament religion and literature is well discussed in the Introductory chapter. It was a notable saying of Bishop Westcott that he resolved to treat the Bible like any other book, and that his deeper studies led him to realize that it was unlike any other book. The test of inspiration is not determined by theory, but by personal experience; and this can be appreciated more thoroughly as we recognize the gradual growth in the knowledge of God. Does any modification of the traditional view lessen or increase the value of the Old Testament? (28ff.) If we hold that the prophets were reformers rather than innovators, what bearing does it have on the ethical and religious beliefs of early Israel? Part II is a full and satisfactory answer to questions pertaining to the personality, unity, spirituality, power, holiness, righteousness and love of God. This section is one of the most lucid contributions to the theology of the Old Testament. It is very timely, inasmuch as we are learning that many of our troubles were due to pathetic attempts to ignore God and not reckon with him in modern life. The personality of God was expressed in various ways. The name "Jehovah," or "Yahweh," distinguished the God of Israel from all other deities as to individuality and character. The physical anthropomorphisms of early times gave place to the psychological in the prophetic period. Note how this progress in thought and experience is finely traced (58ff.). The freedom of God's relation to nature and history, with its implications of providence and miracle, is a subject on which Dr. Knudson makes valuable observations. The unity of God called forth the passionate devotion to him from the times of Moses, and had much to do in emphasizing his supremacy within Israel and his universal sovereignty among all nations as well as over the entire universe. It is well to be reminded that the Hebrews thought of the spirituality of God not in metaphysical, but in dynamic terms, with ethical considerations of religious life and worship. This partly explains why Old Testament religion made so much of its indispensable expression in morality. The holiness of God stressed the thought of his unapproachableness, his majesty and his sensitiveness to everything impure, not merely in a ceremonial sense, but in a profoundly ethical sense. This emphasis is particularly prominent in Isaiah. Note what is also said about the ethical significance of the work of Moses. Explain how some of the biblical writers came to impute moral imperfection to Yahweh (163). Study carefully how the ethical idealism of the prophets led them to denounce ceremonialism, to insist on righteousness as the essential element in worship, and to declare that the day of Yahweh is to be one of doom and deliverance (164ff.). The truth of the love of God was expressed in the figures of a covenant between Yahweh and Israel, of Yahweh as the husband of Israel, of God as Father. The missionary

applications of the love of God are set forth with surpassing spiritual opulence in Deutero-Isaiah, the cardinal theme of whose prophetic preaching was the gracious purpose of Yahweh to the whole world.

The subjects considered in Part III, on Man and Redemption, deal with the Nature of Man, the Doctrine of Sin, the Problem of Suffering, Forgiveness and Atonement, Nationalism and Individualism, the Messianic Hope, the Future Life. These are all big subjects and they are discussed by Dr. Knudson with a sense of historical perspective, a clear discrimination of relative psychological values, a positive appreciation of the development and worth of spiritual ideas. We have seen nowhere a better interpretation of the terms "flesh," "soul," "spirit," "heart." Read carefully the excellent explanation of the apparent absence of reference to sin even in modern religious literature (257). Deutero-Isaiah was the first to emphasize the vicarious and redemptive aspect of suffering. This was a decided advance over the primitive ideas of suffering, which could not always be substantiated by the facts of life (283ff.). The later explanation in the book of Job, as to the function of suffering, regarded it as a test and a discipline of the righteous (285ff.). While the prophets denied that sacrifices had any independent value, there are four theories which explain the idea of sacrifice, and at bottom they are interrelated. The gift-theory regarded sacrifice as an offering to the gods, to win their favor and overcome their hostility. The homage-theory held that it was an act of worship. The covenant or communion theory, that it was a means of fellowship between the deity and his worshipers. The propitiatory or substitutionary theory, that the penalty due to the sinner was inflicted on the sacrificial animal. Note how these theories are interpreted with reference to the atonement, which, in the light of the mission of the Suffering Servant, came to be regarded as a redemptive as well as a vicarious act, making the unrighteous righteous. Professor Knudson ably sustains the contention that the Messianic hope antedates literary prophecy and that it appeared almost to the beginning of the nation's history. Messianism, moreover, was a native growth and explains the invincible optimism of Israel. So also, the ideas of a divine world-plan, of a universal moral government, and of the coming of the kingdom of God are the unique creation of Israelitic genius. Nowhere else do we find anything comparable to them either in range or intensity, in moral earnestness or spiritual power. They have no parallels in any other land (357). The chapter on the Messianic Hope is of great importance. It explains many difficulties and justifies the view of the older exegesis, which, although mistaken in methods, had the sound instinct that the Messianic hope is the most significant element in the Old Testament. A justifiable protest is uttered against the tendency to lay exclusive stress upon the ethical and social teaching of the prophets and psalmists to the exclusion of their outlook into the future. "Their eschatology constituted the very atmosphere of their religious life. It was their supreme interest, the heart of their message" (380). This question is further taken up in the chapter on the Future Life, where the Old Testament belief in immortality and the future is set in its

proper historical context, with due reference to the rise of individualism, the idea of retribution, and the sense of fellowship with God. It is a timely reminder that the negative attitude of early Yahwism to the question of the future life represented only a transitional stage, and that the problem of the individual's destiny was seriously raised in later times. Special mention is made of Psalms 16, 17, 49, and 73, which are deservedly called psalms of immortality. In the development of the idea of immortality there were three stages. The first asserted it for the individual in the Messianic age, when death would be abolished. In the second, the pious soul expressed the conviction that his communion with God would be without end. The third announced the doctrine of the resurrection. "But not until the advent of Christianity did this higher hope become a living and burning faith. Stripped of its national limitations, it now became a universal hope, the hope of every man as man. It also, when linked up with the established fact of the resurrection of Christ and the thought of eternal fellowship with him, carried with it a certainty of conviction and a richness of content that were altogether new" (407f.). This book will do much to revive the preaching of the Old Testament to an age which greatly needs the prophetic emphasis on social, political, ethical, national, and spiritual problems.

SIDE READING

The Religion of Israel. By George A. Barton (Macmillan, \$2). A clearly written historical account of the development of religion in Israel, with estimates of Old Testament literature and illuminative illustrations from contemporary national and religious history.

Old Testament History. By Ismar J. Peritz (Abingdon Press, \$1.50, net). A comprehensive survey of Old Testament history up to the rise of Christianity, with special reference to its leaders, ideas, and institutions, written in harmony with the established findings of biblical scholarship.

For information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York city.

